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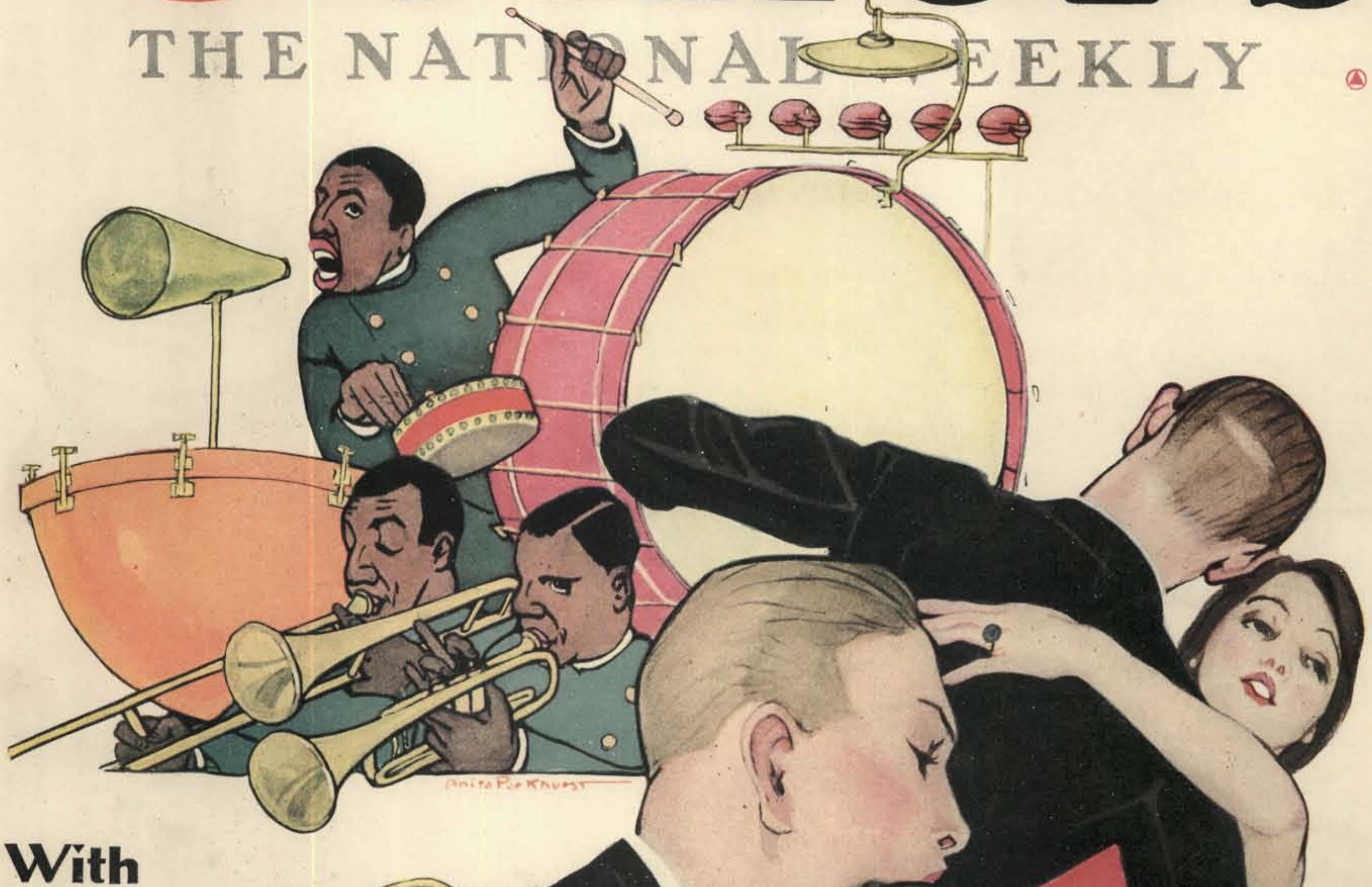
November 1, 1930

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



With
MORROW
in MEXICO

By Walter
Davenport

More than 2,250,000 Circulation

Nov. 1, 1930

THE NEW
TEXACO MOTOR OIL

"..more than meets the requirements of today's high compression engines," *says the*

HOCHSTADTER LABORATORIES, INC.,

A STUDY of this report reveals a number of interesting facts about this new lubricant. It is definitely shown that the new Texaco Golden Motor Oil has a higher viscosity at high temperatures and a lower viscosity at low temperatures. It is an oil with a flatter viscosity curve, which means greater heat-resisting qualities and a longer-lasting body.

It will hold its lubricating qualities throughout the entire range of engine temperatures with a very low oil consumption. This was substantiated and proved in a nation-wide road test under extremely varied driving conditions in which the thirteen test cars averaged 790 miles to the quart.

The new Texaco is manufactured in five grades: C, D, E, F, and G, conforming with Society of Automotive Engineers viscosity gradings. Sold in all of our 48 States under the Texaco Red Star with the Green T. 30¢ a quart (35¢ for Grade G).

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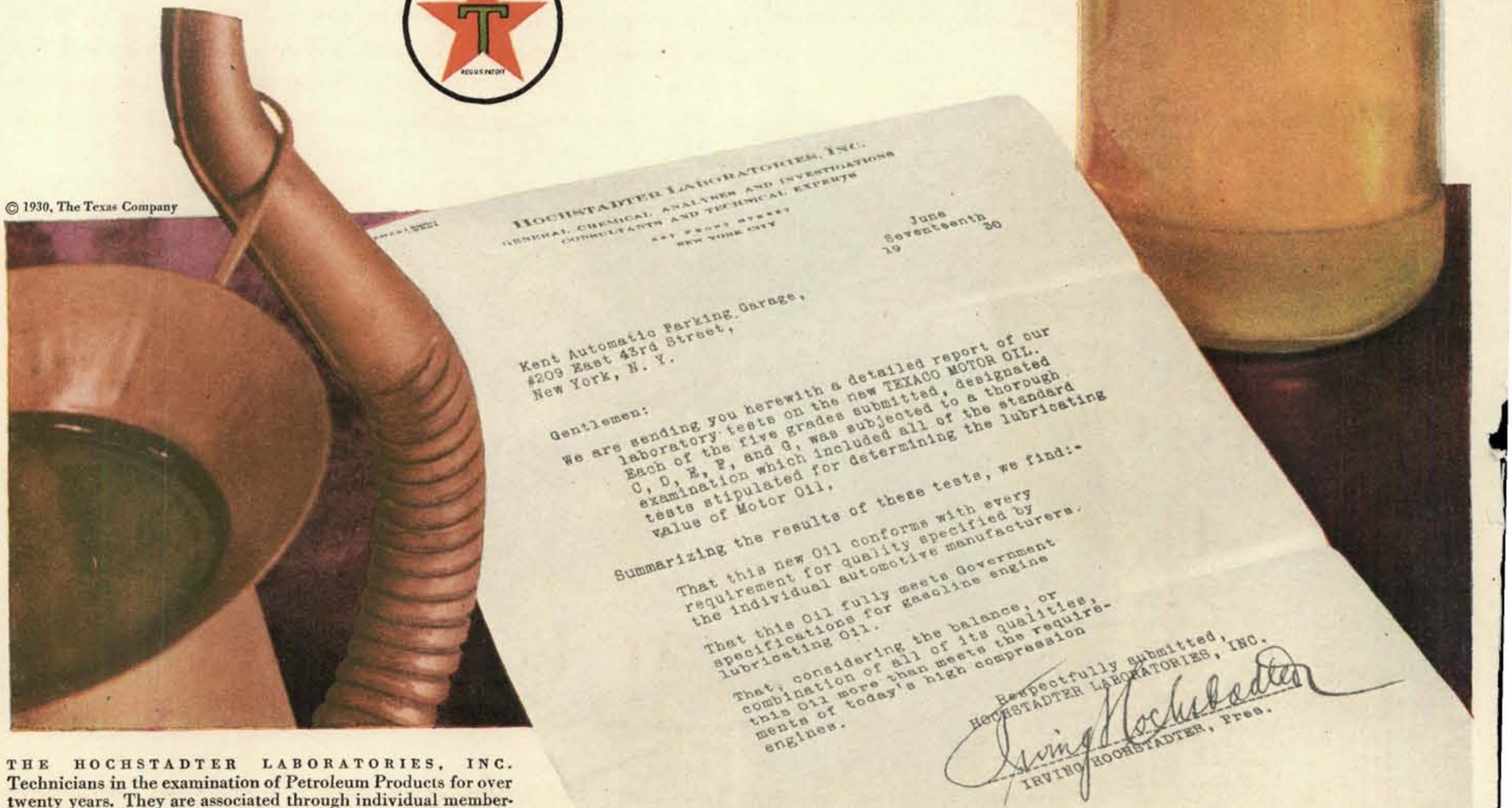

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GENERAL CHEMICAL ANALYSES AND INVESTIGATIONS
CONSULTANTS AND TECHNICAL EXPERTS
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NEW YORK CITY

June
Seventeenth
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Gentlemen:

We are sending you herewith a detailed report of our laboratory tests on the new TEXACO MOTOR OIL. Each of the five grades submitted, designated C, D, E, F, and G, was subjected to a thorough examination which included all of the standard tests stipulated for determining the lubricating value of Motor Oil.

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That this Oil fully meets Government specifications for gasoline engine lubricating Oil.

That, considering the balance, or combination of all of its qualities, this Oil more than meets the requirements of today's high compression engines.

Respectfully submitted,
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Irving Hochstadter
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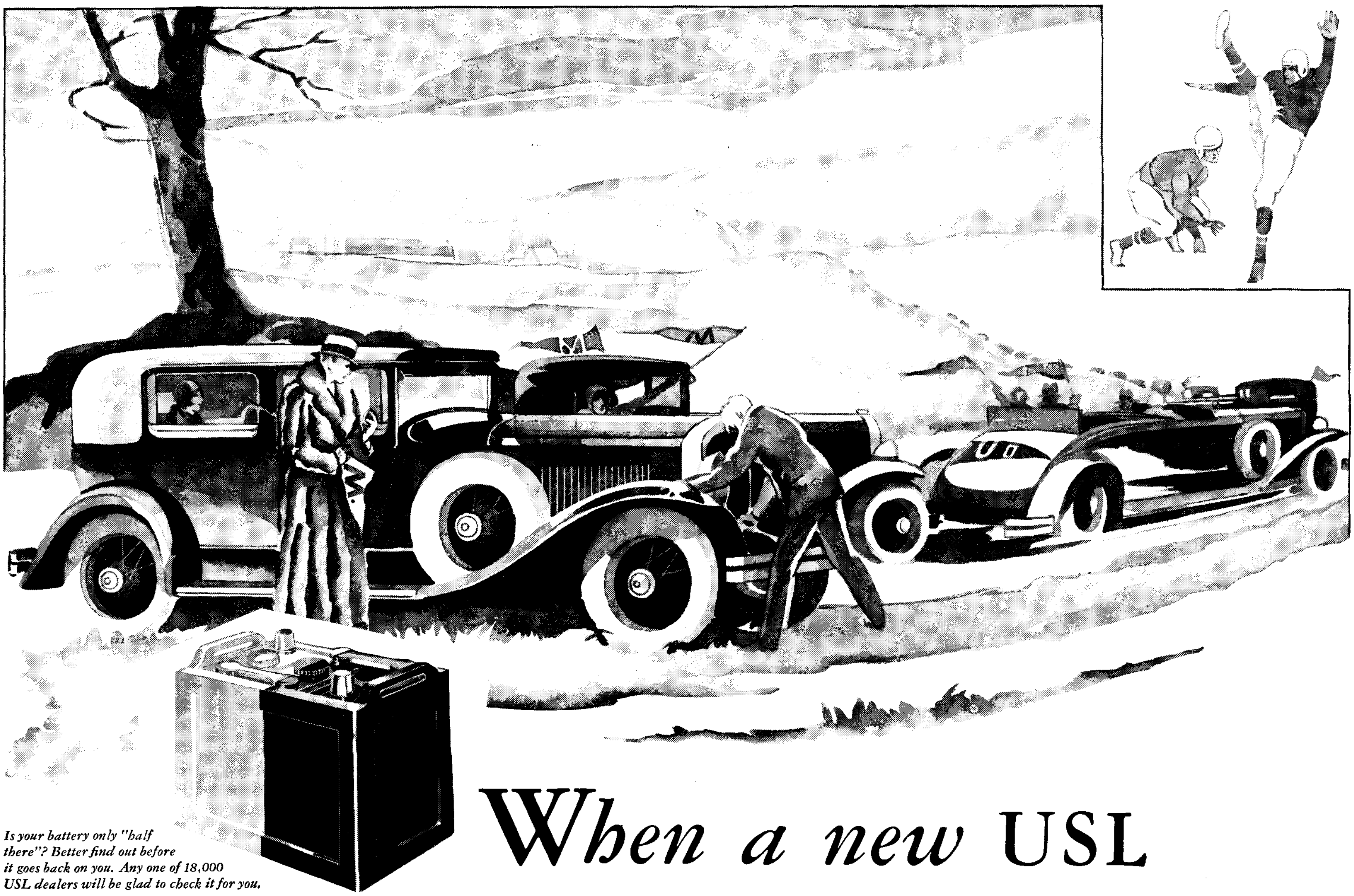
Technicians in the examination of Petroleum Products for over twenty years. They are associated through individual memberships in twelve recognized Scientific Societies.



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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

IF NATIONAL prohibition has affected to some extent the outlook of everyone in this country, consider what it must have meant to a small grocer and wine merchant like Martin Nolan. He had never sold any but the best liquor. When prohibition came, he stopped selling and ordered bootleggers out of his shop. His friend John McCue protested. "They'll be kings in this country, fellows like that," he said.

"How are they to be kings?" Nolan asked.

"By paying for it," said John. "They'll have to buy the cops and the courts. When you own them, sure you own the country."

"The sensible people will put a stop to this nonsense," said Martin. He placed his trust in sensible people and in Judge Costello and refused to have anything to do with Herzog, the crooked ward boss, or with Vaccarelli, the bootlegger, or his brother the racketeer. That is, at first. What finally happened to him is a history in brief of prohibition, for all its aspects appeared in "Mr. Nolan's World." Mary C. McCall, Jr., has written about it.

WE'VE always contended that the surest way of capturing truth is to go to the source of things and ask a few direct questions. Thus while Congress and many patriotic societies were combining in the hot hunt for the wellspring of all this Communist propaganda, we asked Owen P. White to fare forth and to follow our recipe. He did so. In no time he was back, haggard from listening to Russian propagandists who were overjoyed to have him for an audience, and from carrying the many pounds of Soviet literature they had thrust upon him. We've called his article "The Red Racket."

WHEN Kennedy and Shultz took off in the monoplane Mississippi Valley to establish a new endurance record, they were strangers. But to fly for fifteen hundred hours under terrific pressure is no way to maintain indifference toward your co-pilot. Hate and envy and fear flew in the cabin along with Kennedy and Shultz. And, outside, tragedy hovered about the wings of the monoplane. Guy Gilpatric who, in addition to being a distinguished writer, was one of the pioneer flyers, has written about it in "The Long Grind."

WHEN the freighter Eleanor Bolling, carrying the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, reached Balboa, there was only one man aboard who looked with indifference upon the welcoming crowds and sighed for the icy wastes that lay behind. That man was Bernt Balchen, called by Clarence Chamberlin "the greatest pilot in the world, bar none." Charles J. V. Murphy, who flew with Balchen and Bennett to the relief of the Germans at Greenly Island, tells the story of Balchen in "Big Man from the North."

THERE will be stories by Alan LeMay and Jerome Beatty. Ruth F. Wadsworth, Knute Rockne and Grantland Rice contribute articles. P. G. Wodehouse and Zane Grey continue to entertain eager throngs.

THIS WEEK

November 1, 1930

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THE TOUGH BREAK: Prison drama in a short story.

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STRAIGHT MACARON: By Hope Hamlin.

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THE FOUR HORSEMEN: Described by the man who made them

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WORKING GIRL: Marie Dressler, a personal appearance.

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NOT THE NICEST PEOPLE: Nor were they in a nice business.

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THE DUCHESS OF YORKVILLE: The Cinderella motif very well done.

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BIG MONEY, Part VII: Comedy and romance—prescribed for everybody.

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"WALK BACK THE CAT": A navy story, very salty.

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DARTMOUTH FOR TEAMWORK: With a diagram, just to make sure.

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MAN OF THE WORLD: Mr. Henry P. Fletcher.

Page 66—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 70—Editorial

Any Week

EXAMINING our pockets carefully we find, to our amazement, several dollars. Not many, mind you, but enough to buy a complete dinner with enough left over to see any reasonable person through a pleasant evening and home. We could use this modest sum ourselves but we will gladly turn it over to Mr. James Dunlap of Birmingham, Alabama, if he will produce evidence supporting the opening paragraph of his letter to us.

"It seems," writes he, "that the staff reporters of Collier's Weekly hold a grudge against all Alabamians because they are not willing to eat, sleep, dance and associate with the Negro."

ANOTHER protest arrives from Mr. Harry R. Wilbern, Minneapolis, who complains that he bustles home on Friday night determined to get into bed and read Collier's. Dinner over, he goes to the library table, where his copy should be. It is not there. He looks in Mrs. Wilbern's room. She is innocent of the theft. Then he tries his son's room and searches through all the piles of football equipment and so forth without which no boy's room is habitable. No luck. His daughter's room produces no solace.

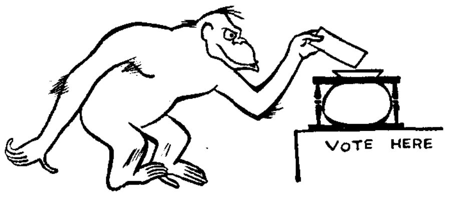
"But Saturday morning," writes he, "my daughter nonchalantly inquires if we have read the 'marvy' new Collier's—which she has secreted under her mattress. . . . You've got to quit printing such readable material or I shall be obliged to buy four copies weekly. . . ."

There is nothing we can do for Mr. Wilbern, whose troubles are about to multiply because Collier's is going to be even better from now on.

FOR S. Rise of Sutton, North Dakota, we started something. Mrs. (or is it Mr.?) Rise, being a conscientious reader of Collier's, inquires about our recent editorial on insurance, wherein we wrote that one might buy insurance even against the birth of twins.

"I would like to know," continues the letter, "where one can get such insurance and what company handles it. Please have them send me the details."

We like to keep this column free of commercial advertising, but in this emergency we suggest that the Rises consult any of the local insurance brokers. There is at least one such company—and a strong and fearless house it is too.



MRS. CURTISS U. FLINTE of New Orleans owns a young orang-utan named Oscar. In a recent survey of the voters' registration lists in her ward it was discovered that Mr. Oscar Flinte was down for one vote—Democratic naturally. Mrs. Flinte tells us that her husband was all for protesting and for writing to the newspapers that here was evidence of fraud.

"But I dissuaded him," she says. "Having been familiar with registration lists for some years I could see no reason why Oscar should be declared ineligible. If they discriminate against him then I shall indicate other intelligences which should be stricken from the rolls. In addition Oscar looks intelligent."

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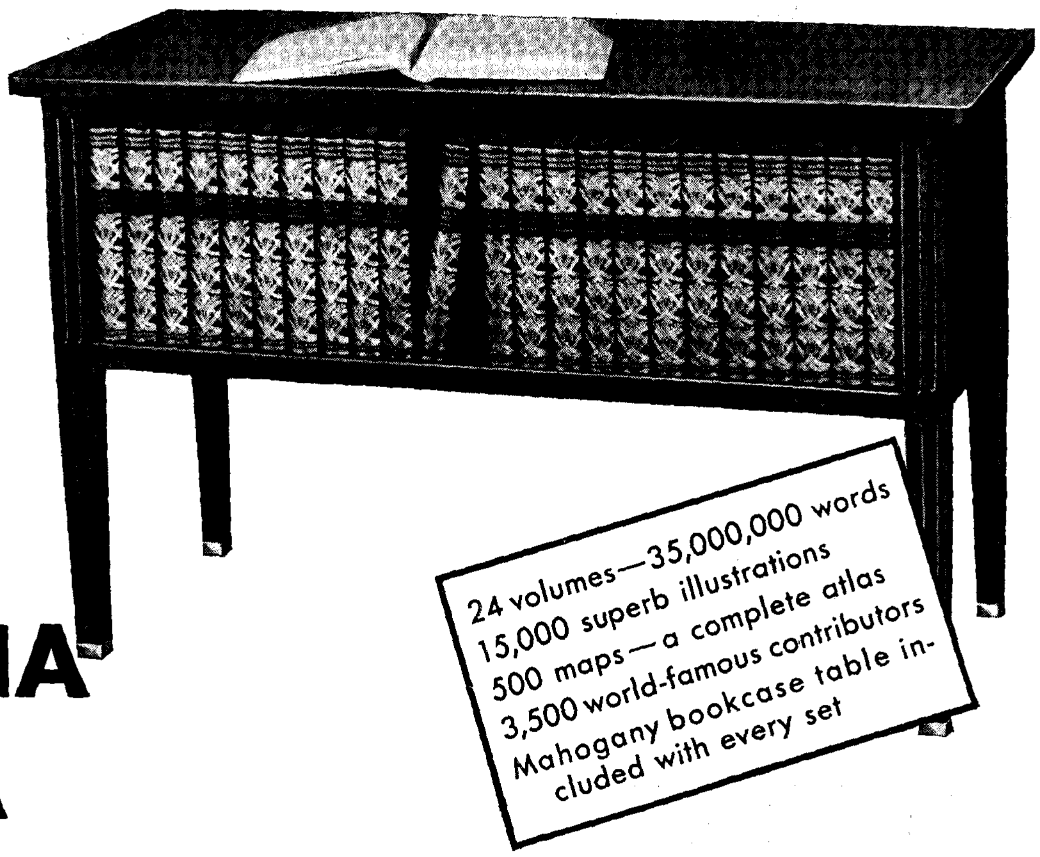

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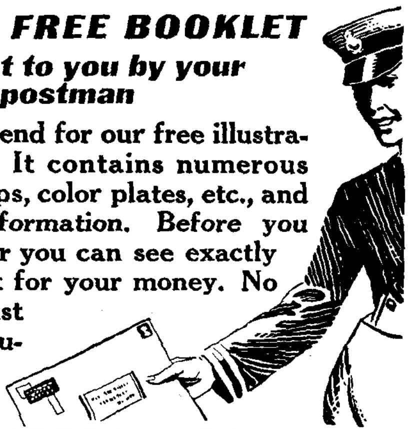

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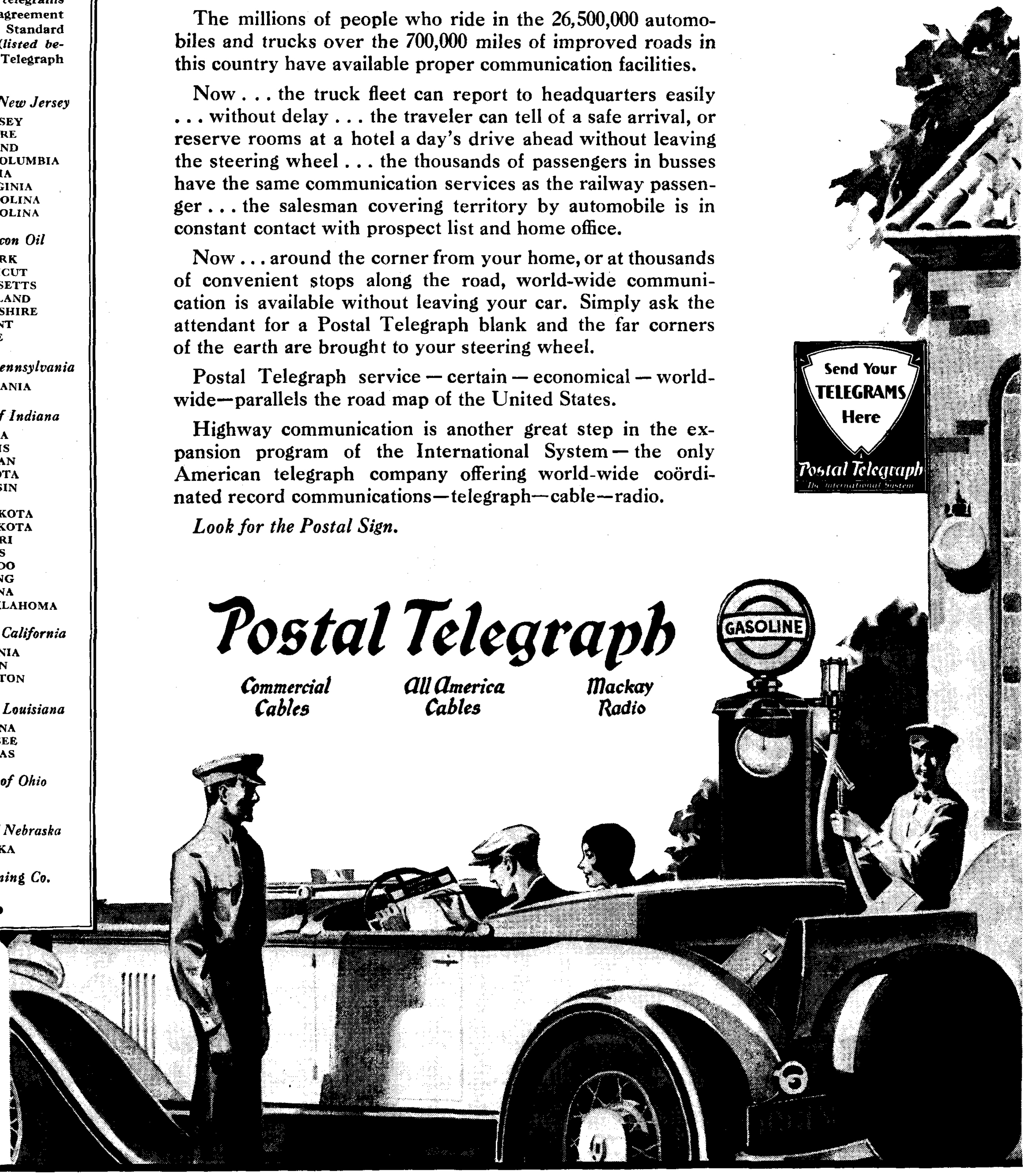

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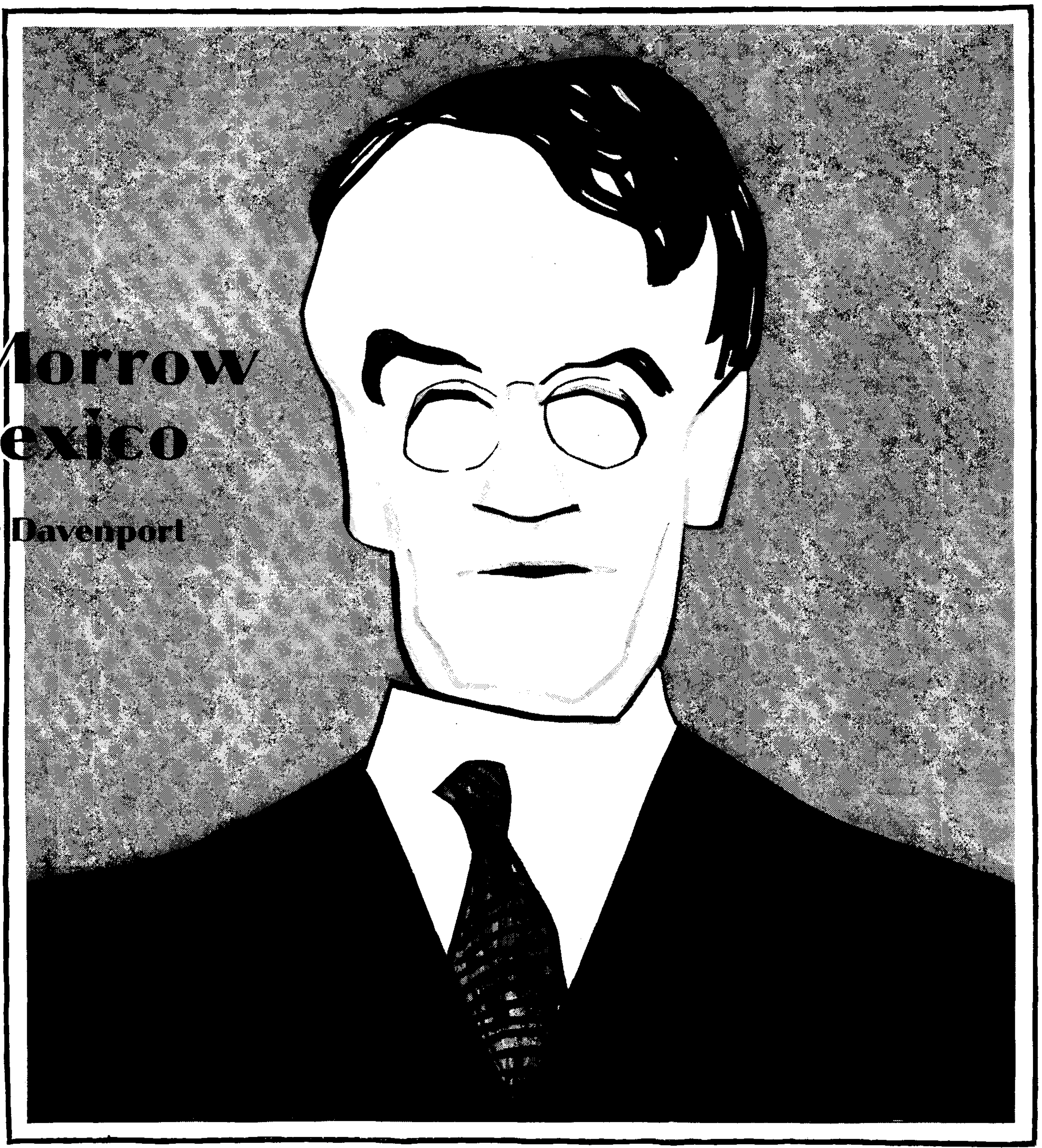
With Morrow in Mexico

By Walter Davenport



William Auerbach-Levy

Collier's sent Mr. Davenport to Mexico City to see how Dwight W. Morrow did one of the most difficult diplomatic jobs in the world. Here's the report. In it you'll see Mr. Morrow as the Mexicans saw him—peacemaker, gardener, a man of great simplicity, a casual disentangler of international Gordian knots

THE little Red Colonel who calls himself the Fire of Guadalupe had finished his impassioned tale of the sublime heroism of General Enrique Goroztieta, leader of the Cristeros in Jalisco. It was by no means the first time he had told it. Nor the thousandth. Whenever what he considers a sufficient audience gathers in the Cantina Salinas and it is made clear that another bottle of Spanish brandy is about to be opened, the Fire of Guadalupe will rise to his feet and carefully select someone to represent him while he assumes the rôle of Enrique Goroztieta.

Then, throwing the reins to an imaginary steed, the Fire dashes forward as the general did from the gates of the hacienda Ibarra, shouting "Viva Jesus." We, the audience, knowing our parts well from much practice, wait a few moments until the Fire must be a hundred meters out of the gates. Then we yell "Bang" with all the explosive fervor we can summon. And the Fire of Guadalupe, with a final "Viva Jesus," crumples as the general of the Cristeros did under the fire of the Federal troops. It is fine acting, heart-racing acting, and the Fire lies inert in his chair for a little while, emotionally exhausted. Presently someone offers him a fresh brandy and he takes it off at a gulp.

"Oya Americano," cried the Fire when he had revived. "Oya," he bellows in my face. "Do you suppose that nothing would have happened after such magnificence, had there not been a great friend, a strong friend of Mexico here to give counsel? At this moment blood would be gushing from the hill of Chapultepec and flowing down in a great torrent to cover every atom of Mexico."

This continues for ten minutes or so until the Fire of Guadalupe, with fine dramatic frenzy, names the Friend of Mexico—not that the pronouncement comes as a surprise.

"Meestar the Señor Morrow," shouts the Fire. Whereat we all rise and drink—to Meestar the Señor Morrow, American ambassador to Mexico; to Mexico; to America; to the magnificent Goroztieta; to the Constitution of 1917; to the Christ for whom Goroztieta was glad to die; to the Fire of Guadalupe.

And in the meantime this friend of Mexico, Dwight Whitney Morrow, who, as is usual in heroes, doesn't look the part, probably was seated at his desk in the American embassy finishing off the odds and ends of his job before departing for the senatorship from New Jersey.

Mexico laments his departure. Now, with the fury of Mexico's celebration of her independence day—the sixteenth of September—still reverberating (it takes several days to recover), the country is enumerating the achievements this rugged little man wrought with such a simple formula. They speak of his three years here as the day of ham-and-egg diplomacy. Such simple people as the Fire of Guadalupe and Pancho, the father of all the roses of Cuernavaca, believe that he is returning to his country because great difficulties have arisen in America and that Señor Morrow has been summoned to bring his magic home. And no argument to the contrary is desired, either. Mexicans, like others, believe what they wish to believe.

From the moment he arrived as ambassador in Mexico he has been a source of amazement to the Mexicans. Relations between the two nations were of that strained variety which might easily have led to war. Foreign holders of oil concessions had a vast number of complaints that under the radical Constitution of 1917 Mexico had confiscated oil lands which had been developed at enormous cost by alien capital.

The country was being covered by anonymous manifestoes crying that here

Wide World

Ambassador Morrow talking, through an interpreter, with President Calles at the palace in Mexico City, just after presenting his credentials

came a partner of the mighty J. P. Morgan, to whom Mexico owed so much money. The authors of these handbills called upon Mexico to arise and defend herself from what must be obvious—seizure by this cruel American creditor. Doubtless all this would be denied by this new ambassador, but the time had come when Mexico was to be forced to *fight to maintain* the liberty it had wrested from the arrogant aristocrats of the Diaz régime. Who didn't know that always the ambassador from the United States had been second in power in Mexico? And now, cried the patriots, the American was coming to be first—to establish a tyrannical dictatorship, to snatch every peso and divert it to New York, to take lands from the lowly and restore them to the rich foreigner. And so on.

No denial was heard from the American embassy. No attention whatever was paid to the hot calls upon Mexican patriotism. As a matter of fact, the new ambassador spent the first few days in Mexico ignoring official things. To the consternation of the hold-overs in the embassy staff he declined to plunge at once into the sea of correspondence about the oil trouble. If his attitude spoke truthfully, he didn't think much of the oil controversy anyway. Not that he said so—yet. What had happened was perfectly plain: Under the new and extremely liberal constitution, the government was revoking the subsoil rights of foreign capitalists who had leased Mexican lands for the oil and minerals they contained. The oil no longer belonged to the concessionaire but to the government, who would sell it at its own price. This, the concessionaires lamented, was confiscation and they looked to their own governments to make Mexico relent.

Nobody has counted the letters that had passed between the American embassy and the Mexican government. But they filled huge filing cases and the last were very much like the first in that there was no indication that the problem would be solved. Mr. Morrow refused even to glance at them.

In the simplest of morning attire he *motored up to the castle* to pay his respects to the president of Mexico. Perhaps Mexico was a trifle disappointed; certainly a little more pomp and circumstance attended so important a man as a partner of Morgan and ambassador from America. But Mexico was in for a series of shocks. Off to the castle went this extraordinary man. He spoke no Spanish and understood very few words of it.

Discarding Diplomacy

For some reason of his own he refused the offices of the interpreters of the American legation. No, he would go to the castle alone and without suspicion. Doubtless the president of Mexico, Plutarco Elias Calles, would have an interpreter; and if he didn't, what of it?

At the outset he let it be understood that he knew nothing of the tricks of diplomacy. He would refuse to strangle himself and such good as he might do with red tape. He had come to Mexico to represent his government and, to the best of his ability as a lawyer, a banker, a business man, he purposed to discuss oil and whatever else might arise in the simple terms of the business man. No craftiness, no innuendo, no ambiguities. If that failed to work, he would resign. All this he made clear to his associates.

Before he had come to Mexico he had conferred with Calvin Coolidge, his President and classmate at Amherst. Mr. Coolidge told him that the Mexican situation seemed to need an application of honest common sense as much as anything else and that he, Calvin Coolidge, was looking to Dwight Morrow to try the simple experiment. Thus the mines and oil wells of Mexico might resume producing, Mexico might again enjoy a rich income and, in consequence, pay her debts.

And that is why it was that Dwight Morrow made his first call upon the Mexican president without interpreters who, for all he knew, might be unwelcome to Calles, who would be reticent and suspicious. If you should glance at the Mexican newspapers immediately following that straightforward call made by the new ambassador you would understand just how sensational Mexico regarded such candor and simplicity.

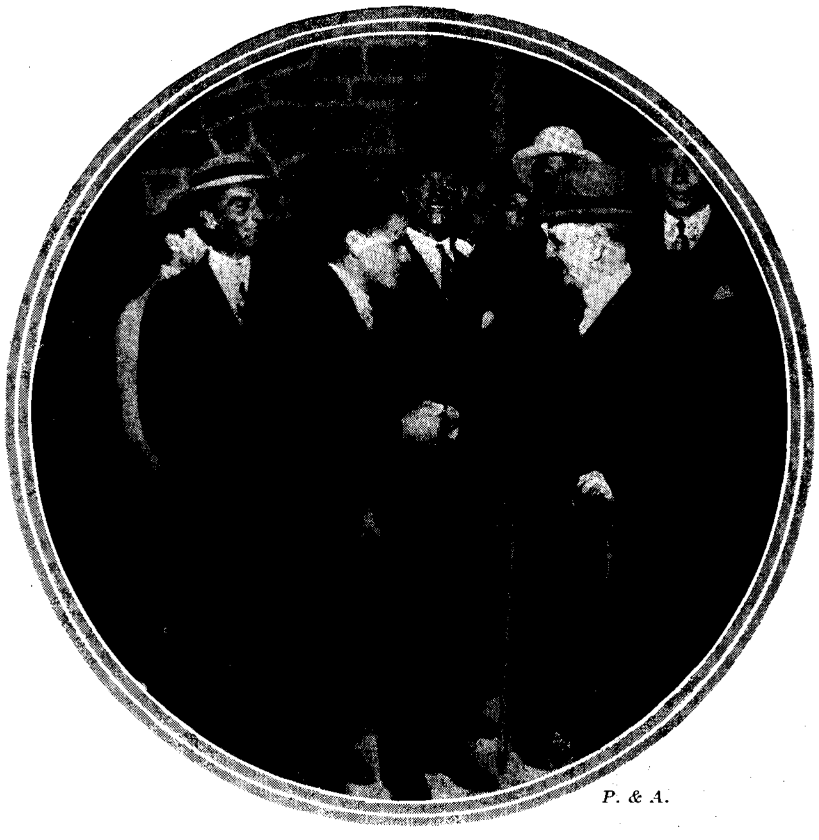
Without Reserve

Some of them, to be sure, refusing to believe that anything official could be done with so little pretense, warned the government that it might be a dastardly Yankee trick. But Mr. Calles happens to be a man of considerable intelligence

Congratulating Gilberto Pineda, captain of the University of Mexico football team

Wide World

Inspecting gifts which were made by the school children of


P. & A.

The ambassador, returning to Mexico after his nomination to the U. S. Senate from New Jersey, greeting his chauffeur, a Mexican

and patriotism. He was even more anxious for happier relations with the United States than the American seemed to be.

At Calles' side when the new ambassador appeared was his business partner—an American named James Smithers, who, it so happened, had not had the friendship of the embassy. Cheerfully, briefly and without a syllable of diplomatic language, Morrow spoke while Smithers interpreted. And then, just, as unceremoniously, Morrow departed.

That was on October 29, 1927. Four days later, long before sunrise, the new ambassador appeared at the palace, still without an interpreter, and there he and Calles and Smithers got into the president's motor car. There were no markings on the car to indicate its importance. No outriders sped ahead. No military escort appeared.

Swiftly the car took them to the Calles ranch, about fifteen miles out of the city. Here, reasoned the president of Mexico, he would hear what the American government and the great banking house of Morgan and Company had to say about oil. This might be a meeting of ultimatums. Calles listened through Smithers' ears, eager to catch the first intimation that America's last word was to be delivered.

Calles Bewildered

But an hour passed and all the new ambassador spoke of was farming, of alfalfa, of corn, of wheat, of stock. With great enthusiasm Morrow looked over the prize animals of Calles' herd and presently announced that he was going to cable to the States for a magnificent bull which he hoped the president of Mexico would accept.

Then when the sun was well up, Calles announced his intention of having breakfast. Together the two men sat down to ham and eggs. That breakfast established Morrow in Mexico. After that they toured the Calles ranch. At noon, just as unostentatiously as they had departed and with no escort, they motored back to the city, obeying the traffic signals with all the hundreds of taxicabs and busses. And Calles retired to his office bewildered.

Not one word about oil had been spoken. The new ambassador had not uttered a syllable which indicated that the subject of oil was important. He had talked without reserve and without subterfuge, relying wholly upon Calles' own business partner, Smithers, for interpretation—a man who had been viewed with suspicion by previous American ambassadors. Clearly he had no axes to grind, no cunning plan to effect. He was asking merely to be accepted as an emissary of a country which recognized the sovereignty of another. But still (and naturally enough) there were journalists and politicians who warned Calles to beware, that there was danger in such disarming candor, some Yankee trick which would bring swift ruin to Mexico.

Six days later, and still without an interpreter, Morrow again went to Chapultepec palace. And there he talked oil.

Now certain that here at last was a man to whom he could talk without fear, President Calles suggested that they forget the language of diplomacy. That, replied Mr. Morrow, would be easy for him, for he was not a diplomat. Calles instantly declared that neither was he a diplomat. Whereat they discussed the matter just as any pair of merchants would—which is why an agreement was reached.

In half an hour the whole ugly business was settled. In those thirty minutes the entire controversy which had dragged over years and which had almost brought two countries to the shooting point was disposed of.

"This matter," said Ambassador Morrow to President Calles, "is a judicial one. Why not submit it to your Supreme Court and be done with it? The United States is willing to abide by the Texas decision of 1921. We ask nothing fairer than what your courts decreed in that instance."

Morrow Vindicated

President Calles strode across the room and grasped Morrow's hand. In one week the Supreme Court of Mexico decided, as it had in the Texas oil cases, that the subsoil provisions of the Constitution of 1917—those so-called confiscatory provisions—were not applicable to leases obtained prior to 1917. And that was that. Today fewer than twelve cases remain to be adjusted.

To see Mr. Morrow in action at the embassy is to understand just how he captured the confidence of Mexico. One sees him, states one's business and receives answers or advice of a frankness which would make the average diplomatist or officeholder shudder to the heels. He is very likely to greet you several times, being curiously absent-minded. For example, while I was keeping an appointment in his office he came into the hall where he saw a man who had been in his office only a half hour before.

"How do you do?" he said to the somewhat startled man. "I'm glad to see you. What can I do for you?"

"But, Mr. Ambassador, I was in your office just a little while ago."

"So you were, so you were," cried Mr. Morrow. "Mighty glad to see you, too."

Until Mr. Morrow assumed the office there seemed to be but one way of handling diplomatic controversy. One laid his troubles before the ambassador, who would write a note to the Mexican foreign office. With grave courtesy the foreign minister would reply and rarely if ever was the reply at all satisfactory. Another note would be dispatched to him and again he would reply with no greater success than before. This procedure would continue until the original facts—if any—became lost in the fog. The original complaint had either been forgotten or had ceased to be a complaint, laws and conditions having changed. Not infrequently the matter received some sort of adjustment only after the complainant had died.

Morrow changed that. For example, there was the case of the goat-herder in Puebla. He was an American. He had an enormous ranch and was raising goats by the thousands for hides and meat. Now in Mexico, under the new agrarian laws, the local agrarian committee can come to your ranch and subdivide it for you. You may retain a few acres of your own land for yourself; the rest goes to the peasants who may or may not farm it. At any rate, you do what you are told and are glad it's no worse.

The goat-raiser had been subdivided. Not only had he lost most of his acres but vast numbers of his goats had been taken by the peons to whom his land had been given. With all the bitterness of a man who is being legally robbed, he complained to the American embassy. Nobody knows precisely how many notes were exchanged in the matter; but the agrarians still had the land. This, they told Mr. Morrow, was a most vexatious question and one which required even sterner notes than ever.

Mr. Morrow served notice on his staff that the last note had been written. The United States ambassador was in the goat business—said so himself. And in his opinion it was foolish to be in any business unless you knew quite a little about it. So off he went to Puebla to observe goats and listen to their owner. A band of Cristero rebels were making life a bit humid in the district and, in spite of the ambassador's protests, a strong detachment of Federal troops was sent in just to make sure nothing embarrassing would happen.

With him the ambassador had taken a representative of the foreign ministry and one of the United States consul-general's staff. This thing was going to be gone into. And it was just that. In a couple of days the new ambassador knew all the elements of the story. There was nothing immediate to be done about the goat-breeder's woes, which were morally legitimate, just as the subdivision of his land was legally right.

Not Our Affair

But out of that investigation and a few more like it has come Mexico's new decision somehow to revise her land confiscation policy—to modify her stern agrarian laws. Just how she is going to do it and avoid the rebellion of the peons is something nobody has worked out yet. Moreover, that's not our immediate affair.

These few experiments in personal contact and personal investigation convinced Mr. Morrow that there was the road to success in Mexico. In all he has traveled ten thousand miles in Mexico, personally investigating. It became known to the Mexican government that Morrow's training, his knowledge of finance and law, his influence and his

(*Continued on page 67*)

Mexico City for presentation to their friends in the United States

The Tough Break

Orear, the new prison warden, worked on the theory that no man is bad all through. And maybe he had the right idea—you can decide for yourself

By George Creel

THE new warden, slim, dapper and alert, moved briskly through the rambling, ramshackle prison, making his first tour of inspection. At his side shuffled "Dad" Brody, the head keeper, a whale-bellied man with a dull, pasty face that told of sedentary years spent in watch towers. A curdling irritation possessed "Dad," for not only did he sense an intent to "pull off some reform stuff," but deep down in his heart he had cherished a secret hope that the wardenship would come to him. A hell of an appointment! What did a grocery "drummer" know about "cons," anyway? For half a cent he'd stir up something that would show the little runt where he got off.

Tim Orear asked few questions as he went from building to building, yard to yard, but the keen blue eyes missed nothing. They saw the grassless stretches of hard-packed dirt from which the dust blew in blinding clouds, the slop and confusion of the kitchens, the medieval two-bunk cells, the sunless rooms where bleached men sweated at drab tasks, and caught the sly, sidewise look of hate they flicked at Brody. For a brief moment he regretted the burst of enthusiasm that had condemned him to four years in this gray, unhappy place, and then the square jaws clamped hard again.

"What's that?" He waved his hand at a stone hut tucked off in a corner under the shadow of the high walls. Save for certain narrow slits under the eaves, and a cast-iron door, heavily padlocked, the masonry was without a break.

"Solitary," puffed Brody, glad of the halt but vaguely conscious that a better place might have been chosen.

"Solitary?" Orear's eyebrows went up. "I thought that sort of thing had been done away with long ago."

"Well, it was for a while, when the reformers got to raisin' hob, but we soon found we couldn't get along without it. There's some tough babies in this pen, Warden. Hard-boiled guys that you gotta bear down on."

"Anybody in there now?"

"Uh-huh. Hi Morgan, the killer. Guess you've heard of him, ain't you? Came up here for murder an' bumped off a guard the very first year. Yessir." Dad smacked his lips appreciatively. "A bad hombre if there ever was one."

"Open up and let's see him."

"Better wait and I'll send him up to you later on," suggested Brody nervously. "They don't look so good after a stretch in solitary, an' you bein' new to the game—"

"Open up, I said." Orear's command cracked like a whip, and Brody, cursing under his breath, produced a bunch of keys, and slowly removed the padlock.

"Hey you, Morgan," he bawled, bending over with some difficulty. "Come outa there!"

NO SOUND came from the black depths, but a faint rustling followed the head keeper's second roar, and as Orear fell back, nauseated by the burst of stench, a man emerged from the noisome hole, crawling on all fours like some crippled beast. Blinded by the glare of the noonday sun, he dropped his shaggy head, but at sound of Brody's voice, telling him to stand up, the teeth bared in a savage snarl, and bony hands, tipped with incredible nails, curved into claws. Scarce more than a gesture, yet it drained the creature of strength, and he fell flat on his face, a pile of filthy rags.

"Good God!" Orear, leaning down, turned the body over. "The man's dying! How long has he been in there?"

"Oh, a week or two." A definite uneasiness stirred in Brody's tone. "Mebbe a month."

"Have him taken to the hospital at once. And get the doctor right away."

Back in his office that afternoon, Orear called for the records in Morgan's case, but the bare entries told him little, and Brody professed to know nothing beyond the man's black prison record. The chaplain, however, sitting at dinner with him the following night, proved more enlightening. Accustomed only to a contemptuous tolerance from the former warden, the kindly old cleric warmed to volubility under Orear's friendly questions, and declared that Morgan had been "railroaded."

"AS I remember it," he said, "he had a job cutting out cross-ties up in Lake County, and when he came down from the mountains in the spring to get his money, about $300, he found he owed the contractor $50. What Morgan thought was a receipt for rubber boots turned out to be some sort of paper making him responsible for the upkeep of the whole camp. It's a trick they usually work only on foreigners, but I reckon they figured Morgan as a stranger in the state.

"Well, the poor devil couldn't find any lawyer to take his case, for Johnson, the contractor, happened to be the political boss, and Morgan hung around for two or three weeks, getting more and more ugly. He and this man Johnson had several public rows, and in the course of the last one they came to blows. It was pretty well established that Johnson drew a gun right off, but Morgan got busy with a knife and cut him into ribbons."

"Didn't he plead self-defense?" asked Orear.

"Yes," said the chaplain, "but from what I was able to gather his attorney didn't plead it very hard, and the prosecuting attorney ran up and down like a crazy man, asking the jury if they meant to let an outsider kill their friend and get away with it. They gave Morgan a life sentence and I don't doubt they'd have hung him if we had capital punishment. At that, Mr. Orear," he hastened to explain, "I don't think that justice was outraged to any great extent. Morgan had killed two men back in Missouri, and there was some talk about a train robbery, although the prosecution didn't prove it. A pretty bad egg, I'm afraid."

"Brody said something about an attempt to escape while they were bringing him here," prompted the warden.

"A daring thing, that!" A distinct admiration colored the old man's voice. "He jumped right out of a car window while the train was going through the Gorge. Head first, handcuffs and all. Why he wasn't killed is a mystery to me, but he got away into the mountains and it was three days before they caught him. Without food and water the whole time, too."

"A nervy cuss, all right," Orear agreed. "Now how about his killing that guard? Between you and me, Brody's account didn't ring quite true."

"I never got the facts exactly." The chaplain shifted his eyes and fiddled nervously with a button on his coat. "One hears a lot of gossip around a penitentiary."

"You'd rather I asked somebody else," said the warden. "Is that it?"

"If you don't mind." His relief was obvious. "You see, my position here—"

"I understand," Orear nodded sympathetically. "Thanks for what you've told me, and I hope we'll be friends. There's a lot to do here and I'm going to need all the help I can get."

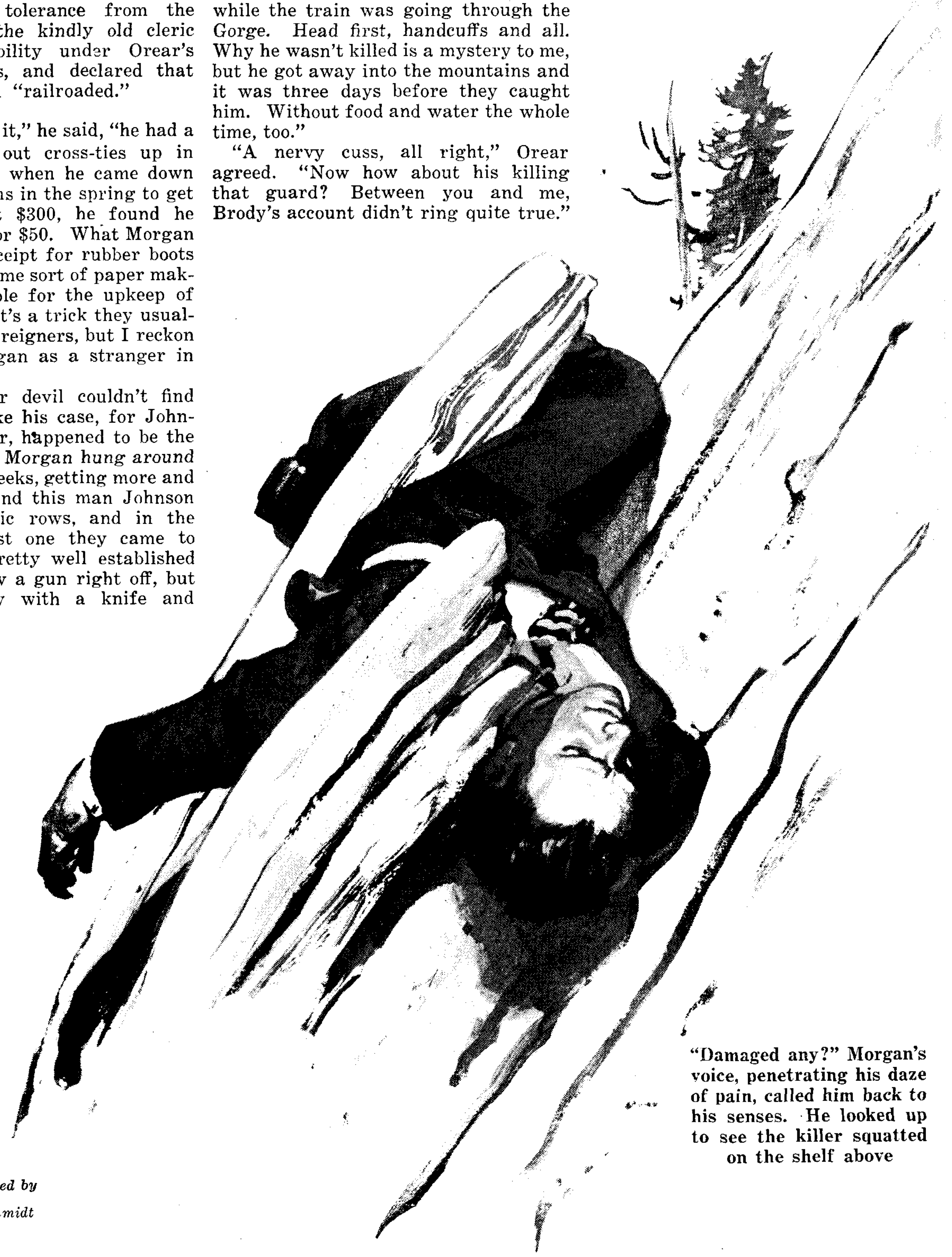
"How's Morgan?" The warden put this question to the doctor a few days later. "Able to talk?"

"Well, he's pretty weak yet, but I guess you can see him. I'm not saying it around, Warden, but the man had a mighty close squeak of it. Another twenty-four hours would have finished him."

LATE in the afternoon of the following day, Tim Orear entered the hospital by himself, having informed the hovering Brody that his escort would not be needed, and drew up a chair by Hi Morgan's bed.

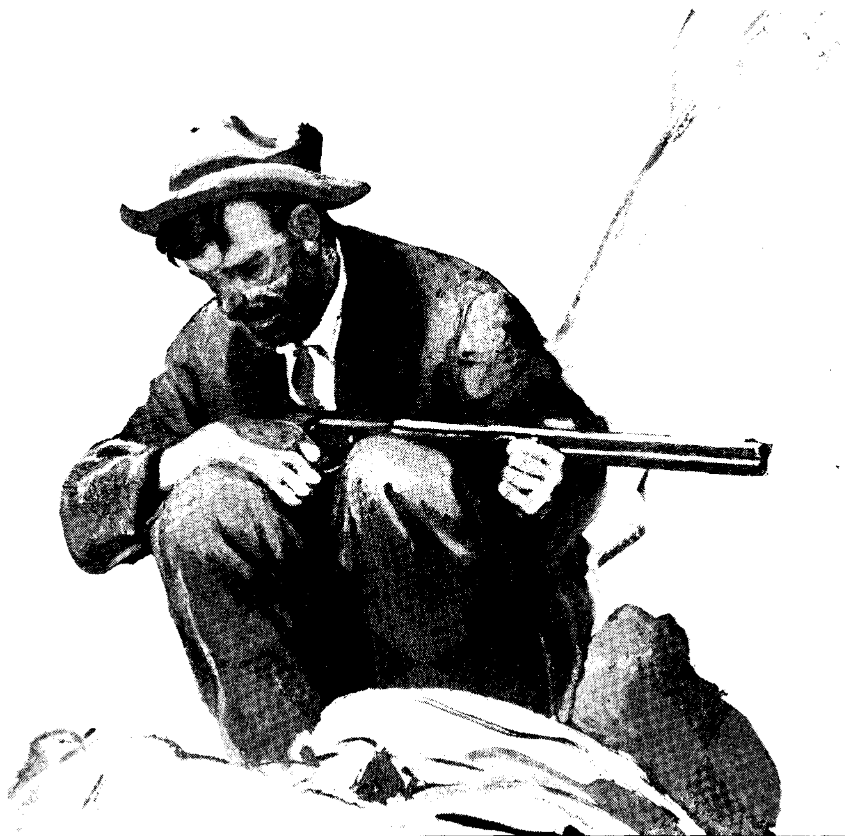
"Hello," he said. "How're you feeling?"

"None of your damned business." Morgan's eyes, the round, unwinking



"Damaged any?" Morgan's voice, penetrating his daze of pain, called him back to his senses. He looked up to see the killer squatted on the shelf above

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt



eyes of a bird of prey, stared insolently, and then he put his face to the wall.

"You're wrong there," returned Orear. "Every little thing around here is my business. I happen to be the new warden. Now you roll over and listen to me." A brisk tug at the shoulder enforced his command. "I took you out of that hole the other day, and you're not going back. Doesn't that mean something? It's a new deal, Morgan, and a square deal. I don't say that anybody's going to get the best of it, but while I'm here you can bet your boots that nobody's going to get the worst of it."

"Yeah?"

"You heard me," said the warden. "A new deal and a square deal. But don't get the idea that it's reform stuff. I'm no mollycoddler, Morgan. Just a plain everyday drummer who thinks he knows something about people. I may be all wrong but I've got four years to prove it. But we'll come to all that later on. What I want to know now is why you killed the guard?"

THE thin lips curled in a sneer. "Ask Brody."

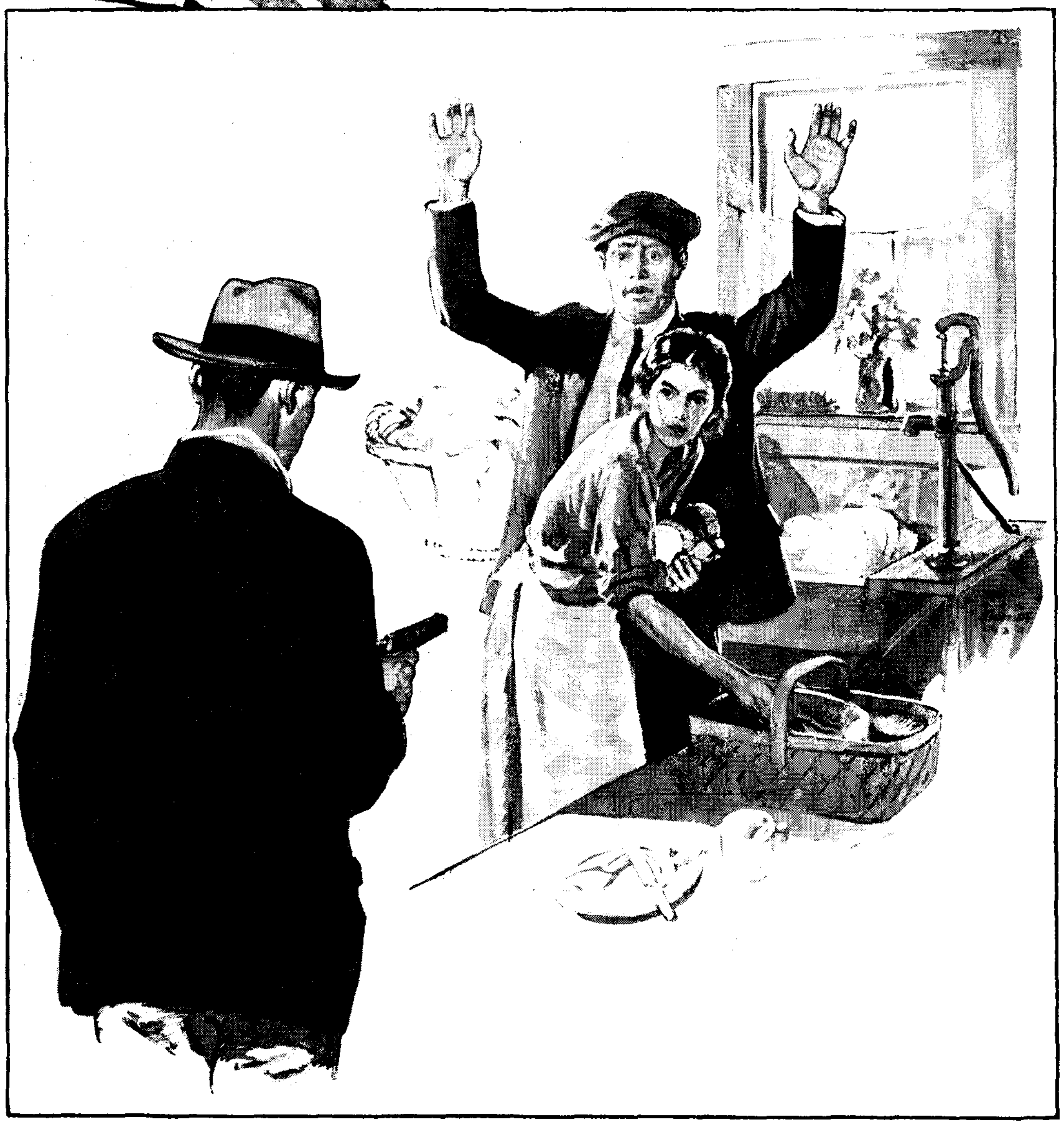
"I'm asking you."

"Well, you can keep on asking. What's the use of talkin' to a copper? You're all alike."

"Take a chance," urged Orear. "I want to know, Morgan. I want to know *bad*. It may make a lot of difference all around."

"All right." The killer, about to turn away, jerked up in sudden resolution. "By God, I will tell you. An' see how you like it! He stole money comin' to me, that's why I killed him. The low-down skunk!" Once started, words came in a flood. "I made a lot of junk to sell to visitors. Three agate paper weights, four abalone shell boxes an' a horsehair quirt, that's what it was. An' every damned thing *sold*. I *know* they did. An' what happened? Simmons went south with the coin. Told me the stuff jes' disappeared. Like hell it disappeared. He *grabbed* it. That's what all the guards do. Sell our things to visitors an' cop the money. An' then what did the lousy rat pull off on me?" he demanded, the weak voice rising to a screech.

"Stop the yelling," said Orear gently, pressing the wild head down on the pillow. "Easy does it. I'm listening."



Morgan, after making the rancher's wife pack up a market basket, had hiked off

"I'll tell you what he done," resumed Morgan. "He had the gall to ask me why I wasn't making anything more. An' when I told him I'd bite my fingers off first, he knocked me down an' gave me the boot. An' did he get away with it? I'll say he didn't." And now the tone, while quiet enough, breathed an unconquerable ferocity: "I had his blackjack out of his hand before he could say Jack Robinson, an' let him have it right over the ear. An' I'll tell you something else, Mister New Warden, since you seem to be so crazy about knowin' everything. I'd like to kill the whole damned dirty lot of you."

"WELL, I can't say I blame you much," commented Orear, getting to his feet. "You seem to have had a pretty rotten deal all around. But that's all finished now."

"Like hell," jeered Morgan. "Don't try to bull me. I know you coppers."

"All right," shrugged the warden. "Wait and see. By the time you get out of here there'll be quite a few changes. Yes, indeed. Quite a few."

The days that followed were busy ones for Tim Orear. Dishonest guards and brutal guards were winnowed out, and a system of Sunday "audiences" protected the men from the petty tyrannies and injustices that were formerly a festering source of anger and mutiny. Within a month the warden's desk was piled high with knives that had been fashioned and sharpened in secrecy and hate.

Drawing upon the prison population for skilled artisans, he went over the penitentiary from top to bottom. A reorganization of the tailor shops provided warmer and better clothes, and a shake-up in the kitchens improved the food. Not stopping there, Orear rented near-by ranches on the half-crop plan, and devised a plan by which the men might earn the privilege of working out in the open, the sun on their backs and the wind in their teeth, word of honor the only guard.

Hi Morgan came from the hospital to find a new spirit in the prison, one of hope and good will, but if impressed by the change the lean killer gave no sign. The thin lips still held to their sneer, and the hawk face lost none of its hard hostility. He made no more of his tiger leaps at the keepers, to be sure, but the cold unchanging malignancy of the round, unwinking eyes made "Dad" Brody sweat with apprehension.

"I'm telling you, Warden," he declared time and again, "this Morgan is one bad hombre. You might as well try to gentle a rattler. I hope you ain't goin' to make him a trusty or go puttin' him outside?"

"He'll get the same chance as everybody else," said Orear. "The past doesn't count with me, Dad. All any man's got to do is play the game."

This, however, was just what Morgan refused to do. When the warden sent for him and explained his ideas in detail, setting forth his system of graded rewards, the killer stood submissively enough, but not by the twitch of a muscle, the flicker of a lash, did he show appreciation or even interest.

"I know you've had the worst of it," concluded Orear, "and I want to make it up as far as I can. But I've got to have your help, Hi. Do I get it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it's the bunk, that's why," answered Morgan, a vast bitterness coloring the flat, level tone. "Jes' a lot of bull."

"DON'T be a fool," exclaimed the young warden, flushing angrily. "I'm trying to treat you men like human beings, working to build you up instead of beating you down. Where's the bunk in that? I'm not asking you to flop on your knees and promise to lead a godly, upright, sober life. It isn't any prayer-meeting stunt I'm putting up to you boys. Nothing on earth but a plain business proposition. Play square with me and it gives me the chance to play square with you."

"Yeah?" The killer's hard mouth twisted in an ugly smile. "Why, you cops couldn't play square with anybody. An' you ain't ever goin' to be able to say you fooled Hi Morgan."

"All right," cried Orear, slamming the desk with his fist. "Have it your way."

"I feel like the devil about it," he confessed to the chaplain that night. "These cheap crooks are a lot of jellyfish, slipping right through your fingers, but Morgan's got something to get hold of if I could only find it."

In the months that followed he searched conscientiously enough, but met only with failure, for the killer's sneering hostility was as free from cracks as a porcelain bathtub. Even as he was about to confess defeat, however, a report from the chaplain revived his dying hope.

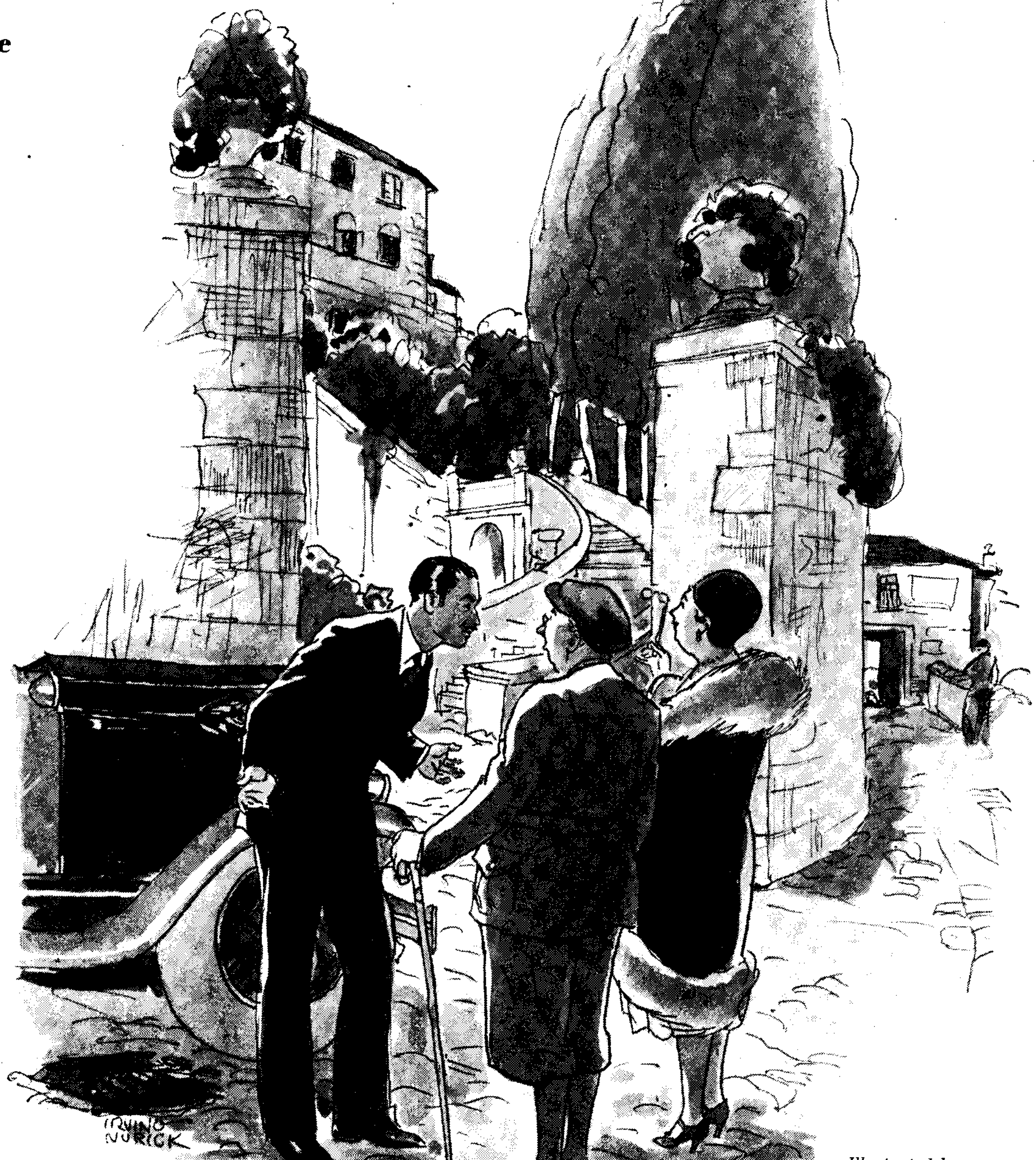
"I found out a funny thing today," smiled the old clergyman. "Morgan's

(*Continued on page 44*)

Straight Macaroni

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By
Hope
Hamlin



Illustrated by Irving Nurick

Angelo showed a surprising reluctance to intrude upon the Countess Respigglieri

I DON'T think you've quite caught the color of that flowerpot," remarked Mr. Butterby critically.

"Ah, but, signor," sighed Angelo, "does it matter? Three weeks and this flowerpot, the geraniums, the clouds in the background, all will be removed. Who am I that I should dream about perfection when my poor brush is covering up a masterpiece of Botticelli?"

"Angelo's right, Papa," said Mrs. Butterby. "It doesn't make a particle of difference. That art dealer in New York will scrape it all off just like Angelo said and the Mary and Jesus underneath will be as good as new." Mrs. Butterby patted the young Italian's hair maternally.

Mr. Butterby subsided. What did it matter anyway? he asked himself. This picture, the Botticelli underneath and not the geraniums, completed his art collection, and the wise thing to do was to give himself up to contemplation of Mr. Holworthy's surprise. Mr. Holworthy was the New York art dealer and he had frankly told Mr. Butterby that getting an old Italian master out of Italy *could not* be done.

Mr. Butterby hadn't piled up the Butterby millions in Butterby's Beautiful Linoleums by listening to people who said things couldn't be done. If Mr. Holworthy couldn't get him an Italian master, reasoned Mr. Butterby, then there was nothing to do but to go to Italy and get one himself.

WHEN Butterby's Beautiful Linoleums lay in sixty per cent of the nation's kitchens Mr. Butterby, with a few grumbles at the anti-trust laws, had retired and gone in for Art with a capital A.

Mr. Butterby's first purchase was a canvas of Landseer's, and for six months he feasted his eyes on it with perfect content—that is, until Mr. Holworthy came along. Mr. Holworthy with his forty years of dignified service to the cause of art showed Mr. Butterby many things. Mr. Butterby gave the Landseer to the Arts Museum and cultivated an enviable taste in pictures. In time, all he needed to round out his collection was an example of an Italian school, and Mr. Holworthy was duly commissioned to procure, if possible, such a picture.

Mr. Holworthy made strenuous efforts to find one, but with a notable lack of success. Finally, much as he hated to do it, he came right out and told Mr. Butterby that to get an old Italian master of the first water was quite impossible. There wasn't one for sale in this country and getting one from Italy, it appeared, was simply not worth thinking about.

That is the reason we find Mr. and Mrs. Butterby in Florence. As Mr. Butterby so often said to Mrs. Butterby, if you want a thing done right do it yourself.

Perhaps it was all luck, this discovery of a genuine Botticelli in an ancient villa near Lucca, but Mr. Butterby was convinced that it was also justice. Mr. Butterby's first two weeks in Florence had been horrible in the extreme.

"How," he thundered at Mrs. Butterby fifty times a day, "can these damn' macaronis *dare* refuse to let an American citizen buy one of their infernal daubs? I'll pay their price and all the graft they want. Don't they even *know* how much money Italy owes the U. S.?"

And then came the great discovery!

Angelo, who picked up a few lire now and then by showing very exceptional visitors about, had been driving the Butterbys to Lucca when the car broke down just outside the ancient family villa of the Respigglieri. Angelo, who was no mechanic, was overcome with sorrow that such an accident should have happened and poured apologies upon Mr. and Mrs. Butterby. He showed a surprising reluctance, however, to intrude on the Countess Respigglieri, but Mr. Butterby took matters into his own hands.

"We've got to get another car from Florence, don't we?"

"Oh, yes, signor," agreed Angelo.

"Well then, come on. Countesses are the same as other folks and maybe you can pick up something cheap, Mamma, like a candlestick or a table. Angelo says this lady is hard up."

The matter thus settled, the three proceeded to the villa. The countess, as Mr. Butterby had foreseen, was charmed and took Mrs. Butterby off to see some laces, leaving Mr. Butterby and Angelo to explore the place alone. The exploration was quite uneventful until they reached the chapel. Mr. Butterby didn't see it at first but Angelo stood still as death inside the door staring straight ahead. There before him, over the altar, was a painting. A painting of a sad, sweet and yet hopeful face of a Madonna in whose arms lay a child. The holy light around them both seemed to light up the whole chapel with a celestial glow and Mr. Butterby, with his eyes on Angelo's face, felt little prickles up and down his spine.

"WHAT is it, Angelo? What is it?" he hissed in excitement and then wondered why he hadn't spoken aloud.

Angelo's excited stream of Italian was quite unintelligible to Mr. Butterby and it was several minutes before the young man was calm enough to speak English, but Mr. Butterby soon gathered that here before them was a genuine Botticelli. One which art students had found mentioned in old manuscripts but had long ago given up hope of finding. Point after point Angelo showed Mr. Butterby. Nowhere did this picture differ from the descriptions on record and if they moved carefully Mr. Butterby might by good fortune have it for his own.

They did move carefully. Very, very carefully, and nobody in all Italy heard a murmur of the purchase except those concerned, the Butterbys, Angelo and Countess Respigglieri. Mr. Butterby paid the countess ten thousand dollars and when the lady cried on his shoulder over this sudden and glorious change in her fortunes he realized that she probably would have had hysterics if he had paid her any more, and, therefore, he considered that ten thousand was quite ample.

Angelo once more showed his good sense when Mr. Butterby was harassed by the problem of getting his Botticelli through the Italian customs.

"It will be so simple, signor," Angelo offered. "If you will give me a brush and a tube or two of paint I will sit right here and paint over your picture such a scene as a good Italian official would be glad to see well out of Italy. When the picture arrives in New York you will have instructed your Mr. Holworthy to remove what I will paint, and there will be your masterpiece safe in your own country and unharmed in any respect."

And so Angelo had done just that, and the picture had been shipped to America; after which Mr. and Mrs. Butterby went to Paris, where Mrs. Butterby bought and bought and bought and Mr. Butterby never said a word. Two months passed and Mr. Butterby was in a perpetual state of excitement, for any day now he should receive praise and congratulations from Mr. Holworthy. Mr. Butterby felt that after all he had a right to crow a little over his latest achievement. Holworthy had been so very, very sure that it couldn't be done.

TWO days before they were to sail for home a cable arrived while the Butterbys were at breakfast.

Mr. Butterby's fingers trembled as he touched it.

"Mamma, it must be from Holworthy!"

"Open it, Papa! Open it!" Mrs. Butterby gurgled.

"I'm opening it, Mamma! Don't rush me!" He slit the envelope with a butterknife and unfolded the cable on the table between them. As they read, Mr. Butterby's pink of excitement changed slowly to an unhappy purple of near-apoplexy. The message was short but very clear:

Removed Flower Pot Found Mother and Child Removed Mother and Child Found Napoleon Crossing Alps Shall We Continue Holworthy

Fit to Fight

So far Young Stribling's career has gone up and down like a pile-driver. His next few fights will probably decide whether he is to be our next heavyweight champ

By Grantland Rice

JUST a few years ago four of the best light-heavyweights in the ring were marching shoulder to shoulder in the general direction of gold and glory. They were Paul Berlenbach, the Astoria Assassin; Jack Delaney, the Rapier of the North; Jimmy Slattery, pride of Buffalo, and Young Stribling of Georgia. All four were consistently fighting for big money before big crowds.

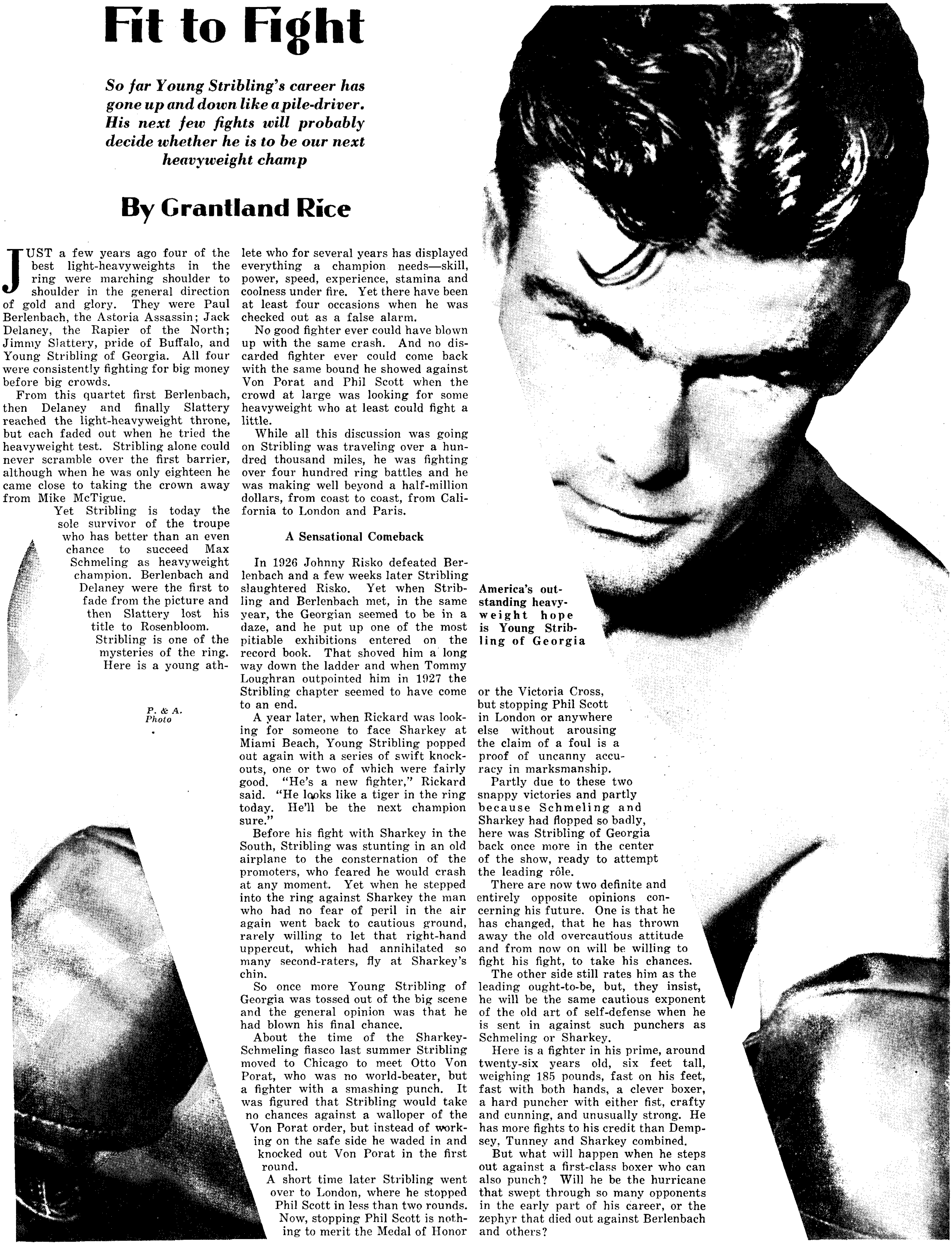
From this quartet first Berlenbach, then Delaney and finally Slattery reached the light-heavyweight throne, but each faded out when he tried the heavyweight test. Stribling alone could never scramble over the first barrier, although when he was only eighteen he came close to taking the crown away from Mike McTigue.

Yet Stribling is today the sole survivor of the troupe who has better than an even chance to succeed Max Schmeling as heavyweight champion. Berlenbach and Delaney were the first to fade from the picture and then Slattery lost his title to Rosenbloom.

Stribling is one of the mysteries of the ring. Here is a young athlete who for several years has displayed everything a champion needs—skill, power, speed, experience, stamina and coolness under fire. Yet there have been at least four occasions when he was checked out as a false alarm.

No good fighter ever could have blown up with the same crash. And no discarded fighter ever could come back with the same bound he showed against Von Porat and Phil Scott when the crowd at large was looking for some heavyweight who at least could fight a little.

While all this discussion was going on Stribling was traveling over a hundred thousand miles, he was fighting over four hundred ring battles and he was making well beyond a half-million dollars, from coast to coast, from California to London and Paris.



America's outstanding heavyweight hope is Young Stribling of Georgia

P. & A. Photo

A Sensational Comeback

In 1926 Johnny Risko defeated Berlenbach and a few weeks later Stribling slaughtered Risko. Yet when Stribling and Berlenbach met, in the same year, the Georgian seemed to be in a daze, and he put up one of the most pitiable exhibitions entered on the record book. That shoved him a long way down the ladder and when Tommy Loughran outpointed him in 1927 the Stribling chapter seemed to have come to an end.

A year later, when Rickard was looking for someone to face Sharkey at Miami Beach, Young Stribling popped out again with a series of swift knockouts, one or two of which were fairly good. "He's a new fighter," Rickard said. "He looks like a tiger in the ring today. He'll be the next champion sure."

Before his fight with Sharkey in the South, Stribling was stunting in an old airplane to the consternation of the promoters, who feared he would crash at any moment. Yet when he stepped into the ring against Sharkey the man who had no fear of peril in the air again went back to cautious ground, rarely willing to let that right-hand uppercut, which had annihilated so many second-raters, fly at Sharkey's chin.

So once more Young Stribling of Georgia was tossed out of the big scene and the general opinion was that he had blown his final chance.

About the time of the Sharkey-Schmeling fiasco last summer Stribling moved to Chicago to meet Otto Von Porat, who was no world-beater, but a fighter with a smashing punch. It was figured that Stribling would take no chances against a walloper of the Von Porat order, but instead of working on the safe side he waded in and knocked out Von Porat in the first round.

A short time later Stribling went over to London, where he stopped Phil Scott in less than two rounds. Now, stopping Phil Scott is nothing to merit the Medal of Honor or the Victoria Cross, but stopping Phil Scott in London or anywhere else without arousing the claim of a foul is a proof of uncanny accuracy in marksmanship.

Partly due to these two snappy victories and partly because Schmeling and Sharkey had flopped so badly, here was Stribling of Georgia back once more in the center of the show, ready to attempt the leading rôle.

There are now two definite and entirely opposite opinions concerning his future. One is that he has changed, that he has thrown away the old overcautious attitude and from now on will be willing to fight his fight, to take his chances.

The other side still rates him as the leading ought-to-be, but, they insist, he will be the same cautious exponent of the old art of self-defense when he is sent in against such punchers as Schmeling or Sharkey.

Here is a fighter in his prime, around twenty-six years old, six feet tall, weighing 185 pounds, fast on his feet, fast with both hands, a clever boxer, a hard puncher with either fist, crafty and cunning, and unusually strong. He has more fights to his credit than Dempsey, Tunney and Sharkey combined.

But what will happen when he steps out against a first-class boxer who can also punch? Will he be the hurricane that swept through so many opponents in the early part of his career, or the zephyr that died out against Berlenbach and others?

The Four Horsemen

By Knute K. Rockne

Individually, at first, they were just four compact youths, no better than football's average. Presently, by circumstance and not design, they came together behind a tigerish line. Within a season they became famous—the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame—Layden, the rapier; Stuhldreher, the quarterback who seemed to be psychic; Crowley, who fled through a broken field like water between brook stones; Miller, the daring. They amazed even their own coach

Knute Rockne, Notre Dame's coach and mentor of the famous four

A SLEEPY-EYED lad, who looked as though he were built to be a tester in an alarm-clock factory, loafed about backfield in the Notre Dame freshman line-up for practice. With him in the backfield, his companion halfback, was a youngster who appeared to be half puzzled by everything going on. Between them was a smaller and wirier boy with a sharp, handsome face and a clear, commanding voice. These assets seemed the best the youngster had, for in his first plays during that practice game he made as many mistakes as he called signals—and he called a lot. As a rule, rookie quarterbacks do.

It was not an inspiring practice to watch. Even the likely-looking youngster at fullback, who could run like a streak, ran quite as often into the hands of tackles as through slits in the line. After watching this backfield performance for an entire quarter, I shook my head.

"Not so hot," I thought—especially when the entire four were smeared by a clumsy but willing scrub tackle who weighed about as much as the entire quartet and pounded through like an ice wagon to block a kick.

"Not so hot," I repeated, preparing to exercise the virtue of patience and wait optimistically for the season's developments. This freshman bunch could be whipped into a combination of average players. Not much more.

That was all the dream I had of them that day. And it didn't come true.

Three years later this trio, with another, took the field to the cheers of fifty thousand people at the Polo Grounds and dazzled into defeat the strongest Army eleven ever sent against anybody. The next morning Grantland Rice rose to lyric heights in celebrating their speed, rhythm and precision, winding up a litany of hallelujahs by proclaiming them "The Four Horsemen." Whereupon an enterprising young gentleman in South Bend perched the returned victors of the backfield on four borrowed nags and sold the resultant photographs to the tune of a small fortune.

These accidents will happen in the best of all possible worlds. Indeed, the football epic of the Four Horsemen is the story of an accident. How it came to pass that four young men so eminently qualified by temperament, physique and instinctive pacing to complement one another perfectly and thus produce the best coördinated and most picturesque backfield in the recent history of football—how that came about is one of the inscrutable achievements of coincidence, of which I know nothing save that it's a rather satisfying mouthful of words.

Harry Stuhldreher, the quarterback, hailed from Massillon, Ohio; Don Miller, halfback, came from Defiance, Ohio; Jimmy Crowley, the other halfback, hailed from Green Bay, Wisconsin, and Elmer Layden, the dashing, slashing fullback, had his home in Davenport, Iowa. The four did not play as backfield in their freshman year—remember, I had seen them in practice and survived the experience.

A Quartet of Colts

These men and the others of the freshman squad in 1921 were soundly beaten by such teams as Lake Forest Academy and the Michigan State freshmen. Stuhldreher, of the lot, had the most promise. He sounded like a leader on the field. He was a good and fearless blocker and as he gained in football knowledge he showed signs of smartness in emergencies. Layden had speed—he could run a hundred-yard dash in under ten seconds at a track meet. But speed and some kicking ability seemed to be all his football wares. Jimmy Crowley was only less humorous in play than in appearance. He looked dull and always resembled a lad about to get out of or into bed. He showed very little as a freshman—certainly none of the nimble wit that made him as celebrated for repartee as for broken-field running. Don Miller traveled, that first year, on the reputation and recommendation of his brother, "Red" Miller, the great Notre Dame halfback who made such havoc when his team beat Michigan in 1909. "Red" had sung the praises of another Miller, Jerry, who made a fine high-school record, but couldn't add to his poundage of one hundred and thirty-five and, unfortunately, grew quite deaf and so was disqualified for the tough going of big-league football. Don, an also-ran in his freshman year, surprised me when he came out for spring practice and with his fleetness and daring sized up as a halfback to cheer the heart of any coach.

In the fall of 1922, Notre Dame had lost all its veteran backs except Castner at fullback and Thomas at quarterback—one of those decimations by graduation that give coaches gray hair or, as in my case, remove what little hair they have.

This 1922 squad, the first on which the Four Horsemen got their chance, romped through its preliminary games against Kalamazoo, St. Louis, Purdue and DePauw. With the first big game looming, against Georgia Tech, Stuhldreher was promoted to alternate as quarterback with Thomas; Crowley and Layden were assigned to alternate as left halfbacks, while Castner, the veteran, remained at fullback and Don Miller received the right halfback berth. Crowley only won his place by a surprising performance against Purdue, when the sleepy one astonished Purdue a great deal and me a great deal more with the liveliest exhibition of cutting, jumping, side-stepping, change of pace and determined ball-toting that I had seen in many a day.

The Georgia Tech game of 1922 found the Four Horsemen ready to demonstrate. The experienced Castner guided them through their green patches, but practice had displayed their unusual gift for synchronization. They showed it against Georgia Tech for the first time and were largely instrumental in turning in a 13–3 victory.

Yet in that same game Stuhldreher, who had appeared most promising of the bunch, made the biggest mistake of his career—one that stamped him still an apprentice quarterback. When our team reached the five-yard line Stuhldreher passed on second down over the goal line for a touchback, and it became Tech's ball on our twenty-yard line.

Never again did Stuhldreher make a tactical error while running the team as quarterback. I have in mind the uproar that followed his spectacular or what seemed to be a spectacular error during the Tournament of Roses game against Stanford on New Year's Day in 1925.

Looking Under the Surface

Notre Dame was ahead, yet Stuhldreher passed straight into the hands of a Stanford player. The fact is that Stuhldreher had hurt his foot, badly. We didn't know until the game was over that he had broken a bone and was suffering agony throughout the game.

Each an outstanding star in his own right; collectively the greatest backfield ever assembled, Notre Dame's famed Four Horsemen, who rode roughshod over America's gridiron-elect. Below, left to right, are Miller, Stuhldreher, Crowley and Layden

Even this circumstance, of course, could not excuse passing on second down with his team leading.

But Hunsinger, our right end, had told Stuhldreher in a huddle that the Stanford halfback who should be covering him, Hunsinger, did not follow him deep into the scoring zone on Notre Dame's offensive plays. Knowing this, Stuhldreher opened up on second down and called for a forward pass from himself to Hunsinger.

Sure enough, on the play, Hunsinger got clear away from the Stanford halfback, who failed to follow him deep enough. He was clear in the open, ready to race for a touchdown on receipt of the ball. A forty-five-yard pass would have done the trick, and a forty-five-yard pass straight to the target was easy enough for Stuhldreher. But not this time. As the plucky little quarterback squared himself to shoot, bringing down the foot with the broken bone to take his stance, excruciating pain shot through him, so that instead of his usual vigorous throw the ball sailed a feeble twenty yards.

Correct Strategy

Yet Stuhldreher's tactics were sound—for so good a ball thrower. For even if Hunsinger had failed to catch the ball and it had been intercepted, a forty-five-yard pass would have been as useful as a punt. If Hunsinger had caught it, it was a sure touchdown. The worst thing that could have happened would have been an incompleted pass, which would have cost us a down. As the play took place on third down, an incompleted pass would not have hurt because Layden was there to kick the ball on the next play. And Layden was a kicker!

Stuhldreher was really a master of sound quarterback play. He could read through another team's strategy without a key to the code. Against Army in 1924 Stuhldreher found their ends were smashing in close, with the result that he sent Crowley and Miller circling the ends. In the very next game, against Princeton, he found the tackle and end on each side were very wide, so he confined his tactics all day to sharp thrusts by Layden through the thinned-out line, and cut-backs by Crowley and Miller. In the game following that, against Georgia Tech, he made gains back to our weak side, because Georgia Tech had overshifted to our strong side, thus leaving the weak side unguarded. And in the game against Wisconsin, fairly strong that year, Stuhldreher repeatedly found a gap between tackle and end that netted neat gains. To prove conclusively his versatility, when Nebraska's line in the next game was exceedingly tough before a fast, plowing backfield, Stuhldreher wasted little time or strength on line drives. He opened up a passing attack and completed ten before the final whistle, the score being 34 to 7.

This diversity of attack caused a well-known football writer to wonder what the Four Horsemen could do with a kicking game. As if in direct response they put one on in their last appearance for Notre Dame in that Tournament of Roses game against Stanford. The entire team had wilted in the heat. The boys were unable to move. They had to rely on Layden's punting, not their usual game. Layden, however, got off a pair of punts of around eighty yards which were quite useful. Stanford lost the game despite its hard, smashing play and Pop Warner was disappointed, making much of the fact that Stanford had made more first downs than Notre Dame.

To this comment, Crowley, as spontaneous spokesman for the Four Horsemen, pointed out that the score was 27 to 10, adding: "Next year in the major leagues they aren't going to count runs that come over the plate. They'll just count the men left on bases." Pop Warner, like the grand old sport he is, admitted Crowley had the laugh and that the only pay-off in football was the ball over the line and not down close to it.

The Comedy Relief

Crowley was always quick at a comeback. After one big Eastern game an official who had penalized Notre Dame all afternoon to the neglect of the Eastern team, which he rarely looked at, met Crowley, and they trudged side by side into the dressing-room. The official said to Crowley:

"You were lucky to win today."

"Yes, Cyclops," said Crowley. "After watching you officiate you don't even begin to know how lucky we were."

Crowley was the gagman of the outfit, but not at first. You never saw a more serious bunch of football players than the Four Horsemen before they had really made good, or a gayer group afterward.

One afternoon Crowley came from vacation into my office. This was after fame had perched on his sloping shoulders.

"Ran into a grand high-school player in Green Bay, Coach," he said.

"Good, is he?" I asked.

"Awful good," he said.

"You really mean that, Jim?" I said.

"He's awful good," said Crowley.

"You mean—as good as you?" I asked.

"Well," said Jim, edging toward the door. "Perhaps not that—but awful good."

He vanished.

The official début of Crowley and his other Horsemen as big-leaguers was actually against Carnegie Tech. Castner,

(*Continued on page 39*)

M-G-M-Hurrell

Marie Dressler: Her recent movie successes have given fresh impetus to a long career as a comédienne

Working Girl

Marie Dressler was midway in her stage career when she decided to give up musical and stock shows to become what the profession calls a "low comédienne." Her first fall down stage stairs brought her a twisted ankle—and a promise of success. So she has been "bumping into scenery ever since to amuse the customers"

By John B. Kennedy

SOMEBODY who knows all about etiquette should answer this one: What does a young woman do when she's fairly good-looking, decidedly clever, with a tidy reputation as an actress, fond of games and yet quite definitely snubbed by a summer hotel crowd?

There may be several answers. Marie Dressler supplied one.

It was up at Georgian Bay, the playwater of the Mid-West, and Miss Dressler, vacationing from a long season of touring with a comic opera company, picked out an exclusive hotel. Of course, she had the right to do so, and, what is more important, she had the money. But when the garrulous hotel clerk informed everybody that Marie Dressler, actress, was a guest, mothers promptly attached their young sons to apron strings and daughters were warned against contamination.

"I," reports Miss Dressler in the suavely comic voice that for forty years has rocked America's eardrums, "didn't pack up and get out. I gritted my teeth and determined to stay."

On a gala night she dressed in her best and strolled into the dining-room. Everybody was there; but a chill seemed to go before and after the young actress. So, finishing her meal alone, she stalked over to the piano, sat down and started to bang away.

The piano irritated everybody, and she played it often, after first taking care to dismantle the lock so that nobody could close the keyboard. She developed a large nuisance value; so large that she became somewhat of a nuisance to herself, and, instead of playing lurid ragtime, saved her nerves by learning some of the older, sweeter melodies.

Saying It with Songs

That hotel all but experienced its first guest strike. Vigorous protests were shot at the management, one actually written by an old gentleman who later fainted on sight as the angry Miss Dressler exploded before management and guests that she had paid her board in advance and that she was going to grab all the privileges of her status. And since nobody would talk to her she'd make the piano hum.

She stuck it out—playing her old-time tunes, and, as the days progressed, playing them better.

Often she passed, between pianoforte recitals, a large house on the shore, called the Castle. It seemed that everybody passed the Castle—admiring not only its imposing pile, but its social importance. The lady of the Castle was leader of the resort's élite.

It's pretty clear at this point what's going to happen in the life of our heroine; but we have to recite the details in order to background what happened after the other things happened.

Miss Dressler played the piano on a sultry afternoon. She was alone as usual. There came a tap on the window. An old lady was outside, listening. The old lady asked if she might come in.

"I love those old songs you're playing," said the old lady. "Can you sing them?"

Miss Dressler sang them. The dowager was delighted.

"Please come with me," she said, "to dinner."

Surprising the Snobs

Before the company of snobs sauntering to the hotel to change clothes for the rites of the evening meal, Miss Dressler had the triumph of being whirled away in a carriage and pair, seated beside the social leader of the place. The old lady was the widow of a former President of the United States—Ulysses S. Grant.

"Snobs are characterless," Miss Dressler avers, blue eyes glinting at this fading memory of an old wrong. "All the other guests at that hotel literally fell over themselves after that to gain my company. But I was too busy to be bothered—playing and singing at the Castle for Mrs. Grant. She was the most gracious person I have ever known. She learned the story of my social isolation, and before I left Georgian Bay to go back to work she gave me the philosophy of a former First Lady:

" 'Never sacrifice self-respect for any social advantage,' she said. 'If any group declines to accept you—be indifferent. Intelligent indifference is all that can minimize the disappointments of life.' "

Her early career gave Miss Dressler plenty of opportunity to test this advice. In the first place, there was her father. He was a Koerber of the Prussian Koerbers—an officer in the Kaiser's army.

"A dashing person," comments his daughter, "who dashed about too much. As a youth he had seen service in the Crimean War and, lacking further outlet for his talents on the home grounds, he emigrated to America. After I was born in Coburg, Canada, Father kept on emigrating; but minus his family.

"Mother brought me to the United States and we settled in Bay City, Michigan. There she became quite interested in church work and quite opposed to my doing the only thing I knew how to do to make a living—singing."

Oldest inhabitants of Bay City may recall a harvest festival when Mrs. Koerber had arranged her daughter in billows of lace and chiffon to pose as

(Continued on page 68)

M-G-M

Playing opposite Greta Garbo in Anna Christie, Miss Dressler achieved her finest motion-picture performance

Not the Nicest People

An exciting story of love and war on the Long Island front

By Don Marquis

SAM HUBBARD stood on the veranda of his waterside hotel—Hubbard's Tavern, at Hubbard's Cove, Long Island, and gazed meditatively at the figure of Angelo Loscaccio, who had just left him. Angelo, or "The Angel," as he was facetiously called by many of his familiars, took his way to the big old stable, fifty yards away. It had been a number of years since there had been a horse in that stable.

What was there now Sam knew well enough: between fifty and a hundred cases of Scotch whisky. It belonged to Angelo. He had come out from New York City in his high-powered car, with his tough-looking driver and his constant bodyguard, who were now lounging about the near-by boathouse, and announced that he was going to stay overnight.

This meant that there would be a delivery in a couple of Angelo's forty-foot motorboats of another consignment taken on from some enigmatic ship anchored now in the broad Atlantic, fifteen or eighteen miles beyond the entrance to the bay. Somewhere between midnight and two in the morning the boats would put in at Hubbard's landing, and before daylight a procession of trucks, with discreet intervals between them, would start on the hundred-mile run westward for Brooklyn and New York.

"Lucy," Sam threw over his shoulder to his young wife.

"Yes, Sam," said she, abstractedly. She was seated at a table a little distance away with a pack of cards; and she was wishing that she were at a bridge party instead of boring herself with solitaire.

"THAT Angel," said Sam, "is a mighty sleek-looking young fellow; smart and stylish, with a great gift of gab. But he's a bad man."

She sniffed. "Because he runs liquor?" she inquired. "You sell it yourself. Nearly everybody drinks it. Angelo's no worse than the rest of you."

"I don't mean anything about liquor," said Sam. "I mean—he's a bad man."

He gazed down on his pretty wife with an appreciation of her looks and style.

"Well then," she said, riffling the cards impatiently, "he's a bad man! If you've said that once in the last six months, you've said it a dozen times."

"I keep on saying it," returned Sam, slowly, "so as to give you a chance to get it fixed firm and deep into that pretty little noodle of yours—along with what else may be already there."

Lucy flushed faintly. She felt, vaguely, that she had been somehow accused. Sam had not meant to accuse her; she would have been surprised if she had known how yearningly protective he felt toward her at that very moment.

Sam went on, with a drawling deliberation that irritated her: "The kind of a man that is pretty apt to come to a bad end."

She shot at him: "You'd think any well-dressed man with civilized manners was a bad man, if he took the trouble to be polite to me!" Sam was nearing fifty; it was not merely his deliberate manner and drawling speech which irritated Lucy. There were many things at which they looked from quite different points of view. Sam's easy informality of dress displeased her, but she could never reform it. A good-looking man Sam was, too, in his big, heavy way, with a handsome head on his strong shoulders. But he carried his placid and philosophical disregard of everything modern, everything smart, to the point of cynicism, Lucy considered. She was a spirited person, not quite thirty yet; and she was beginning to feel that Sam's attitude toward the world was an imprisonment for her.

"I'm not jealous," said Sam, soberly. There was something in his manner that suggested the addition: "Not yet."

Lucy flared out at him: "What sort of life have I had since I've been married to you? Do I ever go anywhere? Do I ever do anything?"

Sam knew that she was hungry for gayety; an occasional good time. Sam was always promising himself that he would minister to this obvious need. But he never got around to it, somehow. The trouble was that he was too well contented, always, just as he was and where he was. Now he laid a tentative, sympathetic hand upon her shoulder. But she shook it off.

"YOU make insinuations against Angelo," she went on, "but who is it that you want me to see? Whom do I have a chance to see? And if you don't like Angelo, why do you keep on in business with him? Cut loose from him entirely, if he's such a bad man!"

"Maybe I will," said Sam, quietly. Angelo himself came out of the barn, and walked smilingly toward the veranda. Lucy got up.

"Yes? You'd better go in for prohibition!" she gibed, as she entered the house.

"Maybe I'll do that, too," Sam replied.

Angelo Loscaccio was so near that he had heard Lucy's last fling and Sam's answer. He smiled quizzically at Sam and sat down near him.

"And when," he said in his precise and careful English, "do you expect to join the forces of law and order?"

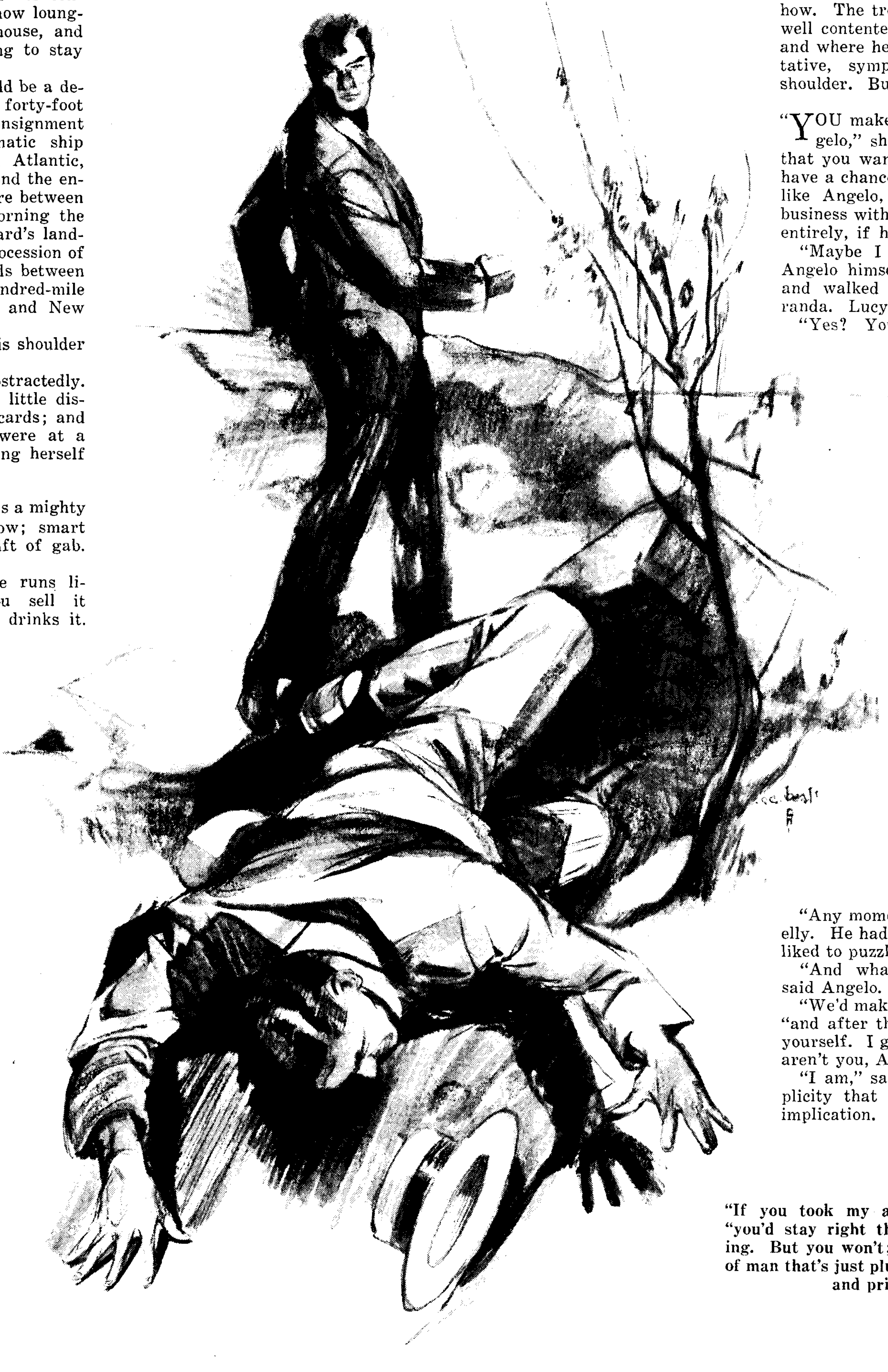
Sam had always been conscious that there was something in this man that might well be feared; but, personally, he had never felt any fear of him. And it had been, from his first acquaintance, his instinct at every contact to show Angelo that he felt no fear; just as one looks steadily in the eyes of some graceful feline animal, which may, or may not, take a sudden fatal notion.

"Any moment, Angel," said Sam, levelly. He had no idea of doing it, but he liked to puzzle Angelo.

"And what then becomes of me?" said Angelo.

"We'd make a clean break," said Sam, "and after that you could take care of yourself. I guess you're able to do that, aren't you, Angel?"

"I am," said The Angel, with a simplicity that carried a certain sinister implication.



"If you took my advice," he said, "you'd stay right there until morning. But you won't; you're the kind of man that's just plumb full of anger and pride"

"So am I," said Sam. He was pleased to see that he had made Angelo wonder. Always pushing, always subtly encroaching, always extending his power in every direction, Angelo was only too apt to begin to give orders, if Sam did not keep him guessing.

"Are you seriously announcing," said Angelo, with a pondering frown, "not only that our relations are at an end, but that you are going to become an enforcement agent?"

"If I do," said Sam, with a provocative grin, "I'll give you a good head start, Angel."

Angelo's frown accentuated the classic finish of his Latin face. Born in New York of an Italian father and an American mother, Angelo had been destined by these parents for the law, and had received a thorough education. But the law had seemed too tame. At twenty-five he was already a dangerous crook; doubly dangerous because of his native graces and acquired accomplishments.

PROHIBITION and the subsequent bootlegging had given him his opportunity, and now, at thirty-five, he was the head of an organization with some surprising ramifications, financial, political, social. Sam recognized him as a perfect example of the current type of coldly efficient malefactor who flourishes in the big American towns, and who sticks at nothing.

"You can't be serious," said Angelo.

"No," said Sam. He let out a bellow of laughter. "I'm just having a little fun with you, Angel!"

Angelo flushed with anger. "You amuse yourself at my expense," he said.

"I do," said Sam. "Why not?"

"A good many people," announced Angelo, "wouldn't think it quite safe."

"Listen, Angel," said Sam, "and I'll tell you something. Every once in a while you get to acting as if you thought I was in your power some way. But you don't boss me, do you understand? I'm a kind of a little boss myself, here in Hubbard's Cove. If I took a notion to kick over our business relations, I'd do it. I wouldn't ask you whether you liked it or not; I'd just do it!"

"You are very puzzling to me," said Angelo.

Sam laughed again. It was what he intended to be.

"Even if I took a serious notion to do what I was joshing about a minute ago—turn enforcement agent—I wouldn't ask for any written permission from you, Angel!"

Sam came a bit nearer to what was in the back of his mind. "Get me right," he said; "if I were to tell you that you'd have to keep away from Hubbard's Cove hereafter, you'd go! I'm boss here! You're not!" He leaned nearer, and looked The Angel steadily in the eye. "There's nothing around this neck of the woods that you control—get me? Nothing at all!"

Just then they heard the sound of a piano. Lucy was playing it in the "parlor" of the old tavern.

There was a flicker of comprehension and defiance in Angelo's handsome dark eyes. He got to his feet with a laugh, and went into the hotel.

In a few minutes Sam heard Angelo's fine tenor voice floating out of the building, raised in a current musical comedy hit, to his wife's accompaniment.

He tamped his corncob pipe full of tobacco again and lighted it. "Well, anyhow," he said, "I've given both of them a kind of a hint."

Nevertheless, he was worried. Lucy, he realized, had no real conception of what this Angelo was. To those aspects of his business which might lead to swift and secret homicide—which, no doubt, had led to that in the past—Lucy was entirely blind. Sam himself had never gone any farther in instruction than his repeated remark: "That Angel is a bad man!"

SAM, as he sat and thought it over, could scarcely blame Lucy for reacting pleasurably to Angelo's attentions and air of gay sophistication. Her life, as she had indicated, was pretty dull. To her, this place was dull. But Sam would not admit that anywhere on earth was there anything better! His eye roved over his domain. Out there was the bay, the blue summer water flecked with the white sails of pleasure craft; wooded islands hazy in the distance; and encircling his cove long thick ranks of great old trees that grew down almost to the edge of the beach—a quiet place, hidden from the world, with its own smells and sounds and contours and its own traditions.

There had been a Hubbard here serving food and drink for nearly two hundred and fifty years, and Sam's attitude toward the liquor laws was very simple—he was sincerely unable to see why anyone, man or government, could think it right to stop a Hubbard serving food or drink! This was his own little kingdom, and he loved it; all its connotations and its long traditions spoke to his blood. And, sheltered from observation as it was, on the north side of one of the bays, it was an ideal spot for any sort of smuggling operation.

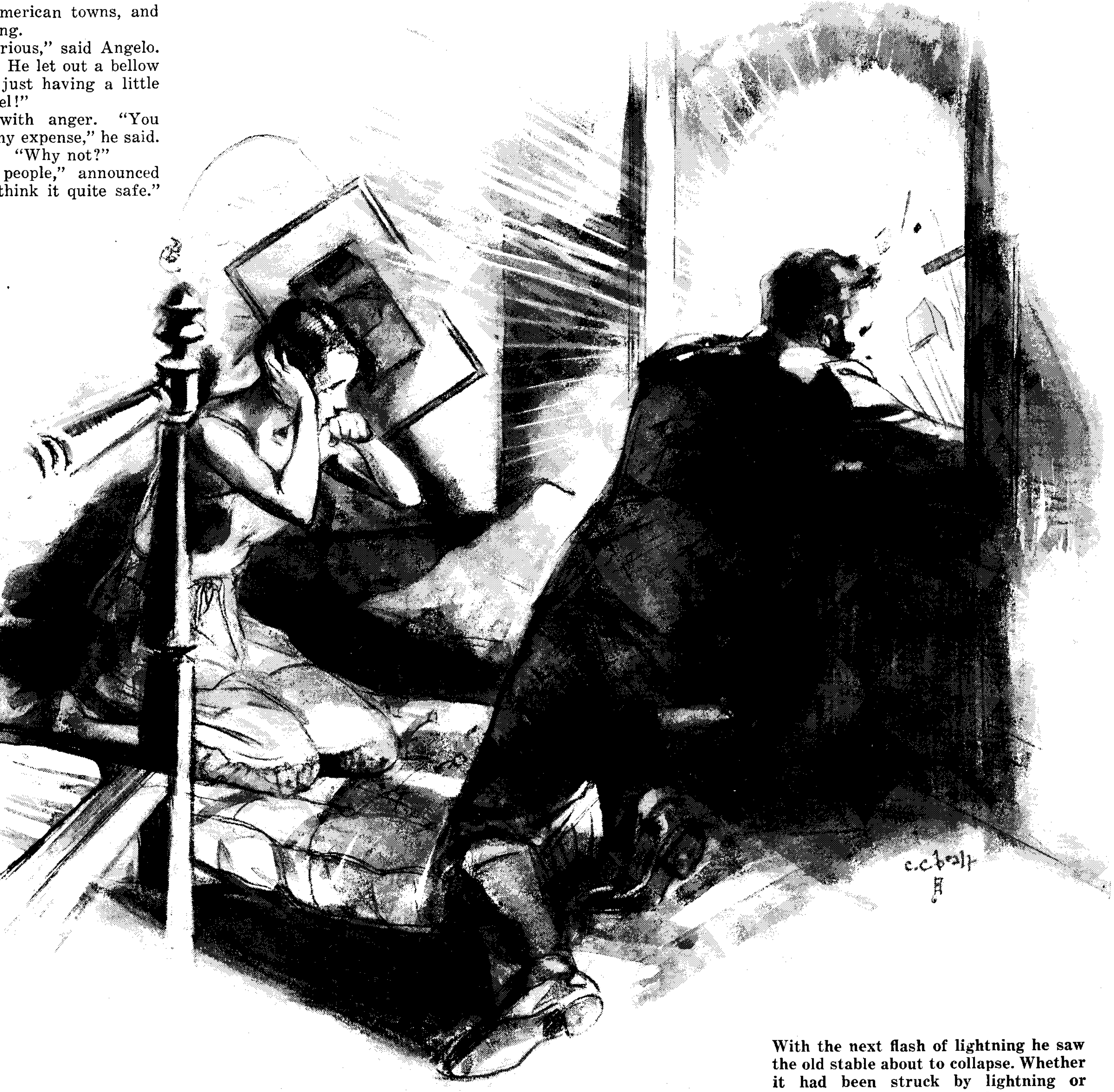
Presently the singing within the tavern ceased, and Lucy and The Angel came out to the veranda together.

"Angelo and I are going to drive over to Crandall's Casino for dinner, Sam," Lucy announced.

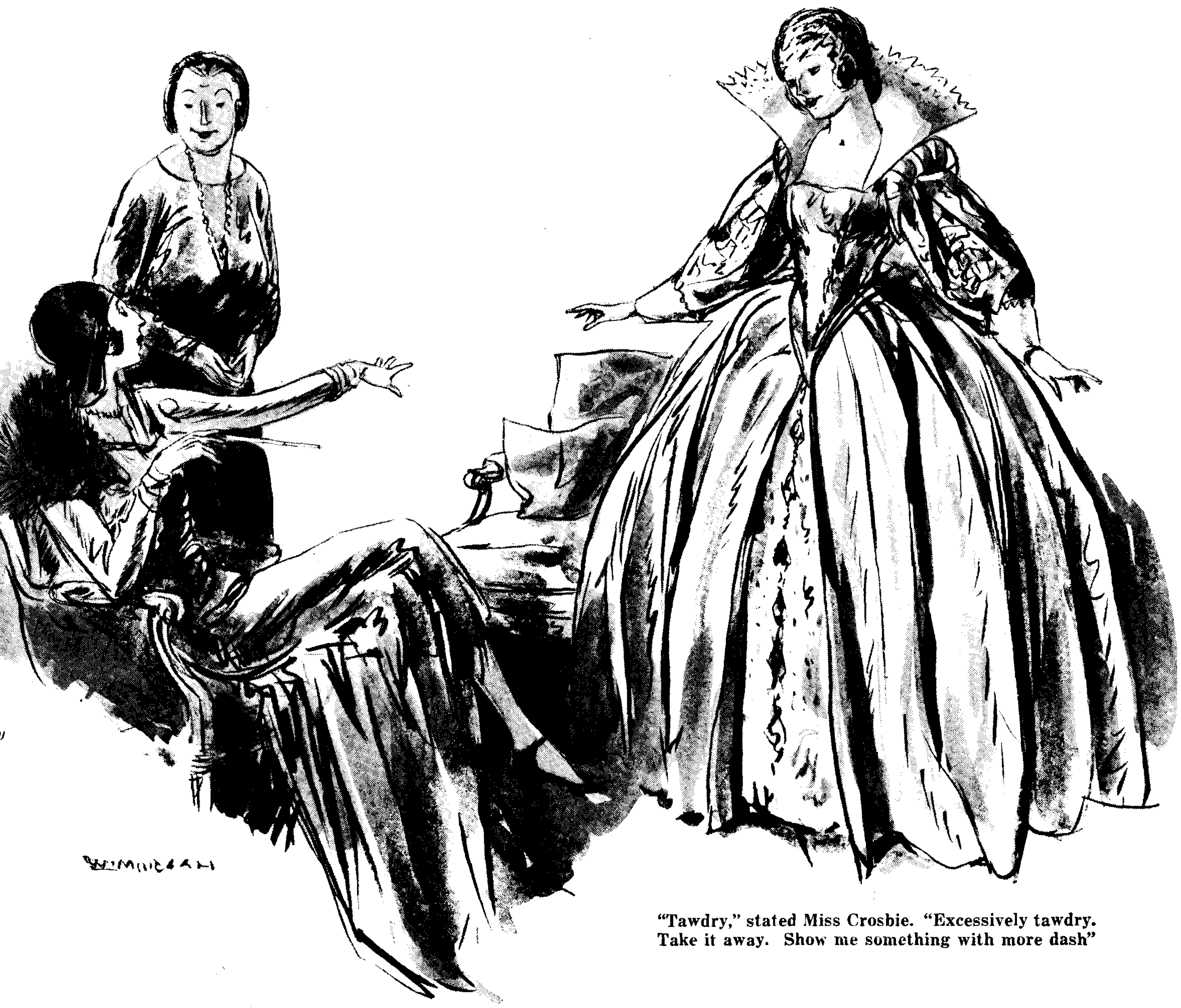
Sam's immediate reaction was that he should assert himself at once, and flatly forbid this, come what might. But he held his tongue. He was too sensitive a man, under his careless exterior,

(*Continued on page 63*)

Illustrated by C. C. Beall



With the next flash of lightning he saw the old stable about to collapse. Whether it had been struck by lightning or bombed he did not know



Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

"Tawdry," stated Miss Crosbie. "Excessively tawdry. Take it away. Show me something with more dash"

The Duchess of Yorkville

By Richard Connell

A romance of "Bagdad on the Subway": the story of Boadicea Mulligan, who was not called "the Duchess" for nothing

THE duchess had a rather flamboyant run in her stocking, but when Miss Ross pointed it out, the duchess merely said, "Sorry," and favored Miss Ross with a cool, disdainful smile meaning, "What of it? At my home—the castle, you know—I have three dozen dozen pairs of silk stockings, all new, for, naturally, I wear a pair only once."

It was a slow, glum day and Miss Ross, who was a stylish stout and had been crossed in love, was in a green tantrum, one of her most waspish, and she was quite unpardonably tart with the duchess, who, however, met all dirty digs with a tantrum-proof smile. She appeared to be thinking:

"In an hour my smart French town car will be waiting for me. I'll go home and dress—that new orchid Chanel frock, I think, and the lapin wrap—and let Randolph or, perhaps, young Lord Wintringhurst take me to dinner at the Casino, and after we'll drop in for an act at the opera, and then look in at that amusing new night club—oh, this society life! How it wearies one!"

It was a happy faculty of the duchess that in trying times she could believe, for as long as ten minutes at a time, her own bright dreams.

She almost expected—almost—that a gleaming motor would be waiting for her when she stepped out into the snow-flecked, tingling evening, holding about her slender figure a fur coat which had a mysterious sounding foreign name, but which, a practiced eye would divine, had once said "meow" and had had kittens. As her equipage and her chauffeur—she thought of him as Harkness, a tall, blond Viking, uniformed like the field marshal of a picture house—seemed remiss in duty that night she walked through the aristocratic upper East Side, bearing east, to that section of garages, pumpernickel foundries, crowded perambulators, dollar-down-and-a-dollar-a-week furniture stores and modest, teeming flats which is known as Yorkville.

HER butler—she had named him Haddocks—failing to open her door, she opened it herself and proceeded to her suite on the top floor, a room ten by ten, adorned with a sink and a two-burner gas stove in ambush behind a piece of chintz featuring cherries and orioles, and a bathroom with a midget tin tub in which one crouched, rather than sat.

Her first action, after carefully hanging up the feline coat, was to remove her stockings and repair the run with a practiced hand, sighing a bit in the process, for she had counted on them lasting until Saturday, which was pay day. She was not long depressed. She never was. She was cheered by the fact that her legs were long and shapely. Quite like the legs of those incredibly lengthy, blasé-faced ladies in the fashion drawings. Advancing on her mirror, she contemplated herself earnestly.

"I'm chic," she announced. "I'm not at all ordinary-looking. I *do* look like pictures of girls at the Lido."

While thus engaged, there was a surly rap at her door, and it was the landlady's unsavory brat, needing a handkerchief as usual, to tell her that she was wanted on the common telephone in the hall below. She put a penny into his sticky paw and swept regally down the stairs.

Eddie Mason was on the wire, his voice urgent, informal and rendered dulcet by needle-beer.

"Lissen, baby," he said, "wanna step out with the big boy tonight? Some fun, kid. We'll chow at Jake's place and then go to Rosebud Paradise Gardens. Chuck, May and Ike will be there. Some fun, kid. What say?"

The tone of the duchess was sweet but lacking in warmth.

"So kind of you to think of me, Eddie," she said, "but I have another engagement this evening."

"YEAH? You always got engagements," said Mr. Mason, plainly miffed. "Always high-hatting, that's you. There's other gals in New York City, New York, you know."

"I'm really very sorry," said the duchess, "but I made an engagement with a gentleman. Made it ages ago."

"Sure, I get you," said Mr. Mason. "You and the Prince of Wales and Jimmy Walker have got a date to go ski-jumping in the subway. I'm just a banana-toting low-life, I am. Take this tip: Some day you'll get so far up-stage nobody will be able to see you with a spyglass. You going out with me or aren't you? Last chance."

"Sorry," said the duchess. "Thank you, but—"

The injured Mr. Mason had hung up. The duchess bit her lip and knew, for a minute, the pangs of regret. Then she squared her shoulders and marched upstairs. Come to think of it, she hadn't been out in society in weeks, and dancing was good for her figure; but she had made a blue-print of her future life, and young men named Eddie, with freckled necks and free-and-easy ideas on the subject of kissing, had no place in her plan, even if they were doing well as boxers of fruit by day and minor pugs in the armories by night. Steadfastly she had held off the other Eddies and Joes and Petes; for on the subject of marriage the duchess had definite ideas. She had, true enough, an engagement with a gentleman and his name was Mortimer Buxbaum, and she had promised to spend the evening in his domicile on the floor below. She dined, alone, on tuna-fish, pickles and a cream puff and at eight presented herself at the Buxbaum apartment and was warmly greeted by Mrs. Buxbaum, mother of Mortimer, who looked forward with considerable emotion to an evening at "Society Sins," the new talkie over on First Avenue, while the duchess kept a vigilant eye on Mortimer, who was nearing two and teething loudly.

The duchess settled into an uneasy chair to peruse, avidly, some magazines of the ultrafashionable world which she subscribed to from the trash barrel of a Park Avenue apartment house. She read choice bits to Mortimer, who whimpered and sought to devour his toes.

"THE J. Sloane Champneys will attend the Beaux-Arts ball this year, and Mrs. Champney will wear her celebrated rubies, valued at sixty thousand dollars."

"Humph," remarked the duchess, "she looks like a poisoned horse. Stuck-up old keg-legs."

"The motif of the Beaux-Arts ball this year," the duchess read, "will be Elizabethan, with all the ruffs, frills and furbelows of that golden age, and it is sure to be the most brilliant fête of New York's social season."

"Mortimer," said the duchess solemnly, "I'd give anything I've got to go to that ball; the only trouble is I haven't got anything to give."

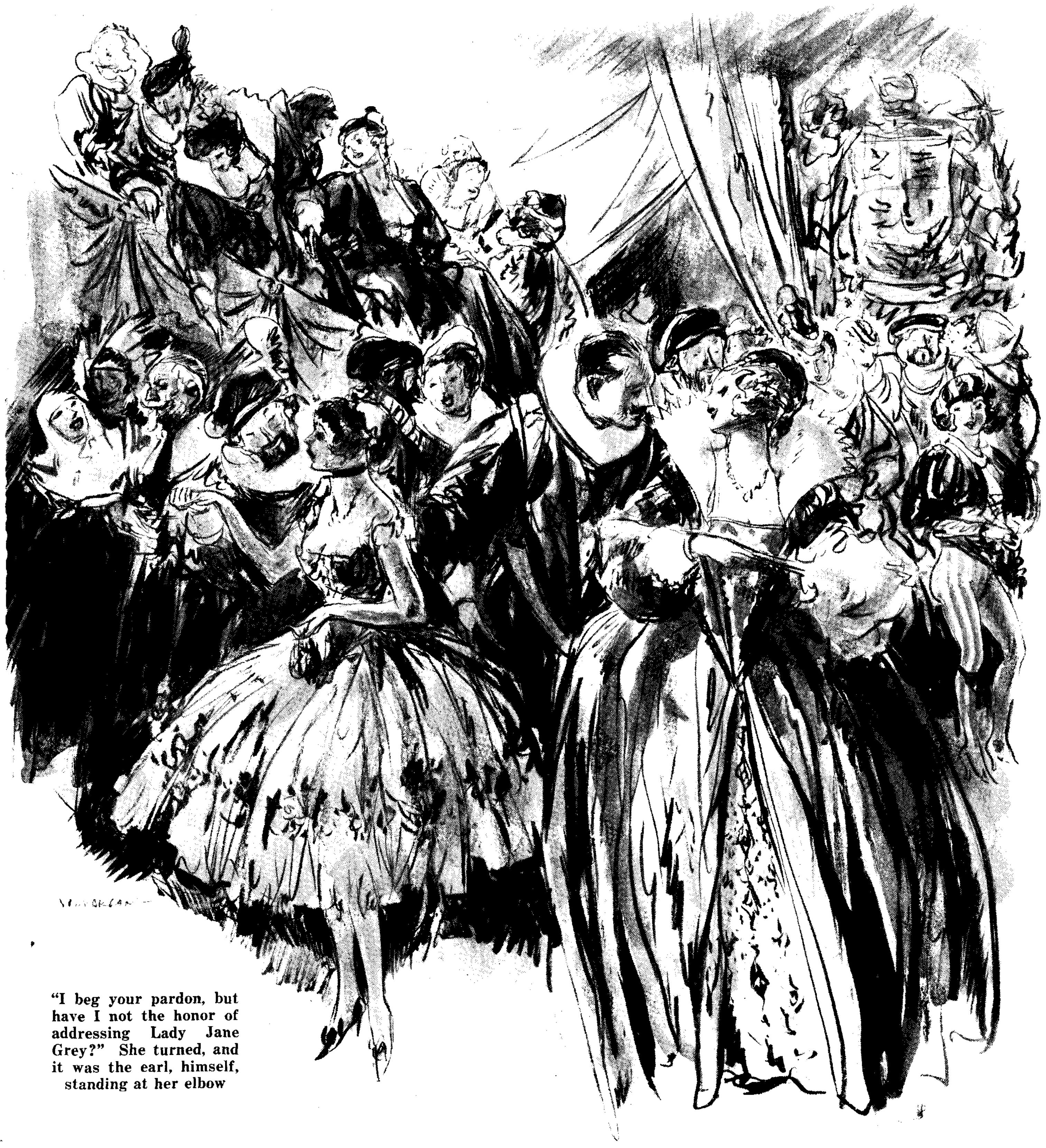
She read on, putting down the magazine now and then to soothe Mortimer or to peer, with the eyes of reverie, into her own future, a sight, just then, not very encouraging.

As she reads and broods she may be inspected. She is rather tall, and just past twenty, and has no hips to speak of, and soft, genuine, blond hair, and her face will rather puzzle you, for at first it seems very wise and knowing, but a little study will show you that that look of worldly wisdom is synthetic and that under it lies a look of wonder, a trusting, innocent look, really.

Her name on the pay roll of Clinton's Fifth Avenue Store reads B. Mulligan, stock girl, eighteen dollars a week, and the "B," to her discomfiture, stands for Boadicea, a name plucked from some book by a romantic mother who had once served as a nurse in a château on Fifth Avenue and who knew what was what, until she succumbed to the unapparent charms of a janitor, who was whisked from this world soon after Boadicea entered it, leaving the mother with a small daughter and a large undertaker's bill.

Eventually the bill was paid, and the daughter brought up nicely, until, when Boadicea was fourteen, her mother departed to other spheres, and Boadicea became a cash girl at Clinton's. She was promptly christened "the Duchess" by the other girls—the full title being "the Duchess of Yorkville"—and though this was intended to be sarcastic, it rather pleased the duchess, as it seemed to her a tribute to her good manners.

HER secret dream, which sustained her when the buyer, Miss Ross, had not "made her day" and was grumpy, was that, in some obscure way, she was of aristocratic lineage, and her belief was that if she held to her ideals, blood would tell and a smiling Fate would lift her to her high and rightful place. So, politely, she discouraged the attentions of the Eddie Masons, and even those of the superior Mr. Baxter, who wore a cutaway coat and a waxen mustache, and said, "Yes, modom, the cawset depotment is in the re-ah of the sto-ah."



"I beg your pardon, but have I not the honor of addressing Lady Jane Grey?" She turned, and it was the earl, himself, standing at her elbow

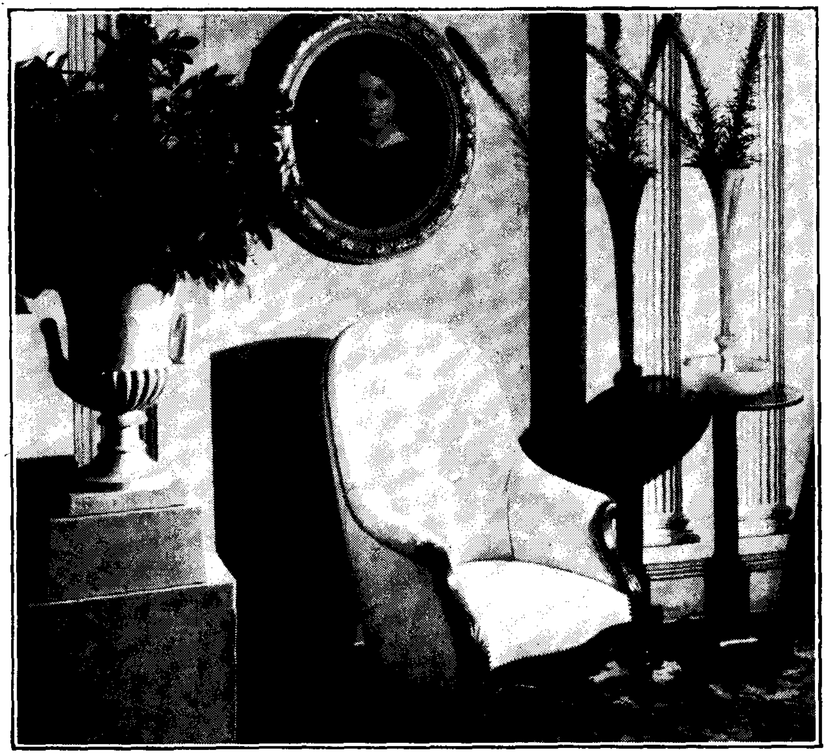
Now the most immediate and tangible ambition of the duchess was a perfectly silly one, as you and I, hard-bitten and unromantic, know. She wanted to go to the Beaux-Arts ball. She wanted to mingle in that gorgeous company of society, stage and artistic folk, for it had long been a notion of hers that her fate was somehow bound up with that ball. To offset the stern reality of living on eighteen dollars a week in a thousand-dollar-a-week city, she often thought of herself as a child of destiny, and that her destiny was in some occult way linked with the ball she felt certain. And she felt equally certain that her chances of going to the ball were infinitesimal, to the point of being downright non-extistent. So, while Mortimer Buxbaum snored like a bubbling kettle, she stared at the pictures of costumes for the ball, and a cloud of deepest indigo settled on her.

MRS. BUXBAUM came home at eleven, inspired by "Society Sins," to face another day at the laundry, and the duchess took herself off to her cot, to dream about the Beaux Arts ball.

Next morning—the ball was that night—was frosty and so was Miss Ross, who barked and snapped at the duchess, who did not seem to mind, though she did.

Late in the afternoon there entered Miss Penelope Crosbie, languid and drooping, like an ill borzoi; but very fashionable. Born bored, Miss Crosbie had seen everything and done everything and been bored by everything; but she was the heiress of the Jam-and-jelly Crosbies of Fifth Avenue, Southampton, Palm Beach, the Adirondacks, Avenue Victor Hugo, Curzon Street and

(*Continued on page 52*)



A flowered carpet and white leather armchair are gay together

Even to the chess game, this is a setting modern Victorians like

Decorated by the Queen

Victoria knew her decoration. All it lacked was a sense of humor. By adding a dash of gayety and mixing well with the best of other periods, her admirers today achieve results that you'll like to live with

By Bruce Buttfield

"THOSE old things?" said the lady from Ohio. "I suppose I ought to apologize for keeping them, but at heart I'm a sentimental soul. They were my mother's and I love them."

Looking around the careful Georgian interior, done with due regard to my hostess' standing, I had picked out the only two things I coveted—a pair of beautiful little two-seated sofas, with oval backs carved at the top into fruit forms. In the original horsehair they were somewhat anachronistic bits of Victoriana. Reupholstered they would fit excellently into this English living-room, and with the addition of one or two later pieces would have removed the curse of being more English than the English—given that feeling of growth and stability which real English homes have. I could have used those sofas in the drawing-room of a sophisticated client in Long Island who has gone through each decorative era as it hit America and is now in line for the latest one. With thought of my hostess' sentiment and bank account I refrained from offering to buy her sofas. As it was, I tried to explain that they were "the last word," but I could see that her politeness covered the extreme of incredulity.

The fact is that Paris, London and the advance guard in New York are going rapidly and madly "Vic." Up until a year ago this passion for collecting and reëditing the heirlooms of a discredited era was the possession of a very few—who did it more or less by the tongue-in-the-cheek method. They considered it amusing rather than beautiful. A Victorian house was "a lot of fun" to show their friends. To the general public more or less interested in the antique or the modern sort of thing "Victorian atrocities" described the products of the whole period.

They thought of ugly shapes, heavy, stuffy colors, cluttered interiors, curtains that were made to be dust-catchers. They forgot entirely that the earlier Victorian manner was gay, colorful, with forms translated easily from those of the Louis's, the highly respected Queen Anne, as well as Greek, Gothic and Egyptian. Only later had the queen's followers grown so terribly earnest and her cult increased to such proportions that London drawing-rooms were sepulchral affairs. There were lovely early- and mid-Victorian houses in America, too, but by the time the first apartments came along—string-bean creations with endless dark hallways and a succession of doors like those on shipboard—the style had developed to include so much machine-made fretwork and so many souvenirs that one needed "Stop" and "Go" signs to move a sight-seeing party.

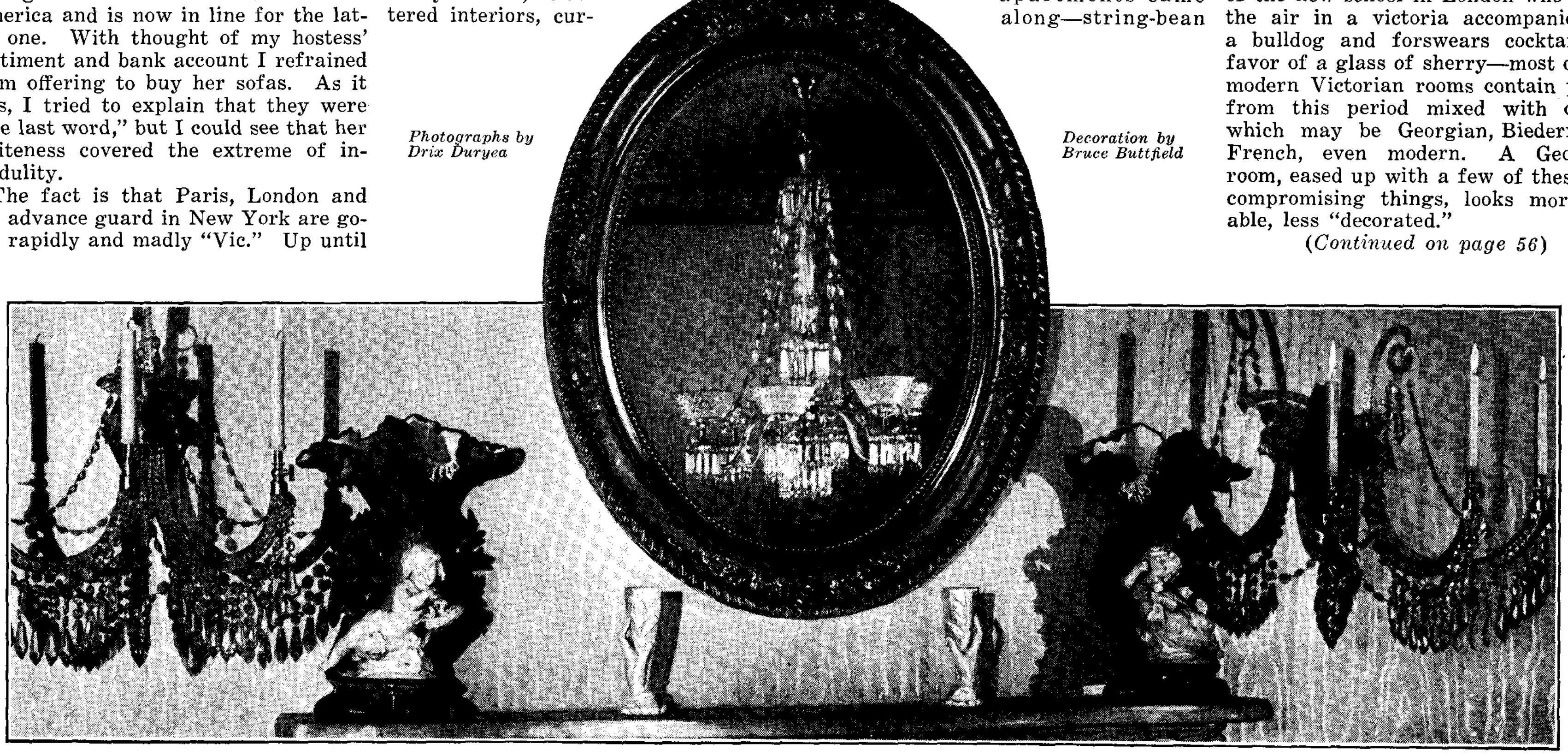
So far this later period has been ignored by the Victorians of today, though it would take a hardy soul to prophesy what they may do next. They've skipped the age when furniture began to be made in quantity by factory methods—with consequent vulgarization of design—returning to the earlier and middle years of the Good Queen's reign to pick up a hundred and one priceless pieces that previous collectors scorned. That it takes a good deal of knowledge, plus a well-developed sense of humor telling one where to stop, goes without saying.

While here and there today one sees a room completely Victorian—done by someone like the enthusiastic gentleman of the new school in London who takes the air in a victoria accompanied by a bulldog and forswears cocktails in favor of a glass of sherry—most of our modern Victorian rooms contain pieces from this period mixed with others which may be Georgian, Biedermeier, French, even modern. A Georgian room, eased up with a few of these less compromising things, looks more livable, less "decorated."

(*Continued on page 56*)

Photographs by Drix Duryea

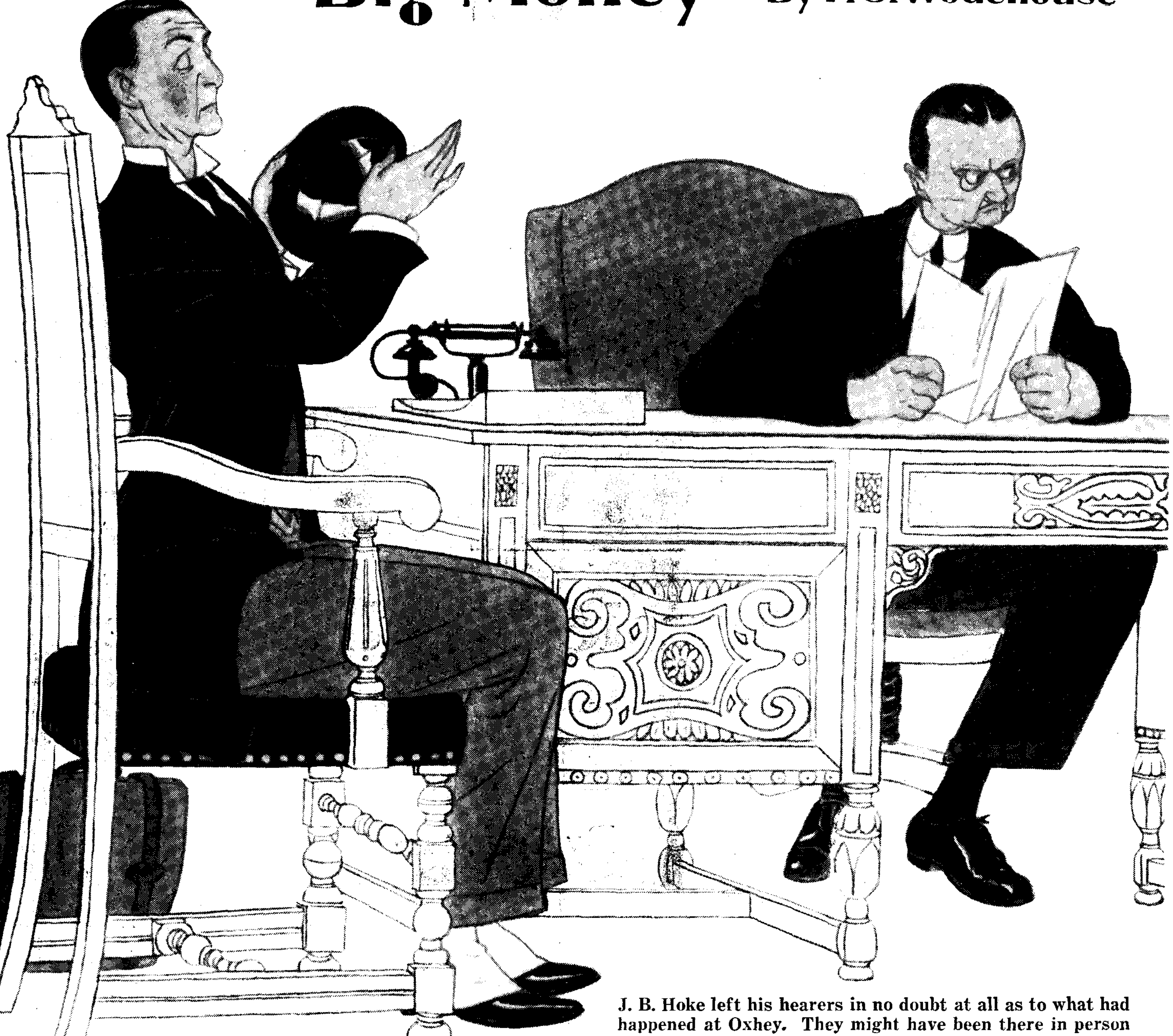
Decoration by Bruce Buttfield



The style of 1840 treats a mantel to such nonessentials as statuettes and marble hands. The crystal fixtures and heavily-framed mirror are of the period

Big Money

By P. G. Wodehouse



Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

J. B. Hoke left his hearers in no doubt at all as to what had happened at Oxhey. They might have been there in person

VII

The Story Thus Far:

THE impecunious Godfrey, Lord Biskerton (known to his irreverent intimates as "the Biscuit"), is engaged to the comely (and wealthy) Ann Moon, an American. To escape a small army of rude creditors until he is married—and solvent—he flees to the country, where he takes a house near the bellicose Major Flood-Smith, a retired army officer.

Visiting the major is a beautiful girl: his niece, Kitchie Valentine. His lordship sees her, meets her, likes her. She is an American—also rich. Great! She is engaged. What of it? Blissfully unaware that Miss Kitchie Valentine is a close friend of Miss Moon, the future Lady Biskerton, his lordship gets busy. . . .

Here let us pause for a moment to meet a few other personages: T. Paterson Frisby, crab-like American financier and uncle of Miss Moon; "Berry" Conway, a pal of the Biscuit and (due to lack of funds) secretary to Mr. Frisby; Lord Hoddesdon, father of the Biscuit and likewise bankrupt; and the lion-hearted Lady Vera Mace, aunt of the Biscuit, engaged in the lucrative business of chaperoning Miss Moon in London.

Now back to the story—and "Berry" Conway. Mr. Conway owns a copper mine—"The Dream Come True." He thinks it is worthless. T. Paterson Frisby knows otherwise. He strongly urges the young man to accept an offer of a trifling sum, made by one J. B. Hoke (secretly on the Frisby pay roll), and happily awaits developments. . . .

Meantime, while the Biscuit and the fair Kitchie are disporting themselves in the country, Berry has a series of delightful encounters with a girl. She is beautiful, perfect; but Berry does not even know her name. Nor does she know Berry's. A small matter. Soon they're in love. . . . But the girl's engaged—to another man! What should Berry do? He consults the Biscuit. "Grab her!" says his lordship. . . . And the girl is none other than Godfrey, the charming Lord Biskerton's affianced love, Ann Moon!

MR. FRISBY buzzed the buzzer, and his private secretary came gamboling into the room like a lamb in springtime. The remarkable happenings of the previous night had had the effect of raising Berry Conway's spirits to the loftiest heights. He felt as if he were walking on pink clouds above a smiling world.

"You rang, sir?" he said affectionately.

"Of course I rang. You heard me, didn't you? Don't ask damn-fool questions. Get Mr. Robbins on the phone."

"Mr. Who, sir?" asked Berry. There was nothing he desired more than to assist and oblige his employer, to smooth his employer's path and gratify his lightest whim, but the name was strange to him. Mr. Frisby had a habit, which Berry deplored, of being obscure. His construction was bad. He would suddenly introduce into his remarks something like this Robbins motive—vital, apparently, to the narrative—without any preliminary planting or preparation. "Mr. Who, sir?" asked Berry.

"Mr. gosh-darn-it-are-you-deaf-I-should-have-thought-I-spoke-plainly-enough-why-don't-you-buy-an-ear-trumpet *Robbins*. My lawyer. Chancery 9632. Get him at once."

"Certainly, sir," said Berry soothingly.

He was concerned about his employer. It was plain that nothing jolly had been happening to him overnight. He was sitting hunched up in his swivel chair as if he had received a shock of some kind. His equine face was drawn, and the lines about his mouth had deepened. Berry would have liked to ask what was the matter, how bad the pain was and where it caught him. A long, sympathetic discussion of Mr. Frisby's symptoms would just have suited his mood of loving kindness.

Prudence, however, whispered that it would be wiser to refrain. He contented himself with getting the number and presently found himself in communication with Mr. Frisby's legal adviser.

"Mr. Robbins is on the wire, sir," he said in his best bedside manner, handing the instrument to the sufferer.

"Right," said Mr. Frisby. "Get out."

BERRY did so, casting, as he went, a languishing glance at his overlord. It was meant to convey to Mr. Frisby the message that, no matter how black the skies might be, John Beresford Conway was near him, to help and encourage, and it was extremely fortunate that Mr. Frisby did not see it.

"Robbins!" he was barking into the telephone, as the door shut.

A low, grave voice replied—a voice suggestive of foreclosed mortgages and lovers parting in the twilight.

"Yes, Mr. Frisby?"

"Robbins, come round here at once. Immediately."

"Is something the matter, Mr. Frisby?"

"Oh, no!" the financier yapped bitterly. "Nothing's the matter. Everything's fine. I've only been swindled and double-crossed by a hellhound."

"Tut!" said the twilight voice.

"I can't tell you over the wire. Come round. Hurry."

"I will start immediately, Mr. Frisby."

Mr. Frisby replaced the receiver and, rising, began to pace the room. He returned to the desk, picked up a letter, read it once more (making the tenth time), uttered a stifled howl (his fifteenth), threw it down, and resumed his pacing. He was plainly overwrought, and Berry Conway, if he had been present, would have laid a brotherly hand on his shoulder and patted him on the back and said, "Come, old man, what is it?" It was lucky, therefore, that instead of being present he was in his own little room, dreaming happy dreams.

These were interrupted almost immediately by the sound of the buzzer.

Mr. Frisby, when Berry answered the summons, was waltzing about his office. He looked like one of those millionaires who are found stabbed with paper knives in libraries.

"Sir?" said Berry tenderly.

"Hasn't Mr. Robbins come yet?"

"Not yet, sir," sighed Berry.

"Hell's bells!"

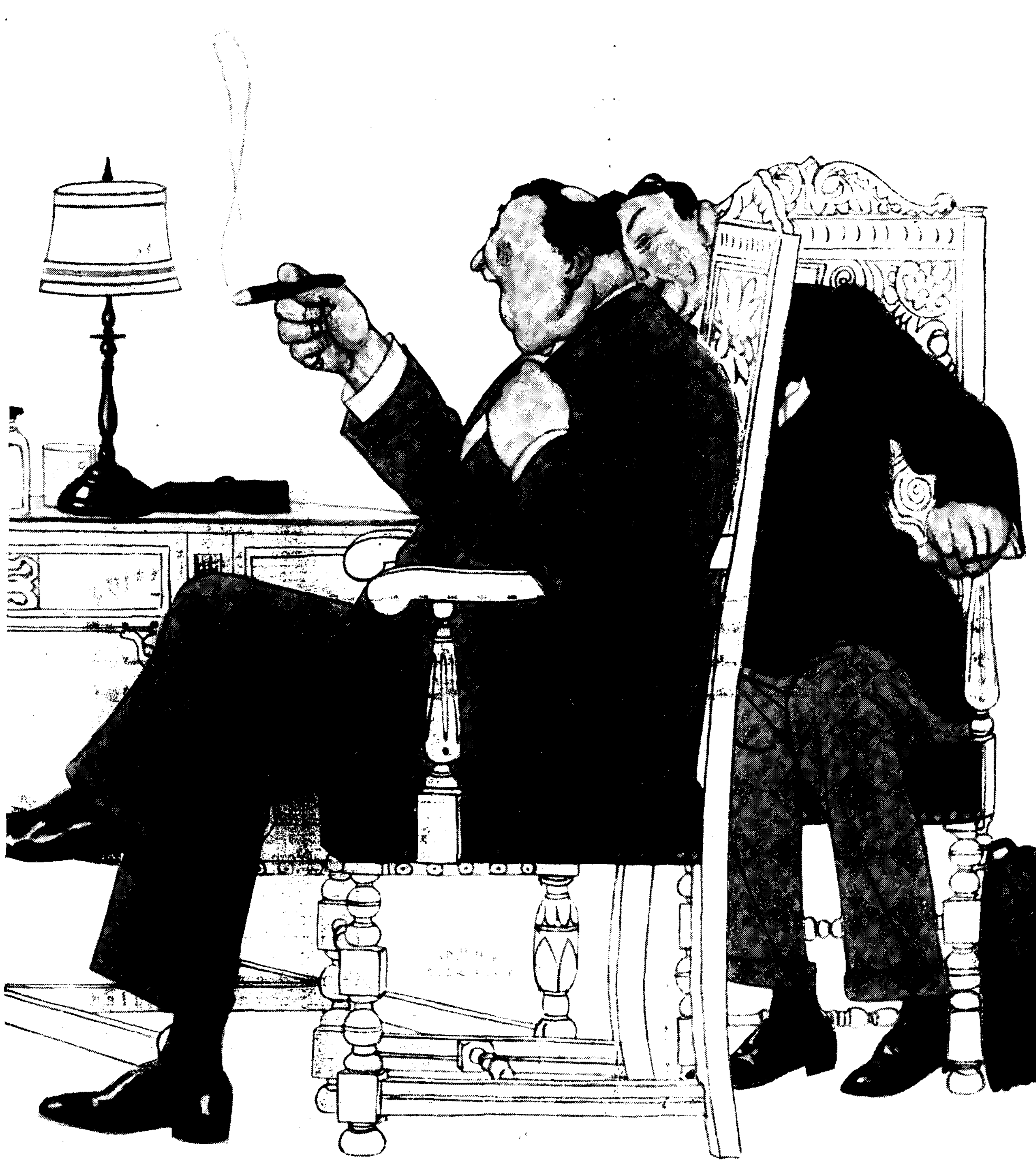
"Very good, sir."

Mr. Frisby resumed his waltzing. He had just paused to give the letter on the desk an eleventh perusal when the door opened again.

This time it was the office boy.

"Mr. Robbins, sir," said the office boy.

Mr. Robbins, of Robbins, Robbins,



Robbins and Robbins, Solicitors and Commissioners for Oaths, was just the sort of man you would have expected him to be after hearing his voice on the telephone. He looked and behaved as if he were a mute at some particularly distinguished funeral. He laid his top hat on the desk as if it had been a wreath.

"Good morning, Mr. Frisby," he said, and you could see the mortgages foreclosing and the lovers parting all over the place.

"Robbins," cried the financier, "I've been hornswoggled."

The lawyer tightened his lips another fraction of an inch, as if to say that something of this kind was only to be expected in a world in which all flesh was as grass and where at any moment the most harmless and innocent person might suddenly find himself legally debarred from being a feoffee of any fee, fiduciary or in fee simple.

"What are the facts, Mr. Frisby?"

Mr. Frisby made a noise extraordinarily like a sea lion at the zoo asking for fish.

"I'll tell you what the facts are. Listen. You know I'm interested in copper. I practically own the Horned Toad mine."

"Quite."

"Well, the other day they struck a new vein on the Horned Toad. One of the richest on record, it looked like."

"Excellent."

"Not so darned excellent," corrected Mr. Frisby. "It was on the edge of the Horned Toad, and it suddenly disappeared into the claim next door—a damned, derelict dusthole called the Dream Come True, which nobody had bothered to pay any attention to for years. It had just been lying there. That's where that vein went."

"Most disappointing."

"Yes," said Mr. Frisby, eyeing this word-painter strangely, "I *was* a little cross about it."

"This would, of course," said Mr. Robbins, who had a good head and could figure things out, "considerably enhance the value of this neighboring property."

"You've guessed it," said Mr. Frisby. "And naturally I wanted to buy it quietly. I made inquiries, and found that the original owner had sold it to a woman named Mrs. Jervis."

"And you approached her?"

"SHE was dead. But one morning, out of a blue sky, I'm darned if my secretary didn't come in and inform me that he was her nephew and had been left this mine."

"Your secretary? Young Parkinson?"

"No. Parkinson's gone. This is a new one. A fellow named Conway. You've never seen him. He came in and asked my advice about selling the mine. He said it had never produced any copper, and did I think there was any chance of getting rid of it for a few hundred pounds. I tell you, when I heard him say those words, Robbins, I believed in miracles—a thing I haven't done since I quit attending Sunday school at Carcassone, Illinois, thirty-nine years ago. Can you tie it? A fellow right in my office, and without a notion that the thing was of any value. I nearly broke my fountain pen."

"Remarkable."

Mr. Frisby took a turn about the room.

"Well, I hadn't much time to think, and I see now that I did the wrong thing. The way it seemed to me was that if I made a bid for the mine myself he might suspect something. So I told him I knew of a man named J. B. Hoke, who sometimes speculated in derelict mines, and I would mention the matter to him. This Hoke is a hydrophobia skunk who has been useful to me once or twice in affairs where I didn't care to appear myself. A red-faced crook who makes a living by hanging around on the edge of the financial world and yessing everybody. He's yessed me for years. I never liked him, but he was a man I thought you could rely on. So I told him to go to Conway and offer him five hundred pounds."

"For a property worth millions?" said Mr. Robbins, dryly.

"Business is business," said Mr. Frisby.

"Quite," said Mr. Robbins. "And did the young man accept the offer?"

"He jumped at it."

"Then surely . . . ?"

"Wait!" said Mr. Frisby. "Do you know what happened? I'll tell you. That double-crossing scoundrel Hoke bought the mine for himself. I might have guessed, if I'd had any sense, that he would suspect something when I told him to go around buying up no-good mines. Maybe he has had private information from somewhere. He's a man with friends in Arizona. Probably there was a leak. Anyway, he went to Conway, gave him his check, got his receipt, and now he claims to own the Dream Come True."

"Tut," said Mr. Robbins.

Mr. Frisby performed a few more waltz steps, rather pretty to watch. Finding himself pirouetting in the neighborhood of the desk, he picked up the letter and handed it to the lawyer.

"Read that," he said.

MR. ROBBINS did so, and emitted two "H'm's" and a "'Tchk." Mr. Frisby watched him anxiously.

"Can he get away with it?" he asked, pleadingly. "He can't get away with it, can he? Don't tell me he can get away with it. Raw work like that. Why, it's highway robbery."

Mr. Robbins shook his head. His manner was not encouraging.

"Have you anything in writing—any letter—or document—to prove that this man was acting as your agent?"

"Of course I haven't. It never occurred to me . . ."

"Then I fear, Mr. Frisby, I greatly fear . . ."

"He *can* get away with it?"

"I fear so."

"Hell!" said Mr. Frisby.

A thoughtful expression came into the lawyer's face. He seemed to be testing this oath, assaying it, to see if it was one of the variety for which he was supposed to be a commissioner.

"But it's murder in the first degree!" cried Mr. Frisby.

"I note that in his letter," said Mr. Robbins, "this Mr. Hoke says that he is calling here this morning with his lawyer, Mr. Bellamy. I know Bellamy well. I am afraid that if Bellamy has endorsed the legality of his action we have little to hope. A very shrewd man. I have the greatest respect for Bellamy."

"But look what he says on the second page. Look how he proposes to hold me up."

"I see. He suggests that the Dream Come True be merged or amalgamated with your property, the Horned Toad, the whole hereinafter to be called Horned Toad Copper, Incorporated. . . ."

"And he wants a half interest in the combination!"

"IF BELLAMY is behind him, Mr. Frisby, a half interest is, I fear, precisely what he will get."

"But it's a gold mine!"

"A copper mine, I understood."

"I mean, I'm parting with a fortune."

"Most annoying," said Mr. Robbins.

"What did you say?" asked Mr. Frisby in a low voice.

"I said it was most annoying."

"So it is," said Mr. Frisby. "So it is. You're a great describer."

Mr. Robbins regarded his hat sadly but affectionately.

"If it is necessary for your purposes to acquire this Dream Come True property," he said, "I can see no other course but to accept Mr. Hoke's proposals. He undoubtedly owns and controls the property in question. If you would care for me to be present at the conference, I shall be delighted to attend, but I fear there is nothing that I can do."

"Yes, there is," said Mr. Frisby. "You can stop me beaning the fellow with a chair and getting hung for murder."

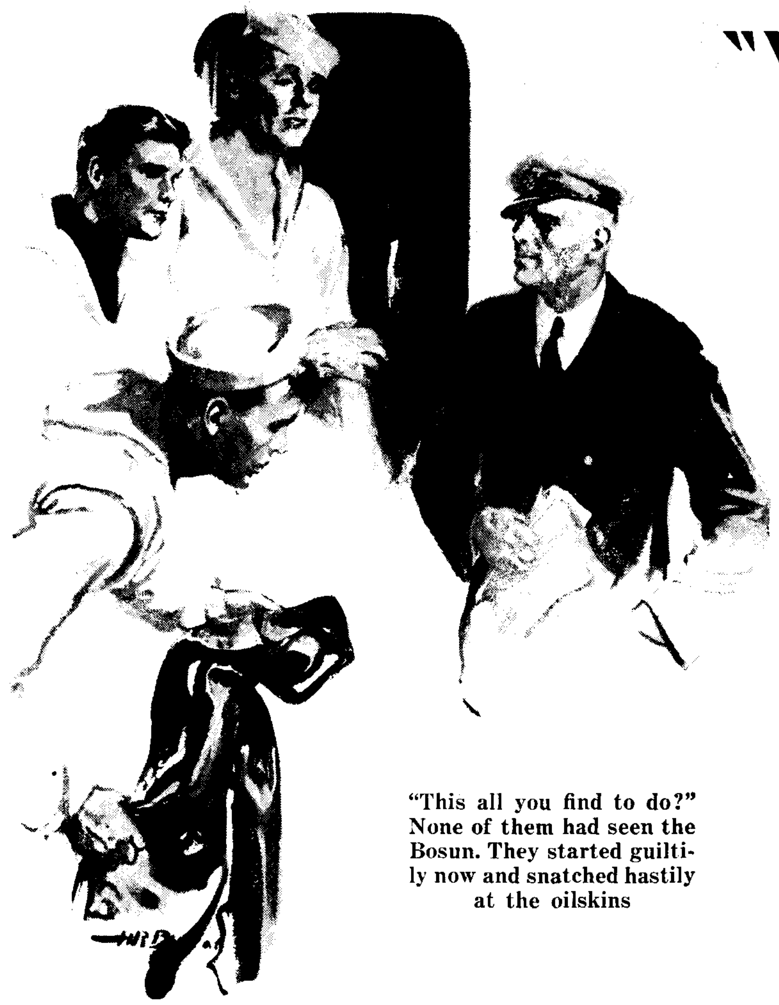
The door opened. The office boy appeared. He was a lad whose voice was passing through the breaking stage.

(*Continued on page 60*)

"Walk Back the Cat"

By Murney Mintzer

All our navy needs to make it invincible is a bosun like Michael Ignatius O'Halloran on every fighting ship—a bosun who doesn't need books to tell him how to handle men



"This all you find to do?" None of them had seen the Bosun. They started guiltily now and snatched hastily at the oilskins

LIFE on the Walgren was as nearly perfect as the crew of a destroyer had any right to expect—until the Bosun discovered the power of will—and lost his voice.

For the Bosun—he was not a boatswain and he appeared on the Walgren's muster roll as Michael Ignatius O'Halloran, Chief Boatswain's Mate—came very close to being the mainspring of the ship. Custom and certain direct and very forceful methods of his own, where results were demanded, had eclipsed his name and rating behind the title. He accepted it with silent if not entirely unconscious dignity and when occasion arose justified all of its implications.

"She would never be the same without him," the captain had insisted firmly when for the third time in two years the staff detail officer had reminded him that no man should be allowed to stay on one ship for seven years.

The crew, hearing a slightly garbled account of that interview via the ship's mail orderly and a yeoman in the destroyer force detail office, had heartily endorsed the opinion. When another draft of petty officers left for the battleships and the Bosun remained aboard they had even agreed that the Old Man had handled the situation fairly well. Which was a real admission in the critical intimacy of the Walgren.

To say that the Bosun was popular would be misleading. He was too unbending and too self-assertive to inspire any such feeling among his shipmates. But they approved of him, heartily and without reservations. In the presence of outsiders, whether men of the other ships in the Walgren's division tied up there with her at the same buoy or strangers from outside the relatively compact community made up by the six destroyers, they insisted that he was unique among chief petty officers and, when necessary, supported their contention with more direct argument.

Like many another revolution, the change in the Bosun passed unnoticed in its early stages, was never critically examined by its principal actors—and victims. He, for instance, realized that a new influence had entered his life the morning that the force commander inspected the Walgren. The rest of the ship's company only knew that luck and the admiral's bad humor had slightly clouded her previously unblemished reputation.

Because of the inspection the Bosun had the deck force working as soon as they had gulped down their morning coffee. And in the early morning quiet his purely official indignation resounded from one end of the ship to the other. For the moment, he leaned over the port rail glaring down with outraged eyes at two shivering side cleaners.

"An' you calls that scrubbin' the waterline?" As he pointed one of the men on the cleaning stage reached back and rubbed away a faint smudge of oil that he had overlooked. Too wise to attempt a reply, the culprit winked at his companion and attacked the iron plate in front of him with redoubled energy. But the little man above was unimpressed.

"CORKIN' off. That's what you're doin'. An' the side lookin' like a lousy beef boat—" While his tongue flailed them the Bosun's small eyes ran along the neat line where the war color of the side met the black boot topping, probing for other deficiencies that they failed to find.

He was aware that the real preparation for inspection was behind them, and secretly he was pleased with the result. Although his face betrayed none of the inner satisfaction that possessed him, the diminutive czar of the deck force was at peace with his world as he turned away from the rail and bent down to examine the spotless paintwork on the wardroom hatch coaming.

It happened that the wardroom door on the deck below was open. Through it came the voice of the captain, gossiping comfortably with the chief engineer over an early morning cup of coffee. The Bosun always took a personal interest in the responsibilities of the ship's officers. So it was purely official concern that sharpened his hearing as he bent over the hatch.

"A good man, the Bosun."

The listener's black eyes snapped as he glanced around to make sure that he was not being watched. Only the most acute observers among his shipmates suspected his weakness for flattery. Now, although he respected Captain West's judgment, he would have been only slightly less pleased if he had known that the latter was simply quoting the division commander, who had once written a professional article on the theory of discipline and ever after had pursued psychology as an avocation. But the next words touched the little chief petty officer's most sensitive spot:

"But he lacks education. No intellectual drive—no ambition—" The Bosun was doubtful about "intellectual." But the first and the last charges touched him on the raw. "It's a new navy now."

At the wardroom table the captain was grinning skeptically at the quoted opinion but the Bosun heard only the spoken words. "And he'll never learn—"

With a snort of indignation the little man on deck backed away from the hatch, reached up and jammed his cap firmly over one eye. But the eyes were dulled now and his swagger as he moved down the deck cost him a real effort.

IN THE midships deckhouse three seamen were perfunctorily restowing the oilskin locker. They worked more through a fear that the Bosun would find them a real occupation than because of any disorder in the locker. When Ham Sourby, the biggest—and the laziest—man in the deck force, dragged out a tattered, coverless magazine the other two came close to examine the calculated revelations of its illustrations.

"Love and Life," Sourby read the title from the top of a rumpled page. "So this is where the cooks stow their heart interest!" The galley door was just behind him and he turned to fling the magazine at its probable owners.

"This all you find to do?" None of them had seen the Bosun. They started guiltily now and snatched hastily at the

Her new luck held, and in what they knew was their last hour the minesweeper's people saw a battered destroyer crawl to them oilskins. Sourby dropped the magazine back into the bottom of the locker.

"You can give me that." The Bosun seemed strangely subdued as he advanced upon them. "And get out of here!" Power returned to his voice as he snatched the magazine, waved them away. "You, Sourby! Get a bucket and dry out the bilges in the for'rd peak tank. The other two of you report to Reegan down in the steering engine room. He'll give you somethin' to think about."

When the three had disappeared the Bosun stepped to the rail to drop the magazine over the side. But, as his hand lifted, a printed challenge shouted at him from a back page:

"WHAT IS YOUR AIM IN LIFE?" Below, his suddenly arrested eyes caught more insistent capitals and his wrinkled face grew intent. "WILL POWER and EDUCATION—the SECRET of SUCCESS!"

FOR the moment he was alone in the shadowy deckhouse. Having assured himself of that he peered at the page with a new respect and a burning eagerness smoldering in his eyes.

"Within YOU lies a strange, magnetic POWER to bend others to your WILL—Easy—quick—cheap. All for $1.88." That much he had read before he was interrupted by approaching steps. A new decision had come to him and with his mind full of the project he thrust the magazine back out of sight and briskly moved aft.

It was not the Bosun's fault that a chance errand to the tender took him away from the ship until inspection time. And it was not the Walgren's fault that the admiral reached her in a towering rage after finding everything wrong on the ship moored alongside. On almost any other morning the white-haired force commander would have been smiling in pleased anticipation as he reached the Walgren's deck, prepared to offer his congratulations to the ship that flew the destroyer battle efficiency pennant at her forepeak.

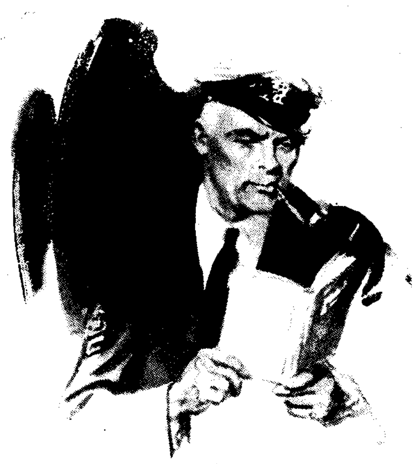
But the whole division had heard what went on aboard the ship that the inspecting party had just left, and on the Walgren officers and men saluted apprehensively and followed the admiral forward toward where the crew waited at quarters on the forecastle.

As he entered the midships deckhouse the admiral stopped, stared about him suspiciously, then turned aside to enter the galley. "I'll look in here first," he grunted to Captain West.

The galley was ready enough. Beside the rigid cooks the copper kettles glowed spotlessly. The admiral snorted, passed out into the gangway.

It was then that the Bosun remembered the magazine, hastily stepped over in a purely instinctive effort to shunt the admiral forward.

"Let's see there!" the latter directed, turning a flashlight into the dark corner behind the oilskin locker, where the tiller ropes led aft along the deck. "Ha! Look at that!" The admiral dragged Captain West forward with an angry gesture. "Trash jammed in on the tiller ropes!" He pulled forth the magazine, held it up and then flung it down furiously. "And the next time you go out



"I saw him a little while ago, down in the chartroom, readin'"

with the squadron you'll fly the breakdown pennant, 'Not under command!' Leave it to me to see that your ship is ready for sea, do you?" The admiral's rage flowed over them in a stinging torrent, eloquent and tinged with satisfaction as it dawned upon him that he had caught his crack ship in a slip.

The faces around him were expressionless save for the outraged eyes that turned upon the Bosun. Captain West tried to interject a word, was silenced with another broadside, subsided with the sole comforting thought that the admiral would forget the incident in a day.

"That will do." The flag officer turned aft. "Call my barge alongside, please. I've seen enough on this ship."

SO THE Walgren was left to a bitter contemplation of the fiasco. On his way forward the captain stopped beside the Bosun, his eyes still accusing. Knowing that empty threat was useless he made no effort to discover the culprit. Back aft Sourby slunk behind a stack from sheer force of habit. But West's tone was level as he turned to the Bosun:

"The man who left that magazine there had better stay aboard for a while. About two weeks should give him time to think it over."

"Aye, aye, sir." The Bosun saluted glumly and watched the captain disappear down the hatch.

The next morning the mail orderly wondered a little when the old fellow tendered him a laboriously addressed envelope. His curiosity deepened when he saw that it was going to an obscure Eastern publishing house. But he ventured no questions either then or later when a brown package came back from the same firm. By that time the Walgren had almost forgotten the inspection, was absorbed in her two-week overhaul period alongside the tender.

If anyone noticed that the old fellow was denying himself liberty they gave it no importance, laid it to the new devotion to ship's work that kept him prowling about the deck at all hours of the day and night.

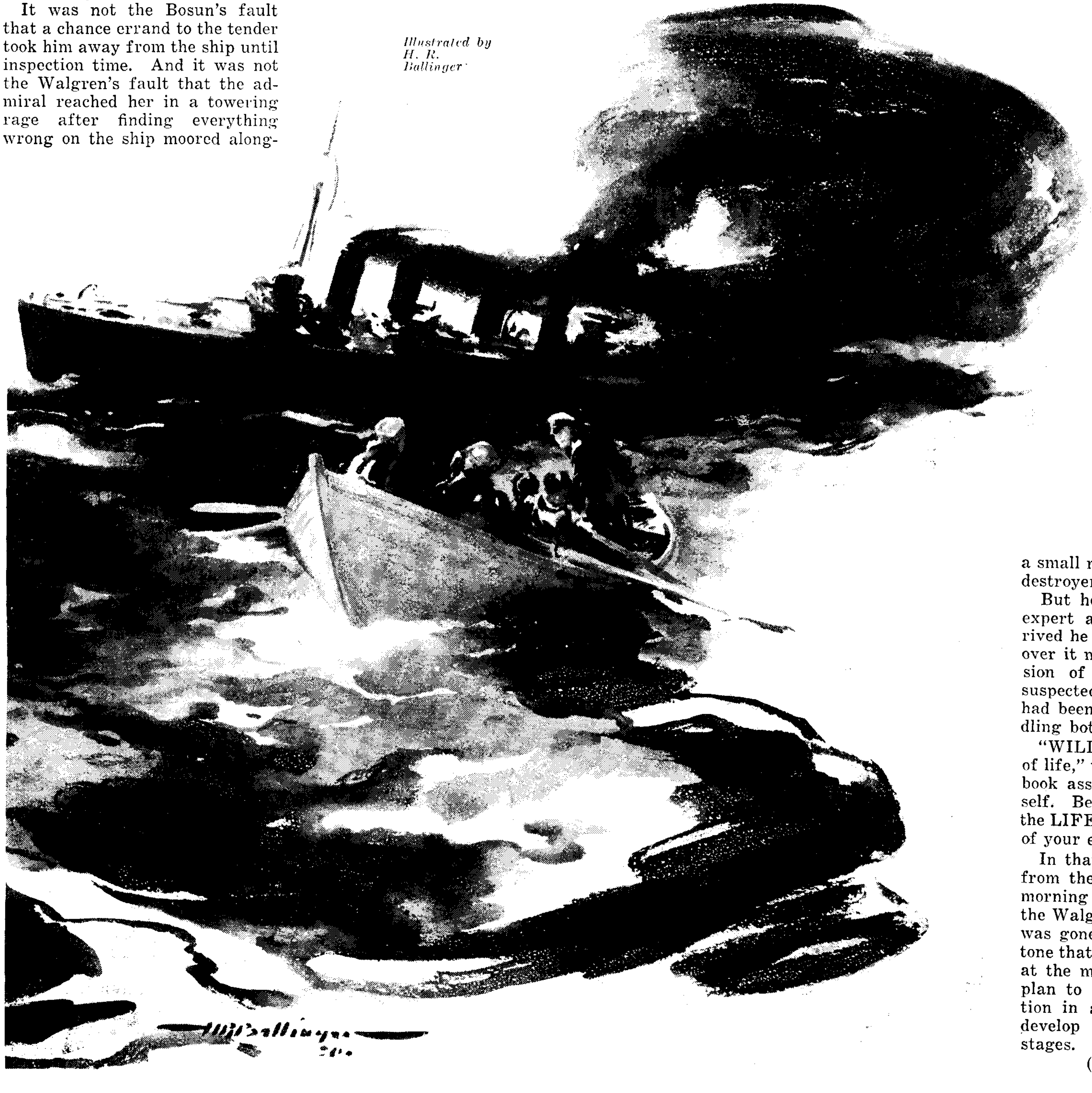
On his part the Bosun was merely acting upon his resolution to improve himself. His oversight during the inspection, he saw now, was a significant proof of the captain's opinion. An educated man would not forget that way. Aimless, that's what he was, without ambition. And another thing: he had been too easy on the men. That was why they soldiered on the job, read magazines when they should be working. He set out to correct that before the book arrived. And for a time his stubby figure haunted the lower compartments where working parties chipped paint and cleaned bilges; his voice, astonishingly big for such a small man, boomed everywhere on the destroyer's cluttered deck.

But he was conscious of a need for expert advice and when the book arrived he pounced upon it eagerly, pored over it most of that night in the seclusion of the charthouse. As he had suspected, he quickly learned that he had been wrong all his life about handling both himself and others.

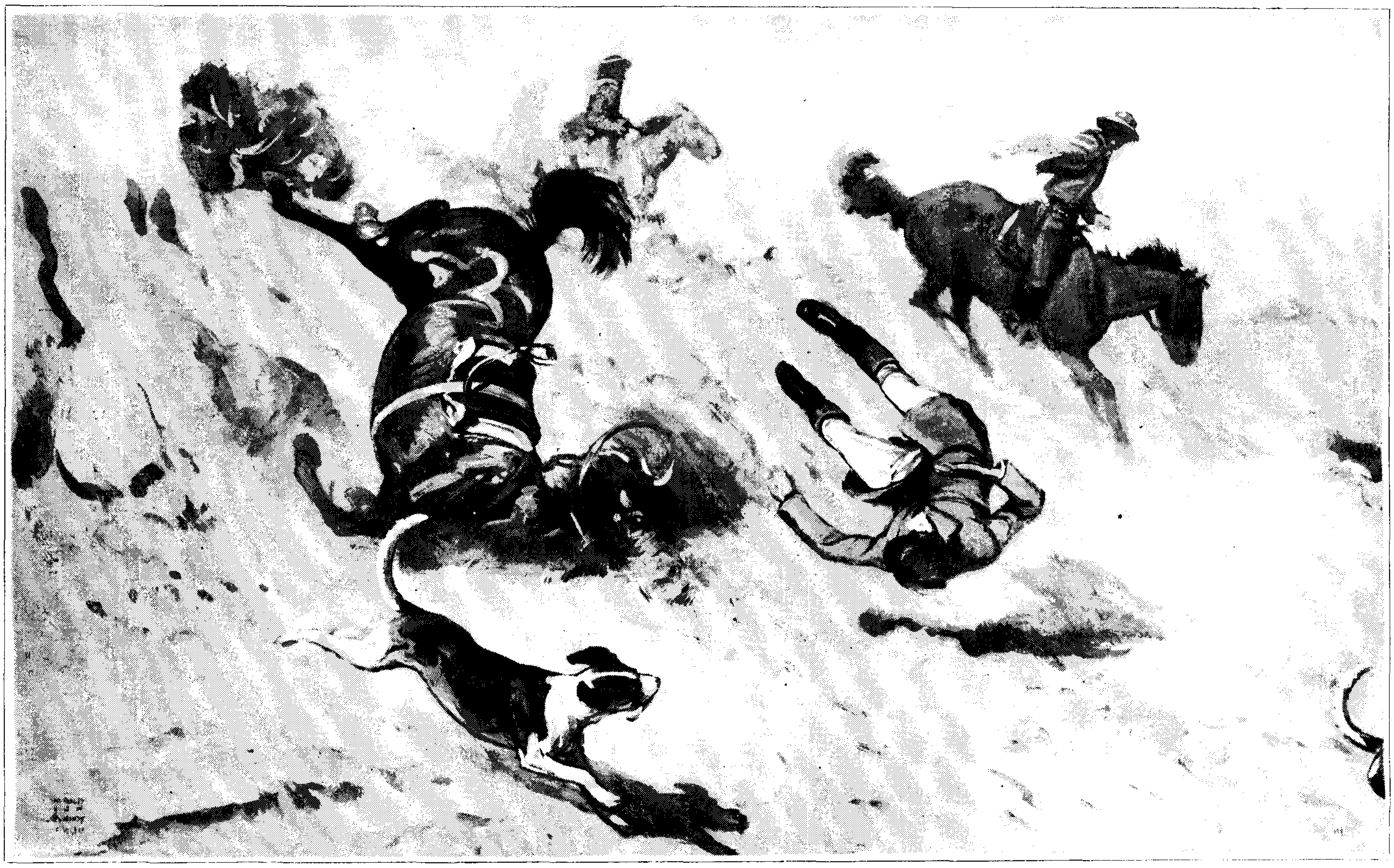
"WILL, the silent irresistible POWER of life," was the secret of discipline, the book assured him. "Don't do it yourself. Bend others to your WILL. Use the LIFE FORCE, magnetism, the voice of your eyes!"

In that one night the scales dropped from the Bosun's eyes. And the next morning a new personality moved about the Walgren's deck. The familiar voice was gone, superseded by a level monotone that mumbled close-clipped phrases at the men. It was not a part of his plan to accomplish a personal revolution in a day. Rather he set out to develop the new technique by easy stages. He saw at once that he had

(*Continued on page 30*)



Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger



In rough going, Herrick could not keep to the English saddle. He had a jarring fall

Robbers' Roost

By Zane Grey

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

The Story Thus Far:

IN CONSTANT danger from gunmen and cattle rustlers, Herrick, wealthy Englishman and owner of the Star Ranch, does a surprising thing: he hires the desperadoes!

Among his new employees are Hank Hays and one Heeseman, conscienceless crooks and bitter enemies. Herrick makes the former his superintendent.

Meeting a young man whose gameness impresses him, Hays offers him a job. The young fellow (who gives his name as "Jim Wall" and who admits he is a fugitive from Wyoming) accepts the offer.

Almost immediately the newcomer proves his courage. By bluffing a noted gunman, who is about to kill Hays, he not only saves the life of his chief but, in addition, demonstrates conclusively his ability as a fighter. At the ranch, Wall meets a motley crew. Led by Hays—as Hays has quite frankly informed him—they are preparing to rob *their employer; and, looking them over,* Wall (who, whatever his past may have been, is not a scoundrel) feels sorry for Herrick.

Until he meets Herrick and talks with him, he suspects that the man is a simpleton. When he is introduced to the Englishman, however, he changes his mind. He sees at once that the owner of the Star Ranch is a splendid fellow: resourceful, energetic and fearless—a thoroughly capable man. . . .

Wall likes Herrick; and Herrick takes a great fancy to his new employee, who presently learns—to his horror—that Herrick's sister, a twenty-two-year-old girl, is due to arrive in a few days.

A girl in that wild country—among those fierce bandits! Wall does not like the idea. . . . He wonders what plans Hays is making—for he feels sure the man is not to be trusted. . . .

Hays calls a council of war, at which ways and means of robbing Herrick are discussed. And then comes the unexpected. Six mysterious riders approach the ranch. Wall eyes them apprehensively. Then, getting his rifle, he goes to the front porch, and fearlessly advances to meet them.

IV

WHEN the group of riders reached the point where the lane crossed the brook, just out of pistol range, they halted, and one, evidently the leader, came on to the bridge.

"Hi, thar," he yelled, reining his horse.

"Hi yourself," shouted back Jim.

"Is this your day fer visitors?"

"We're at home every day and Sundays."

The man, whom, of course, Jim took to be Heeseman, walked his horse half the intervening distance and stopped again. Jim's swift eye ascertained that the caller's rifle-sheath was empty, a significant fact. It was still too far away to see what he looked like, but he had stature and the figure of a man used to the saddle.

At this juncture Happy Jack emerged from the cabin and carelessly propped a rifle against the wall.

"Who's callin'?" he boomed.

"I don't know," replied Jim.

"I'm Bill Heeseman, an' I come over to talk," called the visitor.

"Friendly talk?" queried Jim.

"Wal, if it ain't you'll be to blame."

"Come right over."

The five men left behind over the brook puffed their cigarettes and turned dark faces to watch their leader dismount and walk unconcernedly along the path.

Jim leaned his rifle against the rail and stood aside. Heeseman did not look up as he mounted the steps. He took off an old sombrero to disclose the tanned, clear-skinned face of a man under forty with narrow, blue eyes reddened by wind and dust. It was a more open visage than Jim had expected to see. Certainly Heeseman was a more prepossessing man, at first sight, than Hays.

"Mind if I set down?" he asked.

"Make yourself at home," replied Jim, and while the other sat down Jim took a less suspicious posture.

"Air you Wall?"

"Yes, that's my name. And this is Happy Jack, another of Hays' outfit."

HEESEMAN nodded to Jack, who replied with a civil "Howdy," and went back into the cabin. Then Heeseman leaned against the wall and treated Jim to a frank, shrewd gaze, which yet was not unmixed with steely speculation. Jim did not feel any revulsion toward the man, but he knew the cold, curious glint of that look.

"You're Hays' right-hand man, just late from Wyomin'?"

"Last is correct, anyhow."

"Old pards? Hays has roamed around a good bit."

"Not so old."

"Do you *know* him?" queried Heeseman, in lower voice.

"Perhaps not so well as you," replied Jim, who suddenly reminded himself that he knew Hays but slightly.

"I'm goin' to tell you somethin'."

"Heeseman, you'll only waste your breath," declared Jim, impatiently. That was the thing to say, but he was impatient with himself.

"Wal, I don't waste much of thet," drawled the other. "But if you wasn't new to Utah I'd save myself this trouble. An' you're goin' to believe what I tell you."

"Why will I?"

"Because it's true."

No argument could gainsay that; moreover, the man had truth in his blue slits of eyes and in his voice, especially in the slight unevenness which hinted of resentment of injustice.

"Did Hays tell you I was a rustler?"

"I think he mentioned it."

"Did he tell you we was pards once? . . . Thet he double-crossed me?"

"No."

"Can you swear honest thet what I say doesn't make you think?"

"I couldn't swear that honestly," returned Jim, intensely interested despite the antagonism he had determined upon.

"Wal, I'll let it go at thet," returned Heeseman, coolly. "Much obliged for lettin' me come up. An' if you get curious just ride over to see me."

He rose, stretched his long length, and walked off the porch to mount his horse, leaving Jim about as surprised as he had ever been. Happy Jack came out in time to see him join his comrades and ride back with them toward the corrals.

"Short visit. Glad it was. What'd he want?"

(*Continued on page 28*)

and even the odors of Onion and Fish yield to Listerine

LISTERINE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO. U.S.A.

gargle with it before social engagements

Listerine is the outstanding remedy for halitosis because it possesses deodorant power that is simply amazing. Prove this power yourself the next time you are preparing onion or fish. Rub a bit of either on the hand. Then apply Listerine full strength. Almost immediately every trace of scent disappears.

And Listerine works as well in the mouth as it does in the kitchen.

So it is that millions of people who have eaten onion or garlic—or other foods that cause odors by upsetting the stomach—use Listerine to cleanse the mouth and sweeten the breath. You simply rinse the mouth with it after eating.

Halitosis unpardonable

Fastidious men and women realize that an unpleasant breath (called Halitosis by the medical profession) is the fault unforgivable in business and social life.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself rarely know when you have it—and your best friend won't tell you. The subject is too delicate.

Few escape entirely

At this very moment your breath may be—and probably is—offensive.

Few escape this condition entirely because every day in even normal mouths, conditions capable of causing bad breath are present.

The common causes are: fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush; infections of the mucous membrane such as catarrh, a cold, sore throat, pyorrhea; decayed or poorly cared for teeth (natural or artificial), too much smoking, and excesses of eating and drinking that cause stomach derangements.

Use it every day

The one way to put yourself on the polite, safe, and acceptable side is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others. Keep a bottle handy at home and office for the purpose. Slip it in your bag when traveling.

Listerine's value as a deodorant is increased by its amazing germicidal* action. Capable of destroying germs in 15 seconds, Listerine naturally inhibits decay, fermentation and infection—major causes of mouth odors.

Kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

To remove odors from hands apply full strength.

To end breath odors gargle full strength.

***Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the resistant Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)**

—the safe antiseptic
—the quick deodorant

(*Continued from page 26*)

"Darn' if I savvy, altogether. Didn't you hear any of our talk?"

"No. I reckoned the less I heard the better. Then Hank couldn't razz me. But I had a hunch of what he was up to."

Jim did not press the question. He carried his rifle back into the cabin, rather ashamed of his overhaste, and feeling already curious enough to call on Heeseman. Later Happy Jack went hunting in the hope of packing in a haunch of venison. Jim had the place to himself until sunset, when the cook returned staggering under his load.

"Like shootin' cows," he said, depositing his load. "Got a nice, fat buck. I skinned out a ham an' hung up the rest. We'll take a hoss tomorrow an' pack it down."

They had supper, after which Jack smoked and talked, while Jim listened. Evidently Happy Jack had taken a liking to him. Jim went to bed early, not because he was sleepy, but to keep from calling on that fellow Heeseman.

HOW many nights Jim Wall had lain down under the dark trees to wakefulness, to the thronging thoughts that must mock the rest of any man who has strayed from the straight and narrow path! It tormented him at certain times. But that never kept the old concentrated pondering over tomorrow from gaining control of his consciousness. Men of his type made a complexity of self-preservation.

There had been no hesitation about Hank Hays declaring himself in regard to Heeseman. Callous, contemptuous, Hays had indicated the desirability of ridding the range of Heeseman. But Heeseman had been subtle.

Unquestionably his motive had been to undermine Hays in Jim's regard. And a few questions and an assertion or two had had their effect. Jim made the reservation that he had not accepted Hays on anything but face value. Still the robber had gradually built up a character of intent force, cunning, and strength. These had crashed, though there was no good reason for that. Jim had not accepted Hays' word for anything.

Reduced to finalities Jim found that Heeseman's last suggestive statement was at the bottom of the trouble. Not that Hays had been a rustler partner of Heeseman, not that he had been or was still a Mormon, but that he was not a square partner! This stuck in Jim's craw.

Why this seemed true puzzled Jim. He knew nothing about Mormons. And now he guessed they were secretive. Heeseman had simply verified a forming but still disputed suspicion in Jim's mind—that Hank Hays had evil designs upon Herrick's sister. Heeseman and Hays had probably known for weeks that this English girl was expected to arrive.

Suppose he had! What business was that of Jim's? None, except that he now formed one of Hays' band and as such had a right to question activities. Rustling cattle, at least in a moderate way, was almost a legitimate business. Ranchers, since the early days of the cattle drives from Texas, had accepted their common losses. It had been only big steals that roused them to ire and action, to make outlaws out of rustlers. Nevertheless, it was extremely doubtful, out here in the wilds of Utah, that even a wholesale steal would be agitating. To abduct a girl, however, might throw Western interests upon the perpetrators. Hays' object assuredly was to collect ransom. In that case he would be pretty much of a hog.

Still that had not been Heeseman's intimation, nor had it been Jim's original suspicion. He gave it up in disgust. Time would tell. But he did not feel further inclined to call upon Heeseman. He would stick to Hays, awaiting developments.

The ensuing day passed uneventfully. No one of Smoky's outfit showed up, nor did Hays return. Jim waited for Herrick to give him orders, which were not forthcoming. The rancher was chasing jack rabbits and coyotes with the hounds.

Next morning Jim made it a point to ride over to the barns. The rancher came down in a queer costume. The red coat took Jim's eye. A motley pack of hounds and sheep dogs was new to Jim, as he had not seen or heard any dogs about the ranch. Jim was invited to ride along with Herrick and the several cowboys. They went by Heeseman's camp, which was vacant. Jim was to learn that the rancher had put the Heeseman outfit to work on the cutting and peeling of logs up on the slope, preparatory to the erection of a new barn.

Jack rabbits were as thick as bees. The cowboys led the dogs, which soon became unmanageable and bolted. Then the race was on. Where the ground was level and unobstructed by brush or cut up by washes Herrick did fairly well as to horsemanship, but in rough going he could not keep to the English saddle. He would put his horse at anything and he had a jarring fall.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, Herrick finished out the hunt. He was funny, and queer, but he was game, and Jim liked him. On the way back Jim amused the Englishman by shooting running jack rabbits with his revolver. He managed to kill three out of five to Herrick's infinite astonishment and admiration.

"By Jove! I never saw such marksmanship," he ejaculated.

"That was really poor shooting."

"Indeed. What would you call good shooting, may I ask?"

"Well, riding by a post and putting five bullets into it. Or splitting the edge of a card at twenty feet."

"Let me see your gun?"

Jim Wall broke his rule when he handed it over, butt first.

Herrick looked at it with mingled feelings. "Why, there's no trigger!" he exclaimed, in utter astonishment.

"I do not use a trigger."

"Thunderation, man! How do you make the pistol go off?"

"Look here. Let me show you," said Jim, taking the gun. "I thumb the hammer. . . . Like that."

"By Jove!—But please explain."

"Mr. Herrick, the cocking of a gun and pulling the trigger require twice as much time as thumbing. For example, supposing the eyesight and the draw of two men are equal, the one who thumbs his hammer will kill the other."

"Ah!—Er—Yes, I see. Most extraordinary. Your American West is quite bewildering. Is this thumbing a common practice among you desperadoes?"

"Very uncommon. So uncommon that I'll be obliged if you will keep it to yourself."

"Oh!—Yes, by Jove! I see. Ha! Ha! Ha! I grasp the point. . . . Wall, you're a comforting fellow to have round the place."

Herrick was evidently a free, careless, impressive man who had been used to fulfilling his desires. His eccentricity was not apparent, except in the fact of his presence there in wild Utah. He liked horses, dogs, guns, the outdoors, physical effort. But he had no conception whatever of his remarkable situation in this unsettled country.

When they arrived at the barn he asked Jim to ride up to the house where they would have a brandy-and-soda and look over some English guns.

The big living-room had three windowed sides and was bizarre and strange to Jim, though attractive. Herrick had brought with him a quantity of rugs, skins, pictures, weapons and less easily named articles, which, along with Western furniture and blankets, an elk head and a bear skin, made the room unique.

"I've sworn off drinking," said Jim, lifting his glass. "But one more, Mr. Herrick. To your good luck!"

The heavy English guns earned Jim's solemn shake of head. "No good at all here, Mr. Herrick. Not even for grizzly. Get a forty-four."

"Thank you. I shall do so. I'm fond of the chase."

Herrick had his desk near a window, and upon it, standing out in relief from books, papers, ornaments, was a framed picture of a beautiful, fair-haired, young woman. The cast of her features resembled Herrick's. That was a portrait of his sister.

JIM carried a vision of it in his mind as he rode back down the bench. He cursed the damned-fool Englishman who was idiot enough to bring such a girl out to Utah. This was not Africa, where a white woman was safe among cannibals and Negroes, so Jim had read. Then he cursed Hays. And lastly he cursed, not himself, but the predicament into which he had allowed himself to become inveigled.

"I'll have to stick it out," he muttered, that fair face and shining hair before his inward eye. "I might have chucked this outfit."

"Wal, I run into Smoky's outfit over the divide," announced Hays, complacently. "Damme if they wasn't drivin' over two thousand head."

Jim had nothing to say, though there were strong queries on his lips. Hays' plans were carrying through. The robber had a peculiar radiance.

"Dumplin's!—Dog-gone, Happy, but I'm a hawg. Gimme some more."

"I'll have to hoof it up to see the boss tonight," he said, after finishing the late supper. "Put me wise to what's come off in my absence."

"We've had no sign of Smoky's outfit. So we don't know where his camp is."

"I do. It's not more'n a mile from where I showed you the brakes of the Dirty Devil."

"Up or down?"

"Up. Back up in a canyon. Good place an' out of sight. I gave Smoky orders to pack supplies back from Grand Junction every trip."

"Hank, reckon you're figger'n up a long hole-up somewheres," said Happy Jack, with a grin.

"Have you run into Heeseman?" went on Hays, ignoring Jack's hint.

"Yes. He called on us," replied Jim, casually.

"*What?*"

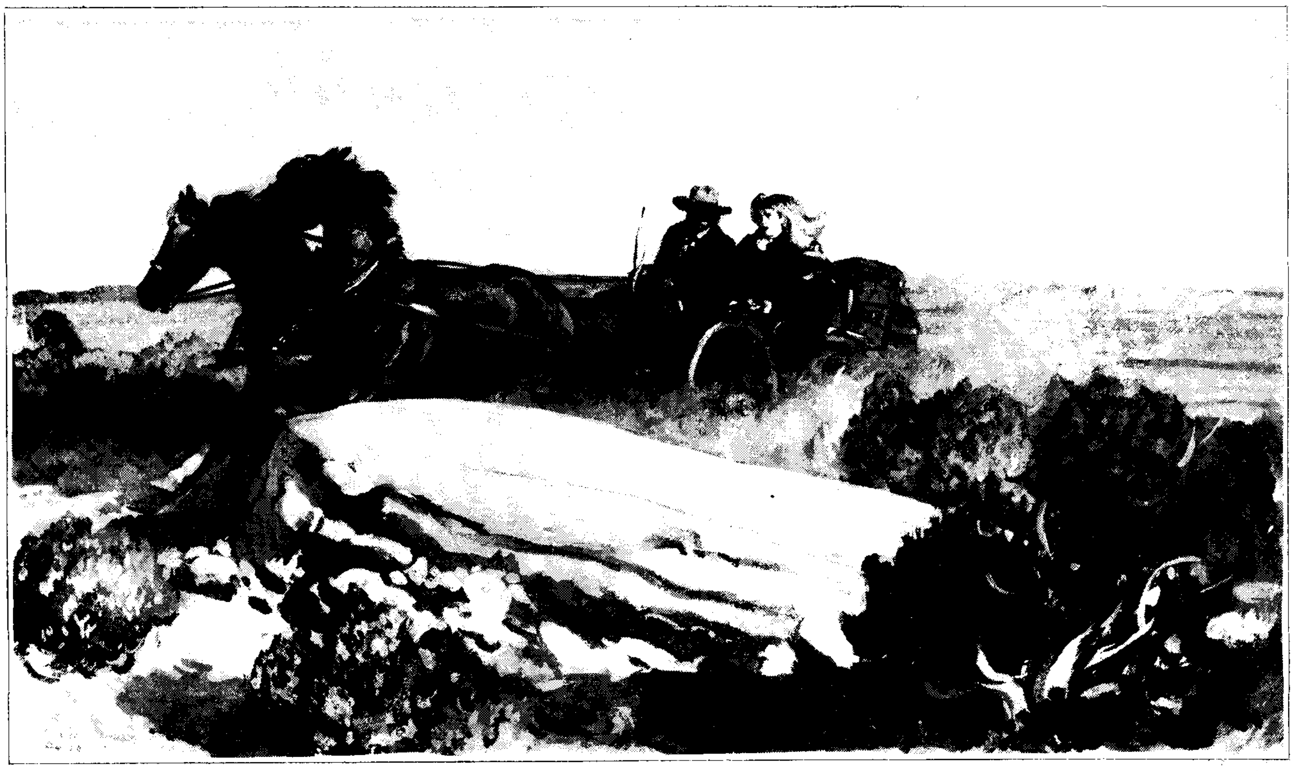
"I told you, Hank. Heeseman came down to see us."

"Hell you say!" ejaculated Hays, certainly astounded. "Did he say anythin' about me?"

"He never mentioned you," replied Jim, frankly lying.

"Humph! I don't savvy that dodge. It's no good. Heeseman is the slickest customer in Utah. Just tryin' to scrape acquaintance, eh?"

"I think so. It struck me that he


In a few moments the dust and heat of Grand Junction were left behind, and the red and black ranges lifted

(*Continued on page 46*)

CHANGE YOUR GRIMY GREASE TO "WHIZ" AND GET RID OF "RHEUMATISM OF THE GEARS"

Now is the time to take your dirty summer grease from the gears. Prevent trouble . . . save money. Get Winter Grade Whiz before cold weather comes!

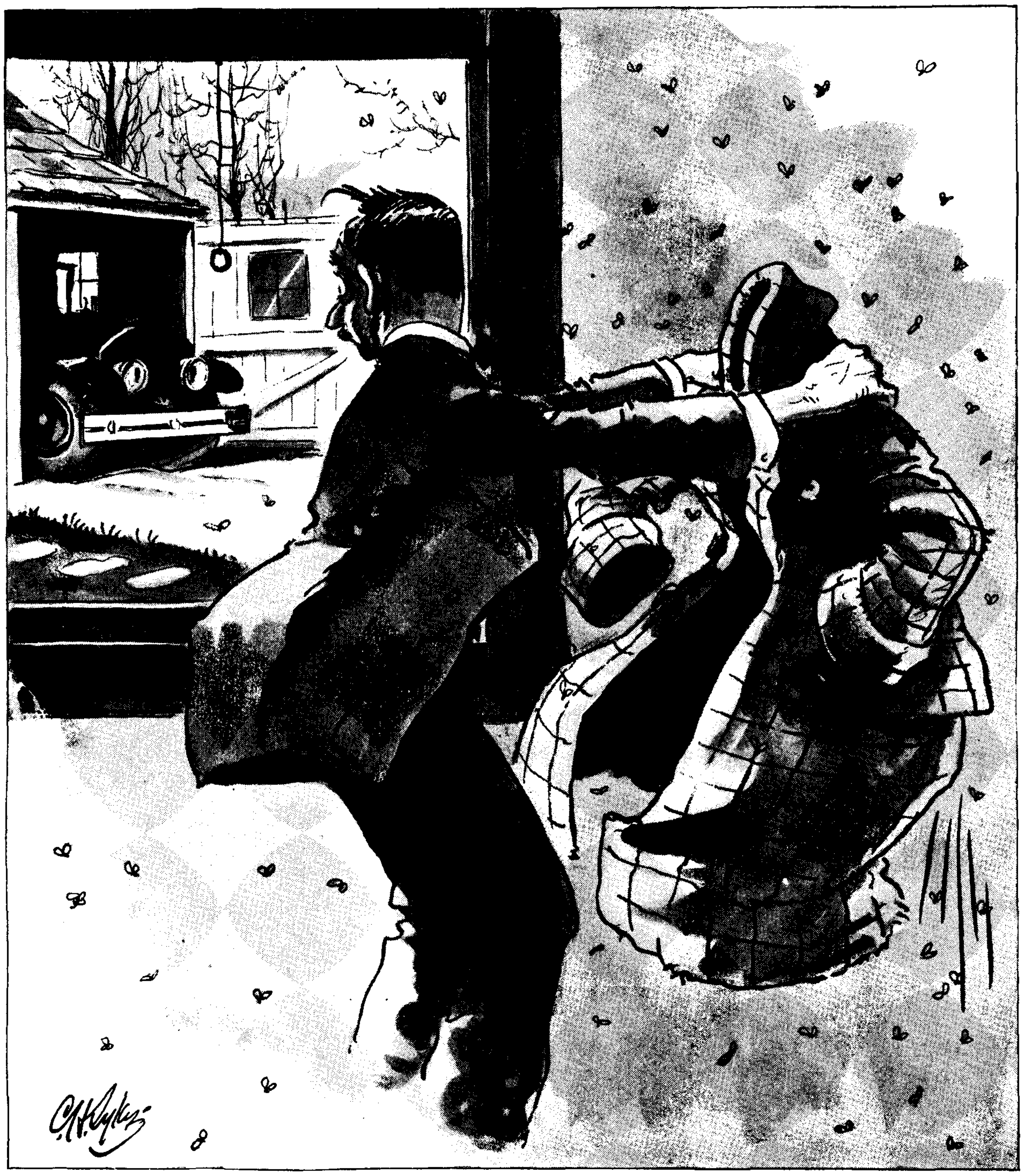
Hard driving has mauled that Summer gear grease of yours until it's heavy with grit. Cold weather will chill it to a thick and grimy mass and hamper the meshing of your gears. Then you get "Rheumatism of the Gears"—wheezy, rheumatic gears that clatter and are hard to shift.

To use old, worn-out grease is a false economy that may cost you $100 or more in repairs. For gear box and differential troubles are costly and more than 40% of all major repairs are traced directly to them. Check them now! Even before winter sets in have your summer grease flushed out. Fill your gears with smooth and creamy *Winter Grade Whiz*—and your car will run like a 1931!

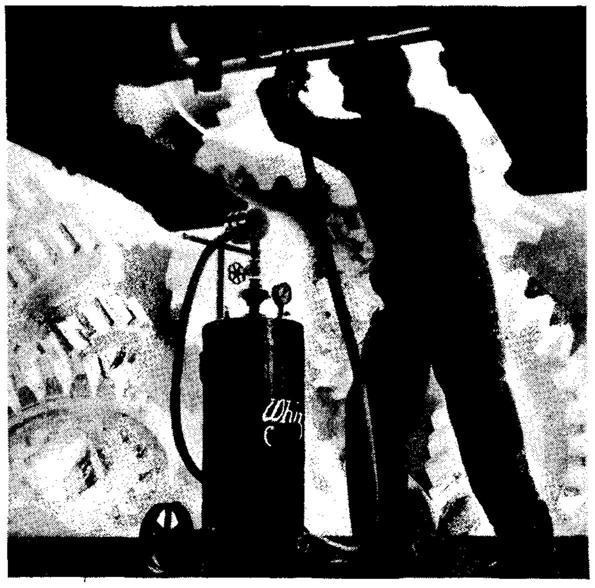
"Rheumatism" robs Horsepower and runs up Repairs!

Bad gear grease in your transmission or differential can cause serious and costly damage . . . *particularly in cold weather.* For gears that are already badly off with heavy grit-encumbered summer grease are hampered even more when winter chills and hardens that dirty residue.

That's the way "rheumatism of the gears" starts. Faulty grease congests the gears and their balky operation puts a strain upon the engine and may cause a loss as high as 40 out of 100 horsepower.



Shake out your coat. Flush out your gears. Get ready for Winter with Whiz Gear Lubricant right now!



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Whiz won't let power waste away. For on the coldest days Whiz starts to flow the instant the gears start to spin. With Whiz Gear Lubricant "rheumatic gears" are out of the question.

Whiz Gear Lubricant is made as carefully as the very finest motor oil. If we charged $5 a quart we could not make it any better. Unlike cheap grease Whiz contains no *tar* or *rosin*, *pitch* or *asphalt*. It doubles the service of cheap greases, and it guards your gears and differential for 5,000 miles.

The R. M. Hollingshead Co., Camden, N. J.
and Toronto, Canada

Whiz
GEAR LUBRICANT

"Walk Back the Cat"

Continued from page 25

been neglecting many things. Hitherto he had exercised only a remote control over the men who did not strictly belong to the deck force—the bridge gang, the torpedomen and the other specialists. Now, he realized, they all needed direction. And with his store of experience and his newly discovered power he set out to give it to them.

The ship was shoving off that morning for the torpedo range. That being the most important work at hand, the Bosun headed aft to the torpedo workbench as soon as he had started the deck force at its morning work.

"Hey, Bosun," Ryder, the chief torpedoman, hailed him confidently. "Give me a couple of your flatfeet to help handle these fish, will you? We're in a hell of a rush what with gettin' underway and bein' due on the range at eleven o'clock."

The Bosun frowned portentously.

"Nuthin' doin'," he answered curtly. "The deck force has work to do—an' look here, Ryder,"—his eyes bored into the surprised face of the other—"shake it up on these torpedoes. We'll be singlin' up the lines in an hour. You guys stick 'em back in the tubes."

"We will like hell!" Mystification battled with the anger in Ryder's face. "We works on these fish when and as we wants to."

THE defiance was wasted on the small autocrat. "You heard me," he reiterated with another psychic broadside from his little black eyes. He turned and regarded with a quite incomprehensible glare a man who was cleaning a torpedo gyro. Apparently he was about to spring at the other's throat. Really he was projecting his new-found will upon Ryder's subordinates as well as upon the chief himself. But the youngster who held the gyro steering engine was unprepared for any such demonstration. And in his sudden confusion he dropped the delicate mechanism on the metal-topped table, retrieved it hastily and thrust it back into its housing before Ryder had seen the incident.

An hour later, when they were ready to back out from between the tender and the other destroyers moored to their outboard side, the Bosun was at his usual station on the forecastle to see that the mooring lines were let go at the right instant.

On this morning, as usual, the men were moving mechanically. When the blast of the whistle sent the colors running up to the gaff, back on the fantail men listened for the Bosun's voice, for a brief instant waited for the purely perfunctory order to let go. In the extreme bow the man at the bullnose waited, with a vague disquiet looked around at the Bosun and with a start of surprise saw the little figure standing there with arms folded and lips firmly closed but eyes that glared at him queerly. The pause only lasted a few seconds. The ship was already going astern, straining at creaking lines.

"Let go for'rd." There was a mild irritation in the captain's voice as he called from the bridge.

Back aft the lines splashed into the water, but the man in the bow had held on an instant too long and the stern had been forced out toward the ship to port. As the Walgren gathered sternboard, instead of cleaving straight back she wavered, then scraped and tore along the other ship's side.

"What're you trying to do, West? Send me to the navy yard?" The captain of the next ship appeared with his breakfast toast in his hand, hatless and visibly enjoying the consternation in West's face.

A stanchion snapped on the Walgren's rail. A whaleboat davit caught against the other ship's deckhouse, bent visibly. Then, with a groaning of strained frames and a snapping of small lines as her after awnings came down, the Walgren came away.

The material damage was trivial but as her bow drew away from the stern of the other boat a jeering shout went up. Shame descended on her deck, a shame that was tinged with a hurt mystification.

FOR an instant the Bosun lost his confident assurance. As he hurried aft to view the damage he avoided his shipmates' eyes, assailed by an incomprehensible doubt. Then he realized that he had said nothing to cause the blunder. Discipline! No discipline in the ship, that was it! He had just secured the book in the nick of time. Another week like this and she might be disgraced. Grimly he restrained the furious tirade that rose to his lips. He'd leave it stand for the moment, see what the book said about telling a man where to get off when he'd made a bust.

Amidships he found the culprit and with the rest of the crew looking on in amazement he ignored him elaborately. Then, feeling their eyes on him, the Bosun looked up, but there was no flaming rage in his tone when he spoke: "I'll see you later. Now get down and lend a hand with clearin' them stanchions."

WHEN the Walgren reached the torpedo range off the Coronado strand the target tug was at her station towing the three target boats in a long line behind her. Several thousand yards beyond and midway toward the firing point a companion destroyer waited, a flutter of light brown haze at her funnels as she held steam up ready to follow the Walgren's torpedoes down the range, retrieve them at the end of their run or mark them if they sank.

This final torpedo firing was coming as an anticlimax to a successful gunnery year. Even constructive hits, torpedoes that went wide of the target but that crossed the line running true, would bring her the trophy for the gunnery year. And the ship's company felt that they had little cause for worry.

"Let that gang alongside the tender laugh." Lieutenant Hewson, the executive officer, looked back from the bridge at the bent whaleboat davits and then grinned confidently at the captain. "They'll sing a different tune when we come back this afternoon with a broom at our masthead."

"Queer how young Backus got rattled up there at the bullnose when we were shoving off." West frowned uneasily at the little knot of men down on the forecastle. "Where the devil has the Bosun got to? He's usually up on deck raising hell with all hands when we're coming on the range. Look at them. They seem to miss him."

"You'd never guess, sir," Hewson laughed. "I saw him a little while ago down in the charthouse readin' a book! Now what do you suppose— We can come around now, sir." He interrupted himself to stoop and peer through the pelorus at the white buoy marking the firing line. "By the time we work up to speed we'll be on the mark."

"Ready, Morris?" West called over to the young torpedo officer at the director.

"All ready, sir."

In the distance the squat tug crawled along with her string of boats. Through the glasses the target mounted in the middle boat was a minute speck against the pale blue water.

West moved the annunciator down to "Standard Speed" and the ship stirred under them. On deck heads turned toward Ryder's tubes amidships. A pair of hand flags waved from the bridge of their companion destroyer.

"Good luck." A signalman read off the message.

"The Iron Duke ought to wish us good luck," a gunner's mate remarked. "She fell down bad last week. Nothing across the line and one of her gyros tumbled. Fish ran wild and they're lookin' for it yet."

"An' that's what'll happen to us." The Bosun issued from the charthouse, glared at them dourly. "Can't even shove off without showin' yourselves up like a crowd of marines." With a snort of disgust he turned his back on them, rolled aft to survey the tense torpedo crews with the air of one who, having predicted disaster, disclaims all further responsibility.

THE deck hands forgot to grin as the strutting back disappeared. The new conviction in the old fellow's tone was vaguely ominous to an audience that considered him, if not infallible, at least invincible to any of the hazards that may assail a ship's reputation. For two years, they reminded themselves now, they had topped all other boats in the gunnery competition, justified their claim that the Walgren was the queen of the force.

"What if one of Ryder's fish should—"

"Aw, pipe down!" Sourby glared at the speaker, fished a crumpled cigarette from the pocket of his dungaree jumper. "That's his same old song and dance." Then, less confidently, as if he strove to convince himself, he added: "He'd bet ten to one on this bucket against the rest of the navy right now."

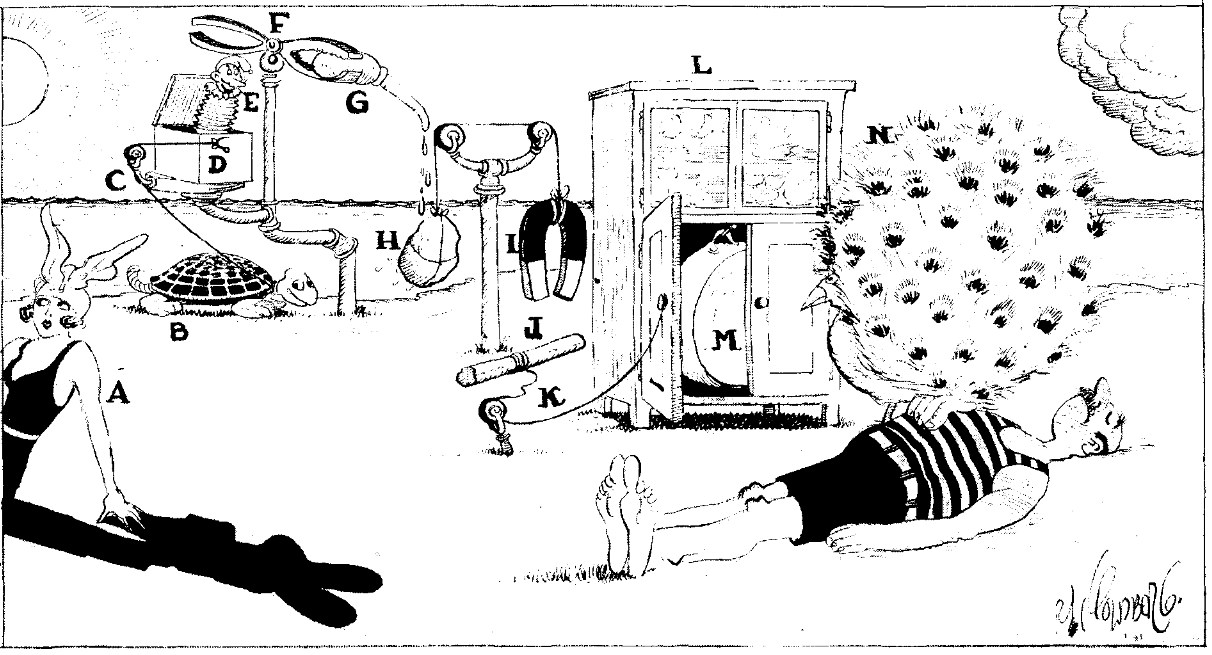
The ship was picking up speed now, lifting herself forward toward the firing point. Off to starboard the Southey shot up her speed cones and came on, ready to chase the torpedoes down the range. The men at the tubes stirred restlessly, aware that what lay ahead was merely a routine test of their laborious preparations. Anything might happen. The torpedoes might go wide of their mark, falter and sink halfway down the range or run wild as the Southey's had. But

(*Continued on page 32*)

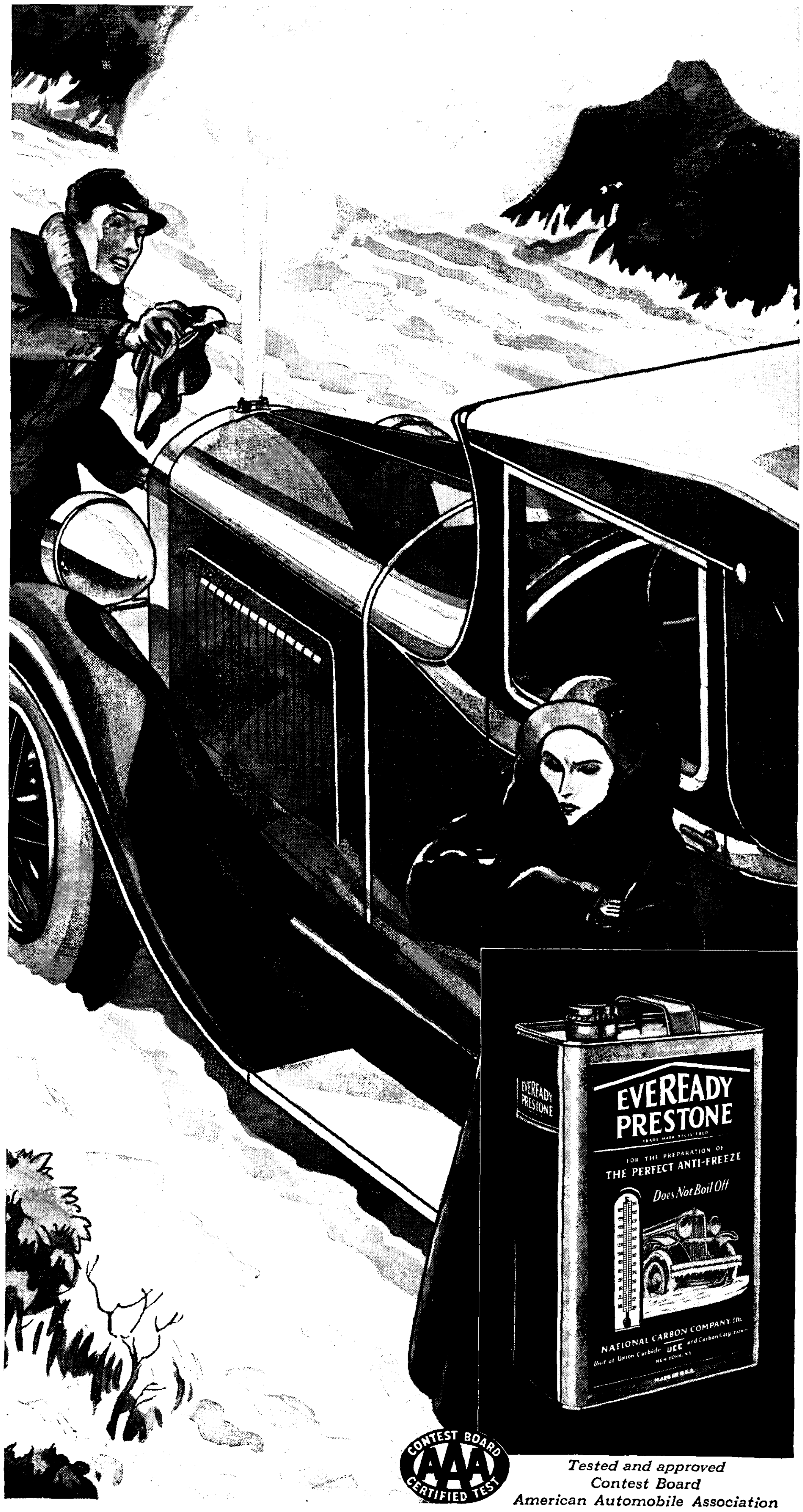
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS IS OPERATED ON FOR FALLEN ARCHES AND, WHILE UNDER THE ETHER, THINKS OF A HANDY, SELF-WORKING SUNSHADE. SHADOW OF BATHING GIRL (A) CLOSELY RESEMBLES A RABBIT. TORTOISE (B) REMEMBERING THE FABLE OF THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE STARTS TO RACE AND PULLS STRING (C) OPENING HOOK (D) WHICH ALLOWS JACK-IN-THE-BOX (E) TO JUMP AGAINST PLIERS (F) AND SQUEEZE BULB OF EYE-DROPPER (G) WHICH DRIPS WATER ON STONE (H) AS DROPS OF WATER WEAR AWAY STONE CAUSING IT TO BECOME LIGHTER IT RISES ALLOWING MAGNET (I) TO DESCEND. MAGNET ATTRACTS STEEL BAR (J) WHICH LEAVES THE GROUND WITH A SUDDEN JUMP PULLING CORD (K) OPENING DOOR OF CUPBOARD (L) EXPOSING HIGHLY POLISHED POT (M). AS CONCEITED PEACOCK (N) SEES HIS REFLECTION HIS VANITY PROMPTS HIM TO SPREAD HIS BEAUTIFUL TAIL THEREBY SHIELDING BATHER AND PROTECTING HIM FROM SUNBURN— EACH MORNING YOU CAN WRITE THE PEACOCK A LOT OF ADMIRING FAN LETTERS TO MAKE SURE HE IS GOOD AND CONCEITED BY THE TIME YOU NEED HIM.



DOES YOUR CAR HAVE CHILLS AND FEVER?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The economy of using Eveready Prestone lies in these two facts: (1) A single filling will last all winter, irrespective of temperature-fluctuations. (2) Eveready Prestone is an *undiluted* anti-freeze. Compared with other anti-freezes, a considerably smaller quantity is required to give your car complete all-winter protection. For example, if the radiator capacity of your car is three gallons, you can get complete protection from early fall to late spring for a cost of $2.50 to $7.50, depending on whether you live in a moderate or extreme climate.

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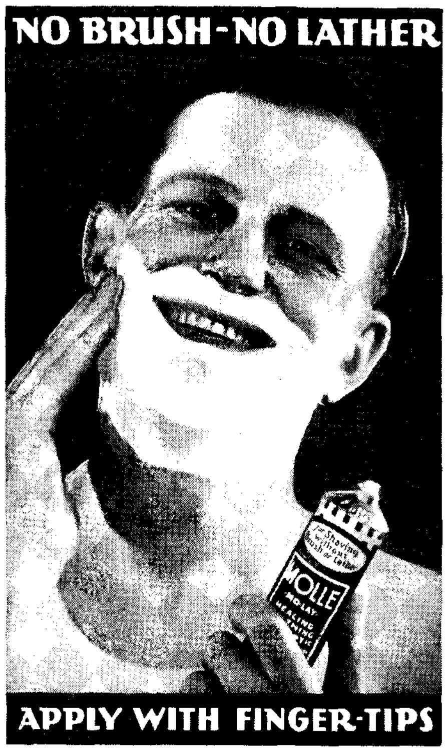

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Give your face a treat—get a tube of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—and don't forget—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down."

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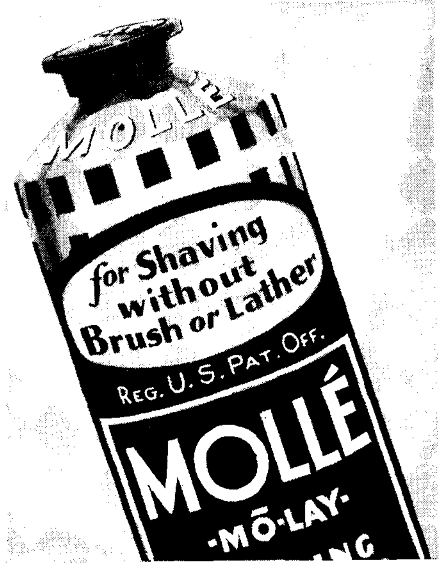


"Walk Back the Cat"

Continued from page 30

if they did fail it would be through something that already lay behind them, some momentary carelessness or oversight that nothing now could correct.

The ship was quiet save for the whining blowers. From his perch on a tube Ryder glanced uneasily at the Bosun's stiff figure. A voice tube buzzer sounded. Ryder leaned forward.

"All ready, sir! Stand by!" he repeated mechanically.

Overhead the red powder flag ran up smartly. The Walgren flung herself at a smooth sea, her low stern swinging violently as she turned her broadside to the target. Ryder and the man on the after tube applied their ears to the voice tubes in front of them, twirled the training wheels and the tubes swung out smartly.

AFTER a momentary pause a grunt sounded deep in Ryder's tube. Abruptly the steel cylinder slipped out and splashed awkwardly into the racing sea. Aft the second followed instantly. Thin powder smoke drifted up from the torpedo tubes.

Ryder peered expertly into the water where the torpedoes had disappeared. He sighed heavily as twin lines of air bubbles appeared, crawled swiftly along the surface. The Walgren's whistle blatted and she swung down the range, her sharp bow lifting as she gathered speed.

"Hot shots, both of 'em." Ryder looked triumphantly at the Bosun as he spoke.

On the pursuing destroyers every eye followed the conspicuous white tracks, while the ship, rolling slightly, sliced through smooth seas.

"Well, there's our meat ball." Captain West's level eyes were bright as he nodded over the bow. "Running straight as a string. Bosun! Break out a broom for the masthead—" His voice stopped abruptly. A stricken cry went up from a dozen throats.

"Broached! Clear out of the water!"

The Bosun was so short that he had to stand on the railing to see over the metal bridge apron. But he was up quickly enough to see a gleam of metal in the midst of a spurt of spray. Beyond it only one white line continued. A hundred pairs of eyes searched the blue water ahead in a sudden silence, a bitter, pregnant silence that was broken by a loud snort of disgust from the Bosun.

"Let down! And by Ryder's gang of deck politicians!"

The Southey, running off to starboard, suddenly veered from her course. Steam fluttered at her whistle. A quick succession of short blasts floated down the wind as she sounded the danger signal. Then ahead of the other ship the eyes on the Walgren saw a flash of white, a long arc cleaving toward the Southey's bow.

"Gyro tumbled," young Morris explained unnecessarily and with a bitter glance at the Bosun as if even the youngest, least experienced man on the ship was ready now to rebel at the privileged character.

"Get the whaleboat ready to pick it up," West directed curtly.

The Walgren's bridge lapsed into a heavy silence as the torpedo broached playfully and with another spurt of spray headed toward them.

"Stop both engines!" West was alert now and his eyes were worried as he watched the streak of air bubbles waver, head slightly across his bow.

It veered again, came at them as if directed by a malicious intelligence, a swift, silent threat that twisted and looped as the ship darted ahead or stopped and whirled under full power. And for the next few minutes the eyes of the ship's company were fixed and staring at the twisted wake.

The Bosun had watched other ships dodge erratic torpedoes on the range and occasionally when they had failed he had listened to excuses with a firm conviction that such mishaps did not occur on properly handled destroyers. But now a dull fatalism possessed him. With his new knowledge of the ship's deficiencies he expected the worst as he marshaled the crew at the whaleboat, cleared the falls and stood waiting.

The gyro of the torpedo had dropped perhaps six inches that morning at the workbench. But the slight dent that resulted had been sufficient. It was the controlling factor now in the sudden collapse of the Walgren's hopes.

Without surprise the Bosun saw the bubbles cleaving straight at the ship again. His little eyes lighted with grudging admiration when he felt the ship heel far over and tremble violently as the captain threw her ahead again. But the torpedo was coming too swiftly. It flung itself against the starboard quarter with a triumphant bump. The trundling beat of the screws altered its note. The ship slowed perceptibly, took on a lurching motion. In the thrash of the screws the torpedo boiled up, battered, its collapsible target head shorn cleanly off.

"Hit the screw—and probably took off a couple of blades," he noted with a purely professional interest.

"Get that boat into the water!" Captain West shouted impatiently.

The necessary order rumbled in the Bosun's chest, was checked by the recollection of his new technique. And again for a brief instant men looked toward him wonderingly.

"Lower away!" Although the men themselves had no time to notice the hesitation they felt it and missed the usual blustering assurance in the little man's voice. One end of the boat lurched downward, checked awkwardly. The man at the forward fall fumbled, lost his grip. To an accompaniment of yells and the splinter of rending wood the bow of the whaleboat dropped clear.

FROM the bridge West saw three of the boat's crew dangling from the knotted life lines. In the water the other four bobbed into sight, unhurt and clinging to the boat. Unconsciously he was listening, missing the familiar voice. Then as his eyes found the Bosun leaning over the life lines he turned to Hewson, jerked a thumb aft.

"The old fellow back there—the Bosun—is losing his grip, getting old. Did you see that? No snap in him. Not a sign of life when they dropped that boat." There was resignation in his tone and he paused before he referred to the more obvious phase of the general disaster. "We won't get that torpedo without divers. It went down. And we're out at least one propeller blade—and a boat. Not to mention the meat ball."

The Walgren repaired her material damage. A new blade on the starboard propeller and a few planks in the whaleboat took care of that. What was left of the torpedo she salvaged with the aid of divers from the tender. But the battle efficiency trophy was lost and with it the last vestige of her old ship's spirit evaporated.

The Bosun, silent, glowering, went doggedly about his work, convinced now that the fate of the ship rested with him, faithfully perfecting his grasp of the newer discipline, his eyes accusing when they turned upon officers or men.

The conviction grew upon Captain West that age had finally caught up with his chief boatswain's mate. Twice during the next month he hesitated before the door of the staff detail office. But each time a waning hope halted him, sent him back to his ship to struggle against incomprehensible defeat.

Then, on a stormy Saturday night, when a liberal half of the destroyer force was ashore for the week-end, a radio came in from the gale-swept sea. A minesweeper, returning from Hawaii, sent out one cry for help, gave her position a hundred miles off the coast and lapsed into a complete and significant silence.

The staff duty officer caught the admiral at the Coronado Hotel and read him the message over the telephone, more as a matter of form than with the hope of aiding the minesweeper.

"All ships under way immediately!" the admiral barked into the telephone. "Find that minesweeper! What? I know everybody is ashore. Get 'em back. Send out the ships as soon as they've got men enough to handle 'em."

For the next five minutes the admiral shouted down the protests of his horrified staff officer while admiring bell boys edged closer to the telephone booth and listened.

THE Walgren was anchored alone preparing to boresight her guns for a coming target practice. When she got the order to get under way the only officer aboard was young Morris. He stared at it and when something of the first shock had passed sent for the Bosun and Conklin, the chief machinist's mate, and asked them what he could do.

The two eyed each other glumly. Then Conklin, being younger and more susceptible to sudden excitement than the Bosun, drew a long breath, his eyes avoiding the discouraging helplessness in the young face of the officer.

"Take her out, sir. We can be ready below in half an hour. You ain't got much of anybody on deck. But, then, if we find the Pidgeon somebody else will be along to handle the steamship end of gettin' 'em off."

Conklin, of course, was merely expressing the conventional enmity of the black gang for the deck force. But the officer saw the fire in the Bosun's eyes and blurted out his decision:

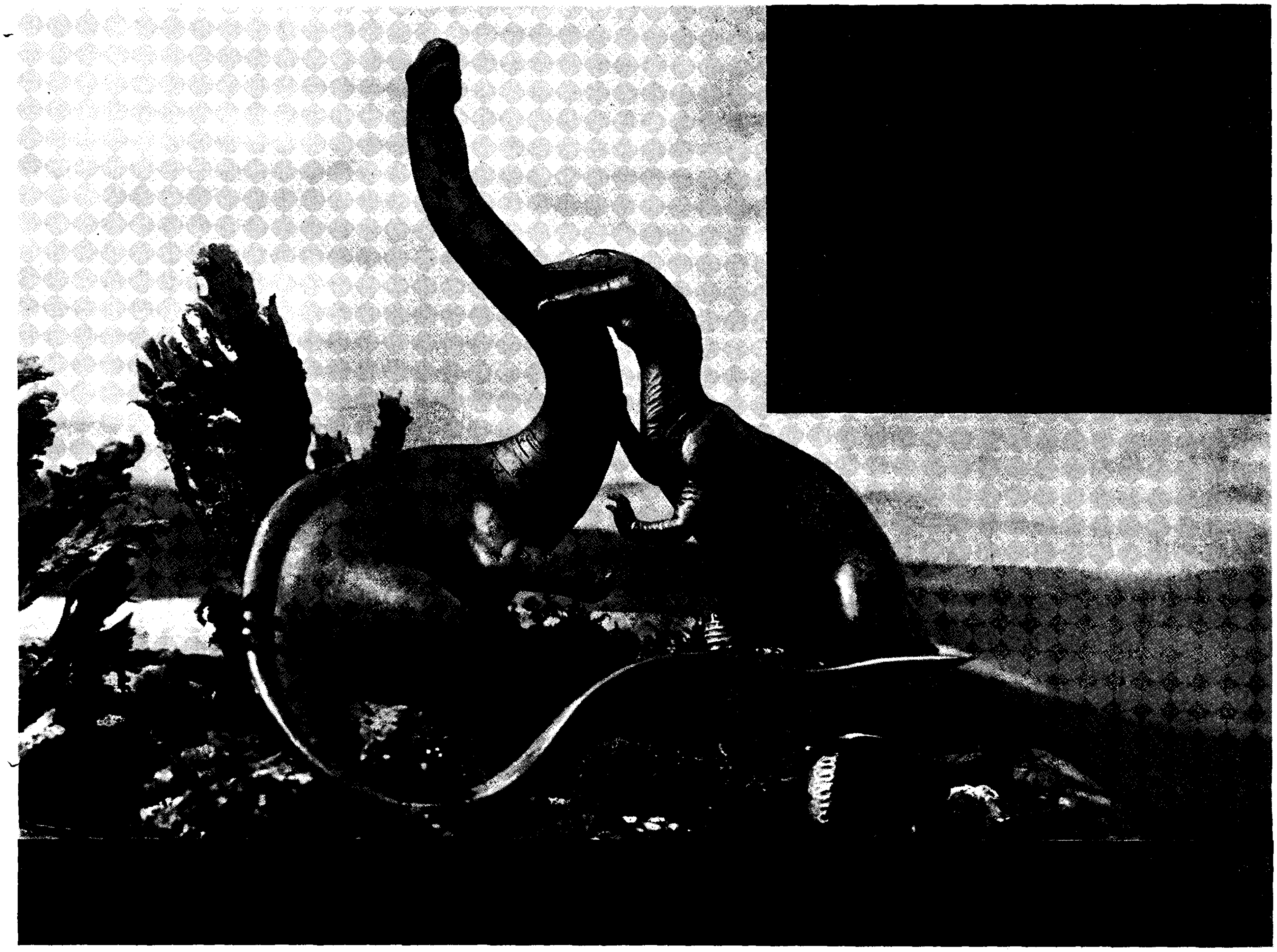
"All right. We'll get under way." And having committed himself more from what the Bosun might do than in any real expectation of getting the ship out before a more experienced officer appeared to relieve him, Morris hurried them off to arouse what men were aboard.

Down the bay through driving rain squalls first one set of running lights winked on and then another. Destroyers began to slip past them. Men were coming aboard now, recalled from liberty by notices flashed on movie screens, by telephone and by word of mouth. But still no officers.

The Bosun reported the deck department ready to get under way. His shoulders drooped as he left Morris on the bridge, repaired to the forecastle to wait for the word to get up anchor. What chance had he on a ship like this? Not a real sailor in the whole crowd.

Another destroyer appeared close aboard as it swung for the channel. As

(*Continued on page 34*)



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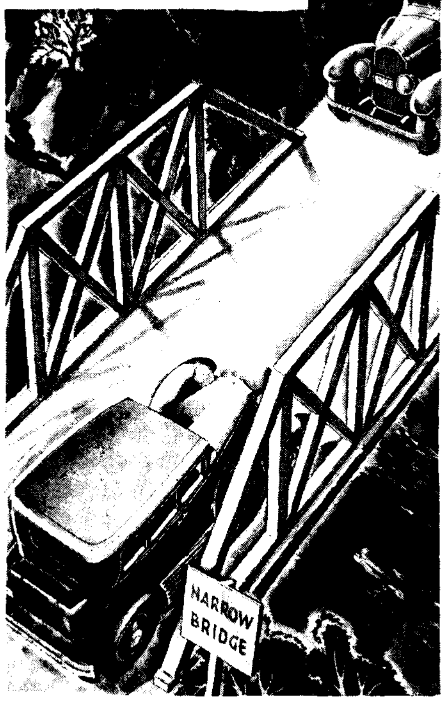

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"Walk Back the Cat"

Continued from page 32

she drew abreast, scarcely twenty yards from the Walgren, the men on her deck saw the Bosun and were moved to display their humor:

"Look at that. They're tryin' to take that old tomato can out. Bet she runs aground before she clears the channel. Hey, Walgren, want to borry a coupla real sailors?"

Something in those shouted taunts finished what Conklin had started. Abruptly a voice detonated on the Walgren's quiet forecastle, a familiar voice that mounted and waxed stronger until it shamed the howl of the wind. If there were curses in the Bosun's explosion they were only incidental, mere veneer on the rich and salty tang of his unleashed fury.

"Heave 'round." Even through a megaphone Morris' order sounded uncertain, his voice thin and frightened.

But the Bosun caught it and, galvanized into action, turned his back upon his rapidly disappearing audience and, without catching a breath, directed the flood of his invective down the hatchway at the man on the anchor engine.

"Heave 'round!" From the bridge the words had been a feeble caricature of a command. But their echo was a monumental thing, a swelling roar that resounded in the ship's interior, swept down the open deck and lashed at the ears of men clear aft on the Walgren's fantail.

In the rising wind men looked at each other and grinned incomprehensibly. And with the clanking of that incoming anchor chain a sudden confidence flowed back into the tissue of the ship.

Without even a word from the Bosun the cat davit swung out over the side ready to lift the anchor to its place on deck.

"Anchor's aweigh, sir!" The hoarse, throaty voice had a curious note of contentment.

Even Morris, alone with his fears in the darkness of the bridge, felt a stirring of pride as he pulled the cord, heard the shrill blast of the whistle proclaim that the ship was under way. He signaled the engines absently while his eyes lingered on the little man down there on the forecastle. The anchor rose above the rail, hung poised by its davit above its place on the billboard.

"Walk back the cat!" The man tending the line to the captain was almost within arm's reach but the Bosun boomed the order with the full power of his long unused lungs.

FAR down to leeward where his shore boat pounded toward the ship, Captain West stood peering anxiously at her. He had winced as he heard her whistle, saw her running lights go on. "Speed up, can't you?" he had urged the boatman. "I've got to catch my ship."

They drew closer but the Walgren was moving now, the lights of the North Island flying field were filing past her stacks. The three-hundred-yard strip of water between her and the shore boat widened perceptibly.

"Walk back the cat!" The Bosun's voice reached West clearly, a sharp, confident roar out of the darkness. At the sound the officer's head came up and for a long instant he stared after his ship with a new and queerly comforting question in his eyes.

In the dragging hours that followed while he watched incoming radio messages on the flagship his mind kept reverting to the words and to the voice that had uttered them, drawing a surprising comfort from the threadbare service phrase.

Many ships got out of the bay before the Walgren, headed their thin bows into the stiff sea that piled in out of the Pacific. Some of them were directed by much older heads than Morris. But at a speed that few other ships dared attempt the Walgren drove toward the designated position and with each turn of her racing screws an inexplicable confidence grew among the men on board.

The Bosun seemed to be everywhere at once, dragging himself along the grablines rigged in the deck gangways, browbeating drenched, shivering and badly frightened deck hands who strove ceaselessly to keep up with the ravages of the storm. But most of the time he was on the bridge, advising Morris by the familiar old expedient of asking for orders, dragging up countless—and often completely fictitious—incidents of destroyer history to justify the devices that he forced upon the Walgren's ostensible commanding officer.

SO, DIRECTED by the curious compound of age and youth, experience and raw ignorance, the Walgren held on through a long night, outdistanced every other ship in the force. In the thick, gray dawn her new luck held and in what they knew was their last hour the mine-sweeper's people saw a battered destroyer crawl toward them.

The Pidgeon was far down in the water and rapidly getting lower. Morris wasted no time in looking at her. Instead, when the signal came across that she was only good for a few minutes more, he looked at the Bosun.

If the latter had stretched his experience slightly when he coached Morris through the night, he was on familiar ground in getting a boat across to the wreck. With the same crew that had pitched out of the whaleboat he carried the first line across. And, although the Walgren was alone when the next destroyer rolled up over the horizon, the last man from the Pidgeon was safely on board.

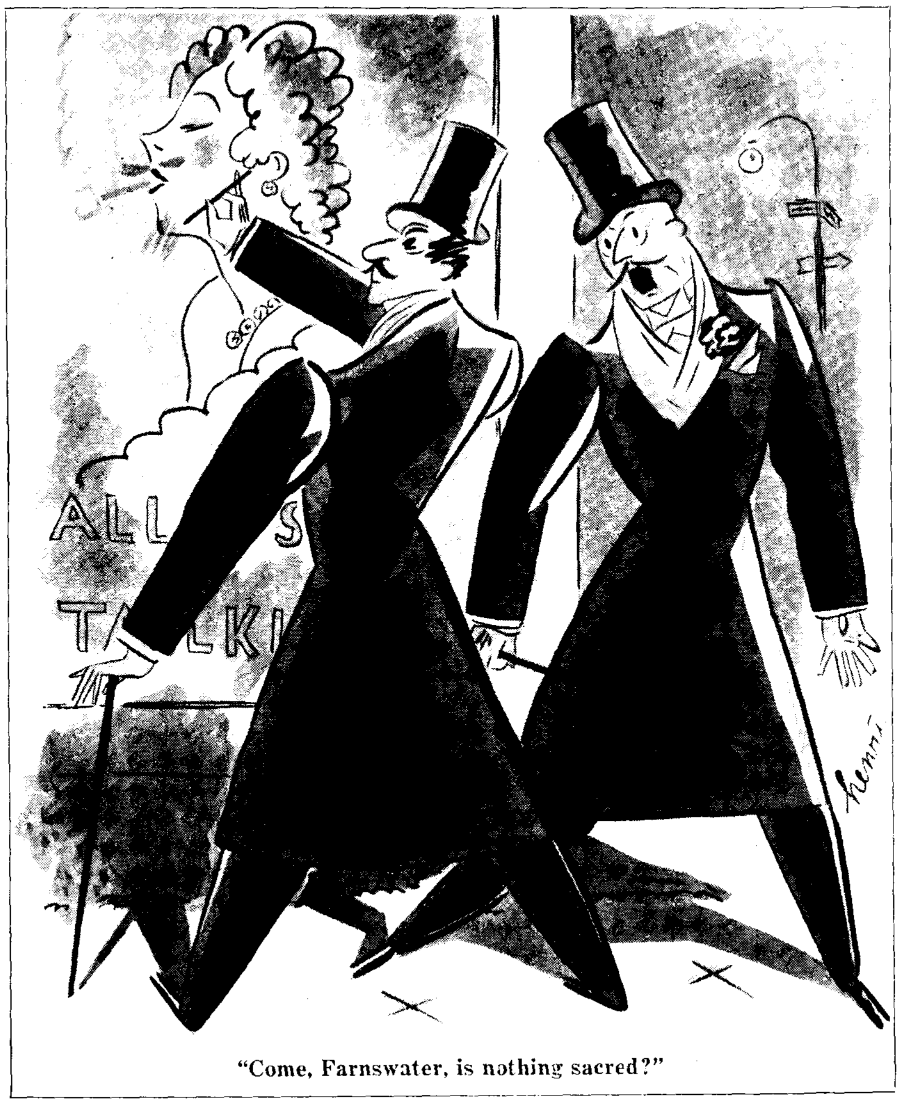
"A SMART ship, West. A smart ship, sir!" It was purely a visit of ceremony that the force commander paid to the Walgren the Saturday after she had returned to port, but he had insisted upon having a word with the men lined up on her forecastle. As he spoke his eyes lingered approvingly upon the stubby, weatherbeaten old chief boatswain's mate at the after end of the line. "Too bad you lost the trophy this year. But that's largely luck—and figures worked out by clerks in the department. But seamanship now—real sailorman's work. That shows ship's spirit—discipline." The admiral paused to beam upon the men.

"Wipe off them grins!" The Bosun growled in an audible whisper. "Think he's talkin' to you?"

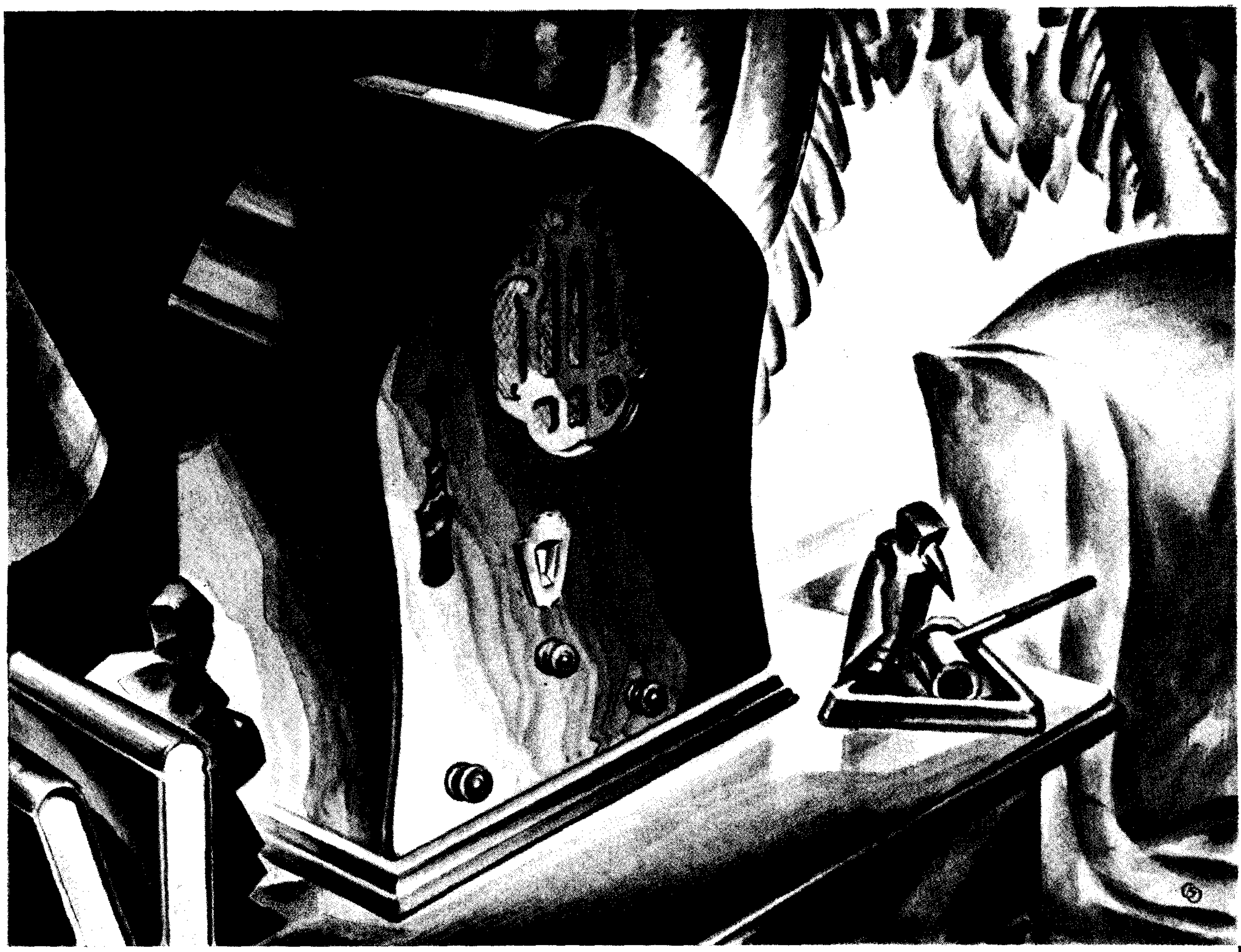
"Well"—the smile that the admiral bestowed upon Captain West claimed the whole ship as his own—"after this I suppose we'll have to give you anything that you want."

"I don't want much." West's eyes twinkled. "But will you tell your personnel office that my chief boatswain's mate there has a permanent billet on this ship?"

The Bosun, of course, heard it all. And after the ceremony was over he strutted slightly as he paced the weather deck. When he spoke to any of the other petty officers his tone was distinctly patronizing. For had not he, alone of all on board, mastered the subtleties of the newer discipline?



"Come, Farnswater, is nothing sacred?"



TONE CONTROL

- Triple screen-grid
- Push-pull 245's
- Screen-grid power detector
- Full electro-dynamic speaker
- Illuminated dial
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- Phonograph jack
- Beautiful walnut cabinet with decorative burl overlay

CLARION JR.

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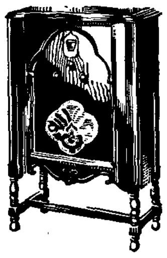
$63.30
COMPLETE
WITH TUBES

The only *fine* radio ever offered at this price

Never before has such a complete array of advance features been built into a radio and offered at such a price. Popular acceptance of Clarion Jr. as the finest of small radios is gratifying proof that we have achieved our aim to make Clarion the "Greatest Radio Value at any Price"...

The outstanding features of CLARION JR., together with its true tone . . handsome cabinets . . precision engineering . . . in general, its high quality—all make for performance that will satisfy the most critical.

Your enjoyment of CLARION'S marvelous tone fidelity is greatly enhanced by the addition of tone control, which enables you to have radio reproduction "as you like it"... brilliant or deep, at a finger's touch, to please your particular taste in tone values. The beautiful swirl walnut cabinets possess that distinctive charm in proportion and design which you instantly associate with fine musical instruments . . . undeniably in good taste in any home.



From inception to completion, CLARION JR. is the result of recognized engineering ability . . . tremendous plant facilities . . . broad experience in radio production . . . and an unswerving policy of producing only the best in radio.

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IN ADDITION TO CLARION JR. at $63.30 complete, *is the Lowboy (pictured) at $109 . . . the Highboy at $129 . . . and the radio phonograph combination at $199; less tubes.*

$109

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Clarion Radio

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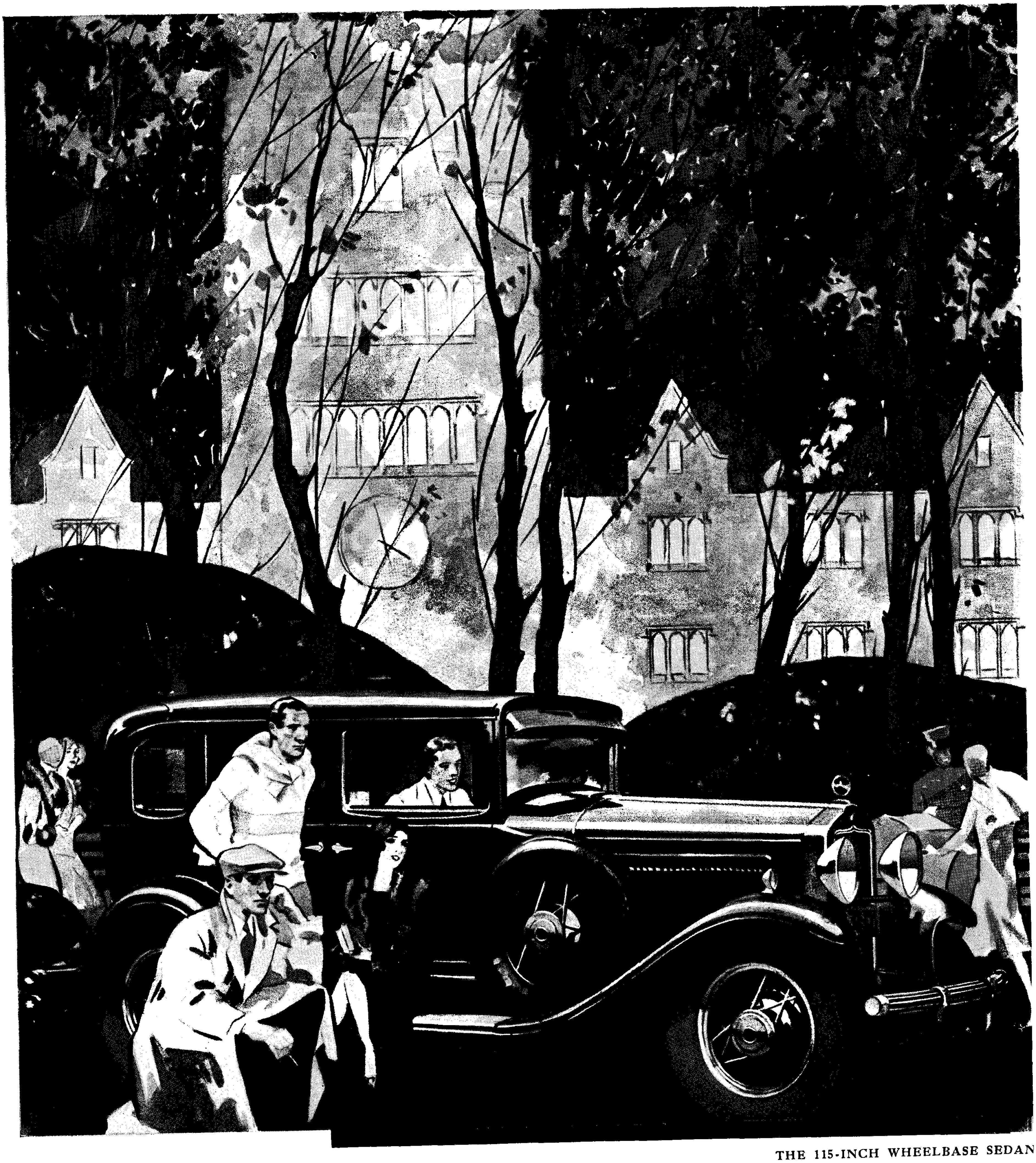

THE 115-INCH WHEELBASE SEDAN

WILLYS·KNIGHT

WILLYS · KNIGHT PRESTIGE AND POPULARITY result from BEAUTY and PERFORMANCE all its own!

IN design and in action, the Willys-Knight is perhaps the most individual of all modern automobiles. For the Willys-Knight is markedly different — not only in body lines and details of appointment, but also in the smooth, positive functioning of its patented double sleeve-valve engine. In fact, the Willys-Knight is the only American car to offer the advantages of this superior power plant—a motor of the same type as that used in many of the most costly European cars. Willys-Knight individuality features two lines of ultra-modern Sixes—the new low-priced Willys-Knight 87 and the luxurious Willys-Knight Great Six. Each of these cars is a preëminent value in its price class. An inspection and a demonstration of either the Willys-Knight 87 or the Great Six will reveal the achievement of new ideals in fine car style and performance.

XE, SIX WIRE WHEELS, $1265

PRICES FROM

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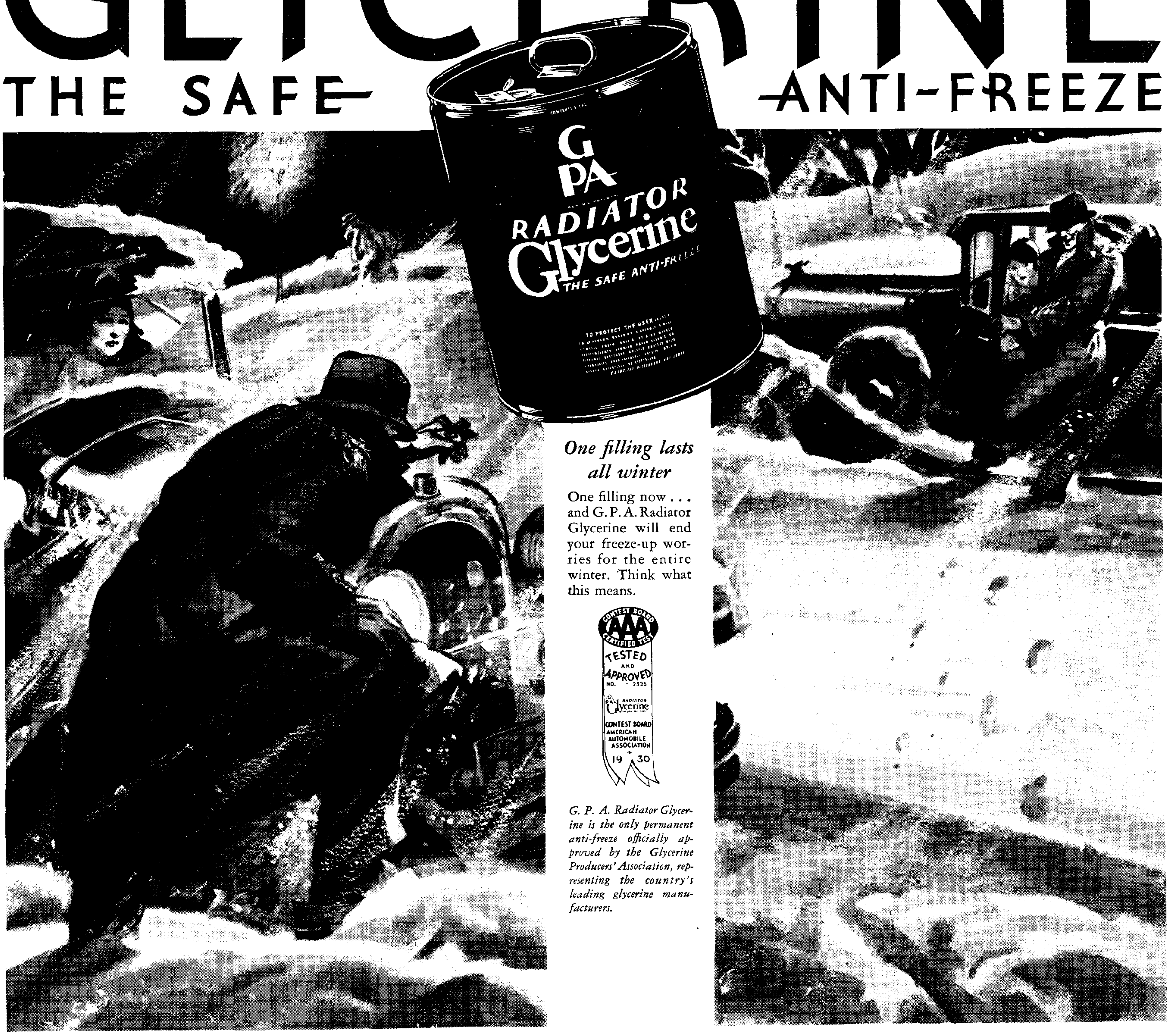

One filling lasts all winter

One filling now . . . and G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine will end your freeze-up worries for the entire winter. Think what this means.

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G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine is the only permanent anti-freeze officially approved by the Glycerine Producers' Association, representing the country's leading glycerine manufacturers.

WORRIED

He's always worried because his anti-freeze evaporates. It gives him no peace of mind because it fades away.

SECURE

He always knows he's safe because glycerine won't evaporate. One filling protects his car all winter.

Why 1,600,000 *motorists used glycerine anti-freeze last year*

The American public is learning that *freedom from worry* is the real thing it wants in an anti-freeze. That, in a nutshell, is the reason 1,600,000 motorists used glycerine anti-freeze in their cars last year.

G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine won't evaporate. Its protection won't fade away. You don't have to keep checking up on it, running for more, or wondering if it has boiled off.

Figure out for yourself the worry and trouble this saves you. And remember, too, that glycerine has no annoying fumes, that you can spill it on your car without damage, and that it won't corrode the inside of the cooling system.

So just tighten up the cooling system of your car, put in one filling of G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine and enjoy a whole winter's protection without worry. Put it in your car today.

GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION, 45 EAST 17TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Four Horsemen

Continued from page 15

the veteran fullback who had been their bellwether in the early games, was so seriously injured in the game against Butler—a broken hip in a flying fall—that he was out for the season.

I moved Layden from left halfback, where he had been alternating with Crowley, to fullback. These boys surprised the football fans of Pittsburgh with their perfect timing as they functioned for the first time as a unit backfield. Layden amazed me by his terrific speed as fullback. He adopted a straight line drive that made him one of the most unusual fullbacks in football. He pierced a line through sheer speed—cutting it like a knife, although each man in the opposing line outweighed him by twenty pounds.

Proving Their Mettle

They won. This victory, however, didn't thrill me as much as the defeat they suffered the very next game—against Nebraska. The Cornhuskers had one of the heaviest teams in their history—and they are known for very active heft. They pushed the relatively little Four Horsemen team all over the field. At the half the score was 14–0, and it would have been another touchdown if the lightweight boys from South Bend hadn't held the Nebraska heavies on their one-yard line for four straight downs. They emerged from that battering a sadly crumpled team.

But they came out fighting mad for the second half, whacked across a touchdown in the third quarter, and carried the ball to Nebraska's one-yard line toward the end of the final period. Stuhldreher called for a pass, and Layden spurted ahead to a corner of the field, where he was all set to receive and down the ball for six more points. But Stuhldreher, the alert, this time was not alert enough. Weller, the huge 250-pound Nebraska tackle, crashed through the line and smeared the 150-pound Notre Dame quarterback.

Our college alumni in Lincoln had a banquet ready for the Four Horsemen team that night. But Crowley, who came through the drumming bruised and bandaged, put it this way:

"We need a thermometer more than a feed." They went to bed to nurse their sore spots.

The Four Horsemen once were blamed for a breach of football etiquette in which they were nowise involved. This was against Wisconsin in 1924. We had the game well in hand, so in the second half the Horsemen were taken out and sent to the showers. In the final two minutes of play a substitute Notre Dame halfback went in for Crowley and strutted his stuff by running for a touchdown. As he crossed the line for the score he thumbed his nose at a Wisconsin player pursuing him. He was instantly yanked from the game. Many thought Crowley had made the vulgar gesture—but that was never Crowley's idea of wit.

His style of thought and good-humored balance of character was of the sterling stuff that wears better in adversity than in success. Against Princeton he and his three playmates were at their best. But Crowley faltered once. He had taken the ball, skirted Princeton's shock troops and began one of the rhythmic runs of the Four Horsemen. Slagle of Princeton ripped up the field to meet him. Crowley veered and Slagle nailed him from behind.

In the dressing-room between halves sleepy-eyed Jim Crowley was apologetic.

"I made a mistake," he said. "I didn't know Slagle was that fast. I should have cut back."

"That wasn't the mistake you made," I said. "That wasn't it."

"Yes, it was," he said. "I admit it. A mistake."

"No," I said. "Slagle didn't know who you were. If you had shown him those New York clippings you've been saving, telling how good you were, he wouldn't have dared come near you."

Crowley laughed louder than anybody at this. Perhaps he knew what all the team knew, that the Four Horsemen—great though they were—received a measure of praise that they should have shared with the stalwart linesmen—whom we called the Seven Mules.

This caused a few timely prods from some of the Mules. Adam Walsh, our center—a tower of strength for the Horsemen to play behind—watched them try unsuccessfully to get started on one of their famous runs against Lombard, with a second-string line to screen them. There was nothing doing, so I shot in Walsh and the other six Mules.

"What seems to be the matter, boys?" said Walsh, as he took the ball to snap back for the first scrimmage. "It seems you need a little help."

This banter helped to check the rising tide of self-esteem which only the rarest of young athletes can stem in the face of wholesale flattery. One of the Horsemen suffered just a trifle from swelled head. It was cured in short order. This particular Horseman stalked in to the squad manager and asked for a clean pair of stockings and a new belt. The manager said: "O. K., but turn in your old ones."

"What for?" said the Horseman.

Rip Miller, one of the Seven Mules, standing within earshot among five of the other six, rebuked the manager:

"What do you mean," he said, "talking that way? Don't you know who this is? This is one of the Four Horsemen."

"No-o?" said the manager, in mock awe.

"Ye-es," said Rip in more mock awe.

As the Horseman walked away, confused, manager and players stood staring, while the players nudged one another, murmuring reverently:

"He's one of the Four Horsemen."

The lad was cured. Next morning he went forthwith to the manager and said his old stockings and belt would do.

The Great Mr. Garbisch

Those Horsemen were pretty good themselves at concerted kidding. Against Army in 1924 they had been warned in practice of the prowess of Garbisch, the great Army All-America center. When they met him he punctuated some of their attempts to get away. They found a neat way to irritate Garbisch. On subsequent plays, when the drive was against him, and he was smeared, one Horseman would politely inquire of another so that Garbisch, picking himself up from the ground, could overhear:

"Is that the great Mr. Garbisch?"

To which another would solemnly reply:

"Yes, that's the great Mr. Garbisch."

When on another smash the All-America center was floored, Crowley would ask of Miller in amazement:

"You don't mean to say that's the great Mr. Garbisch?"

And Miller would retort: "If the number's correct it's none other than Mr. Garbisch in person."

It didn't help Garbisch's game much.

Quick to block and banter opponents, the Horsemen, through their most articulate member, did not spare themselves when they failed. I tried to make Jimmy Crowley a triple-threat man. He could pass and run in great shape, but his kicking was good for just about forty yards. This was, perhaps, due to an unusual fault. He would take three steps with the ball—and that made his kicking dangerous as he held the ball too long and there was risk of the defense breaking through and blocking it. He practiced for weeks to kick almost simultaneously with receipt of the ball. So when Layden became slightly injured in the Princeton game Crowley was assigned to do the punting. On the first try, his old bad habit returned subconsciously and he took three steps. A fast-charging Princeton tackle broke through and blocked the kick, which rolled over our goal line for a safety and two points for the Tigers.

After the game was over a teammate chided Crowley:

"I see you're a triple-threat man, this year."

"Yes," snapped Crowley. "Trip, stumble or fumble."

Just One of the Boys

While this joshing on the part of their squad-mates lasted, the Horsemen took the best means to offset it by joining in the chorus. On the only day in a great season that they weren't able to shine—against Northwestern at Soldiers' Field, Chicago—they expected razzing. Northwestern was an inspired team, while the Four Horsemen were off key, off color, stale and plainly unable to get anywhere. We won from Northwestern but only after a heart-catching, nip-and-tuck game.

On the train returning to South Bend a gentleman who had gazed upon the rye when it was golden barged into the car containing the squad. The conductor requested his ticket. The drunk brushed him aside.

"Where are you going?" the conductor demanded. "New York, Toledo or Cleveland?"

"I don't know," sighed the inebriate. "I guess I'm not going anywhere."

Jimmy Crowley turned to his teammates and remarked, "Must be one of the Four Horsemen."

Layden, a quiet member of the quartet, was their star on defense. His ability to intercept passes was uncanny, and it never had more value than in our Tournament of Roses game with Stanford on New Year's Day, 1925. Pop Warner—greatest originator of smart plays—had a forward pass play that enabled him to win a tie for the Coast championship even without the help of Nevers, his All-America fullback, who had been injured most of the season. Nevers was in the line-up against us—and what a game he played! Twice after Stanford had advanced to about our thirty-yard line they called for this dangerous pass out into the flat zone, and both times Layden, jumping high in the air, tipped and caught the ball and ran for touchdowns.

Each of these Horsemen shone individually on his day. As Layden's was against Stanford, so Miller's was against Princeton. Miller was the most dangerous of the quartet at right half, once in the open field. His long runs for touchdowns were a feature during his three years of play. But he was a much better defensive player than he has been given credit for being.

(Continued on page 42)

LISTERINE
SHAVING
CREAM
now 25¢ a tube

For two years we have promised men an utterly new experience in smooth, quick, painless shaving. We asked 50¢ for our cream and won millions of men. They figured such luxury was worth a luxury price.

Now the cost is cut in two. The big tube is only 25¢. The quality is exactly as before. Thank mass production for that.

We urge a trial. Observe how less-than-an-inch of cream billows into a mass of dense, moist, fragrant lather. Feel how the glycerine makes the razor slide without friction. We believe you will like it better. We know it will save you money. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

The 50¢ quality is now 25¢
LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Through this Door . .

...a wonderful $5,000 trip abroad, or the cash...or a handsome $2,000 automobile, or the cash...or thousands of dollars in other cash prizes for the best ideas on the beautifying of radio cabinets.

Westinghouse
Radio
RETAILER

JUST the door of a Westinghouse Radio store?...No! It's the gate to Paris. Westinghouse is offering, through its dealers, a dazzling array of 48 rich prizes for new ideas on beautifying radio cabinets. And the first prize is a glorious vacation in Europe . . . with all expenses paid.

Westinghouse, who pioneered radio from its very beginning, now pioneers again, by opening the era of beauty in radio. Westinghouse bids you add your efforts to theirs. Asks for *ideas!*

You needn't be an artist, designer or engineer to enter this contest. Needn't draw or diagram your ideas, unless you wish to. Just write your ideas in your own words.

There are many radios on the market...yet in two months Westinghouse Radio has leaped into the spotlight. With new standards of reception. And of beauty! Cabinets in the best of design! Nine-tube, screen-grid, super-heterodyne receivers, with remote control on larger models. Four screen-grid tubes. Tone control on larger models. Push-pull power amplifier. Improved power filter system (no "hum"). New electro-dynamic power speaker. Local-distant switch.

How to Enter the Contest

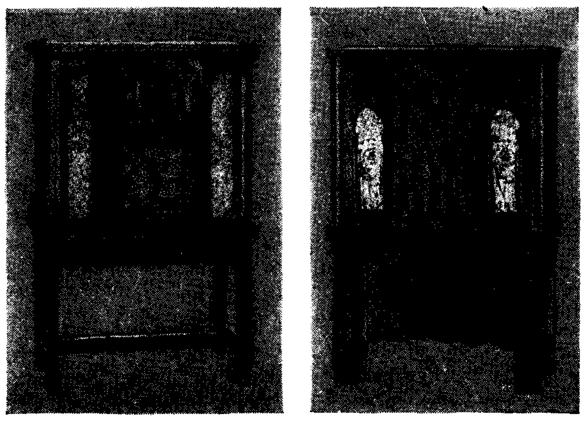
Your nearest Westinghouse Radio dealer will demonstrate these sets either in your own home or in his sales-room. Ask him about the convenient, long-term payments. And get your Entry Blanks for the $10,000 radio idea contest from him, too. The simple rules of the contest are given in full on the page opposite.

lies ARIS

VISIT PARIS . . . . *as the Winner of the First Prize*

Paris! The most beautiful city in the world. The Champs Elysees. The Arc de Triomphe. People from everywhere. Beauty. Color. Fashion. Here a building designed five centuries ago; there a frock designed five minutes ago. Visit Paris . . . Westinghouse pays the bills! Or remember . . . the $5,000 in cash!

What do we mean "Ideas"? Here's a good example



See these miniature models at your dealer's

One of the Westinghouse staff suggested this idea (it's not entered in the contest, of course, since Westinghouse employees are not eligible) but it's a good example of the type of ideas we seek. These cabinets are lighted from within . . . and the light shines through the translucent panels at each side. See them—they might set your "thinking cap" buzzing with ideas of your own. Of course, these are only miniatures and have nothing to do with the new Westinghouse Radio sets now on sale at your dealer's. Be sure to see them.

HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST

1. Contest opens September 25th and closes December 24th. Ideas must be in the mails before midnight December 24th. Winners will be announced January 19th.
2. Anyone may compete except employees of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company or its associated companies.
3. Ideas may be submitted in writing. If sketches are submitted, explanatory letter must accompany them. You may submit as many ideas as you like, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper with your full name and address. No letters or sketches will be returned.
4. Prizes will be awarded to the best 48 original and acceptable ideas for beautifying radio cabinets. If a winning idea is submitted by more than one person the full prize will be awarded to each contestant.
5. All prize winning ideas become the property of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.
6. Leaflets giving helpful suggestions and Contest Entry Blanks can be had at any Westinghouse Radio dealer's store. Ideas must be mailed to the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Radio Department, 150 Broadway, New York City.

The judges of the contest are:

MISS HELEN KOUES, Director of Good Housekeeping Studio.

MISS NEYSA MCMEIN, famous artist.

MISS ROSAMOND PINCHOT, prominent member of younger set.

RAYMOND LOEWY, famed Parisian artist and designer.

E. B. INGRAHAM, Vice-President, Times Appliance Co., Inc., New York City.

A. W. ROBERTSON, Chairman of the Board, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

Westinghouse Radio

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

THE PIONEER OF RADIO IN THE HOME

Q-119

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Admiration

The final touch to a perfect shave

AFTER using a Rolls Razor you will marvel at the gentle way it removes the coarsest stubble, leaving that natural, clean, smooth, non-irritated complexion so greatly desired by you and admired by others.

You will find also, that a Rolls Razor —The One Blade Safety—is by far the least expensive in the long run for you entirely eliminate the continuous purchase of packages of blades.

This justly famous English importation stands alone in its field as—

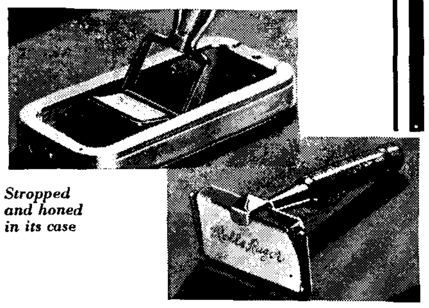
The only safety razor that automatically strops and hones its blade.

Made of the finest Sheffield Steel—perfectly tempered and hollow ground —the One Blade of a Rolls Razor, properly handled, will give you a lifetime of perfect shaves.

Ask your dealer to explain the Rolls Razor way and your shaving worries will be over forever.

The ONE BLADE Safety

ROLLS RAZOR



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Simplicity itself—just the One famous Blade and its handle

Imperial No. 1 Silver Plate $15.00
Imperial No. 2 Nickel Plate $10.00
Deluxe gold sets and Travel Kits up to $45.00

We recommend Imperial Rolls Shaving Soap in hygienic, indestructible bowl for a superior shave. Priced at $1.50. Or Rolls Shaving Cream. Priced at 75c.

For sale at the better shops throughout the world. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name with check or *money-order and we will fill your order, postpaid, promptly.*

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Descriptive Folder Sent on Request

The Four Horsemen

Continued from page 39

In this Princeton game of 1923 Miller had just gone off right tackle for what looked like a good gain when he fumbled the ball, which went rolling along the ground. Quick as a flash a Princeton back, trained in the alert Bill Roper way of stooping at full speed and picking up a loose ball, scooped it up. The next thing we saw was this Princeton halfback with two interferers in front, speeding down the field. The goal line was seventy-five yards away—and no one between the runners and that goal line but Don Miller.

Wasting no time after his boner, Miller had recovered poise and was racing across field to cut off the Princeton men. The stands were in an uproar. It seemed impossible that Miller could overtake them or, if he could, that he could offer much resistance against three men.

Pressing his speed he ran in front and to one side of the two interferers, crowding them toward the sideline. He feinted in and out to slow up the Princeton cavalcade, and did this so calculatingly that by the time they were within twenty yards or so of the Notre Dame goal line our fastest end, Clem Growe, had had time to rush up and tackle the ball carrier from behind. The touchdown was not scored, and so Miller redeemed his fumble by as heady a piece of work as any I have ever seen.

Crowley, the sleepy-looking wit, was the nerviest back I've known. He would throw himself anywhere. Also, since I'm using superlatives where they belong, he was the greatest interferer for his weight I have ever seen, and a particularly effective ball carrier on the critical third down.

No Alibis Needed

Examine their records closely and you'll find the Four Horsemen stand unique as a continuing combination in the backfield. They lost but two games out of thirty—both of these to the heavier Nebraska team—in 1922 and 1923. In the 1923 game their speed was seriously handicapped by the condition of the field. Nebraska had just built a new stadium, and had been unable to grow grass on the gridiron. The clay field was hard-baked, so, to prevent unnecessary bruises to the players, this field had been plowed to make it soft. A well-meant procedure, but it applied four-wheel brakes to the Horsemen.

But these lads of the colorful cavalry of Notre Dame need no alibi. The record's good enough. And the same is true of their scholastic records. They retain their interest in football while attaining success in business. All are coaching the game. Stuhldreher, the quarterback, coaches Villanova University; Don Miller, the Ohio State backfield; Jimmy Crowley, Michigan State College, and Layden, between spells at the practice of law in Pittsburgh, coaches Duquesne University. While Adam Walsh, headman of the Seven Mules that bore the brunt for the charge of the light brigade of the Four Horsemen, is an engineer and coaches the Yale line.

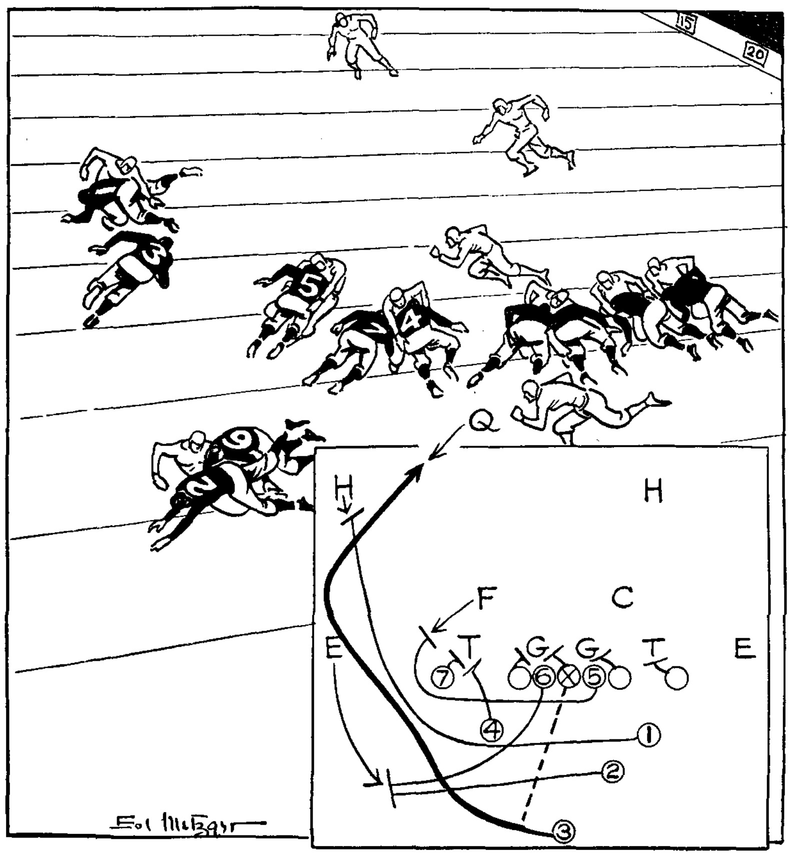
This quartet of backs, destined to be immortal in football, caused me labor, sometimes caused me pain, but mostly brought great joy, not only to their coach but to the spectators. Only their fame was a bit embarrassing. At their heyday I was hounded by newsmen and sob-sisters trying to get collective and individual interviews, genealogies and prophecies with, by and for them. One determined lady pursued them for pieces to appear in an obscure journal—by mail, telegraph, telephone and on foot. Finally, she caught up with Crowley.

"Who on earth is she?" he was asked.

"Oh," he said, blandly, "she's the third Horsewoman."

And biblical students of the Apocalypse will recall that the third horseman personified pestilence.

An accident of Blasco Ibañez's best-selling popularity inspired their name; by accident they were brought together. But it was no accident that made them collectively and individually fine players. That was design and hard work. The Four Horsemen have the right to ride with the gridiron great.



Dartmouth for Teamwork

By Sol Metzger

THOSE homely football virtues—fast starting, hard charging and running and stone-wall blocking—are common with Jack Cannell's Dartmouth elevens. Blended, they make for teamwork, and there is no more effective gridiron weapon. Applied to an opponent the result is rarely in doubt.

Do you recall Dartmouth facing Harvard a year ago? Dartmouth had run roughshod over its four preceding opponents. Harvard had done the same in its two initial tests. Crimson hopes ran high. Harvard might once again attain the position it had held during the Haughton régime.

A few plays and Dartmouth held the ball at midfield. Third down, seven yards to go. It deployed into punt formation with Marsters (3), ideal back, ten yards behind center. The ideal triple-threat man in a position to punt, pass or run.

The play, a slant off the weaker side, is used often each season by most teams. It is not a particularly strong one. Thus, in this case, it carried some element of surprise. But to succeed it needs more—the perfect coördination of the players.

The ball floated back somewhat to the left of Marsters in order that his starting speed might not be checked. *He ran as if to circle the* end in order to draw that opponent straight across on his charge. Then Bromberg (6) and Sutton (2) could more easily sweep him out of the way, just as Marsters cut in off tackle.

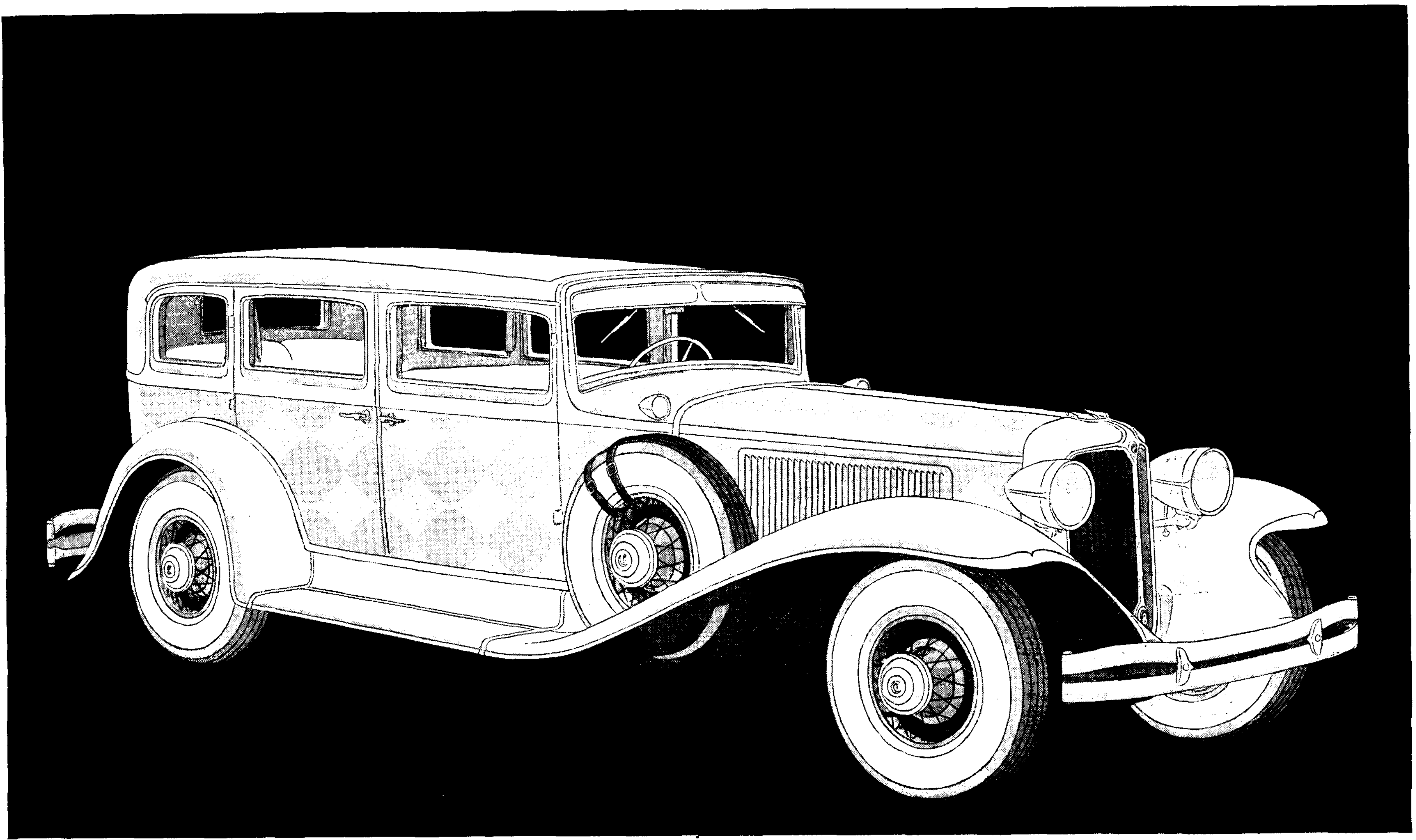
This right tackle for Harvard, the key man of a defense on a sweep, failed to enter the picture because Booma (7), teaming with Clarke (4), pinned him on the line. That brought Marsters to it at top speed.

The Crimson fullback, diagnosing the play, rushed to this point to tackle Marsters. But Nims (5) spilled him. Marsters was off now, streaking downfield behind Wolf (1), who blocked off the approaching Harvard right half. A lone opponent, Barry Wood, a match for any foe, was in Marsters' path. Wood downed him on Harvard's 25-yard line.

When a team gets its star back loose on such a play by dint of applying the homely virtues of football, it is no longer to be denied. Dartmouth, playing true to such principles, won the game, 34 to 7, thus rudely upsetting all those fond hopes of Harvard that the Crimson might again wave supreme over the gridiron world.

You've heard of the Pitt Panthers and their invincible running attack. In the next issue of Collier's we'll *prove that Pitt has other effective* weapons, else why its victory over a big Nebraska team last fall?

CHRYSLER STRAIGHT EIGHTS



CHRYSLER STRAIGHT EIGHT SEDAN, $1525, F. O. B. FACTORY

CHRYSLER'S SMARTEST STYLE—CHRYSLER'S FINEST PERFORMANCE

CHRYSLER EIGHT—*Coupe $1495; Sedan $1525; Convertible Coupe $1665; Roadster $1495. Six wire wheels, $80 extra. Sport Roadster (including six wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595.*
CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT — *Five-Passenger Sedan $2495; Close-Coupled Sedan $2595; Seven-Passenger Sedan $2695; Sedan-Limousine $2895. All Imperial prices include choice of six wire or demountable wood wheels, trunk rack and bumpers. All prices f. o. b. factory.*

Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order.

IN TWO new great Straight Eights—daringly different in smart lines and triumphant in smooth performance—Chrysler forges away ahead of all competition in eight-cylinder engine, chassis and body development.

Ingenious chassis design gives these new Eights a remarkably low center of gravity. They fairly hug the ground—with a delightful effect in style and a perfection of balance that adds immensely to riding steadiness and safety. Even sharp curves may be taken safely at high speeds.

In these new Eights, Chrysler engineering has produced new smoothness at all speeds—performance that is in itself the greatest evidence of a supremely fine mechanism balanced to perfection.

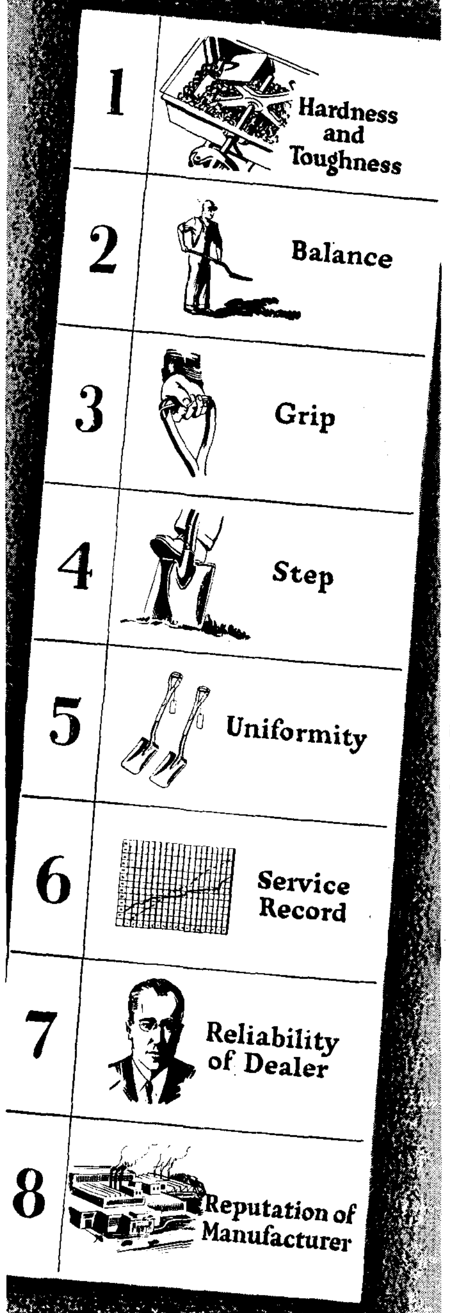
Driving pleasure is enhanced by the Chrysler 4-speed transmission and quick, quiet, easy gear shift—with the great advantage of *dual high* gears, one for sprints in traffic and on the hills, and one for the open road.

Besides all these advantages, the new Eights offer Chrysler internal hydraulic brakes that are safe and sure in all weather, unusual economy in gasoline and oil, and a new degree of strength, silence and comfort in body construction.

Driving these new Eights is an experience unlike driving any other motor car. Your nearest Chrysler dealer will gladly place one at your disposal.

Have You Ever Bought a Shovel?

IN your business a close attention to shovel value may bring substantial savings and considerable profit. A shovel that's properly made not only lasts longer, but saves muscles and gets more work done. Buyers have cut shovel costs as much as 50% by careful checking the following eight points:



The quality of Wood's Shovels invites comparison. Every business that uses shovels should know the 8 vital considerations in shovel buying. Without obligation, we will gladly send a complete shovel checking chart (part of which is shown above) to anyone sending written request.

THE WOOD SHOVEL AND TOOL CO.
Piqua, Ohio

Wood's
Shovels-Spades-Scoops

The Tough Break

Continued from page 11

been working like a nailer in his spare time, making all sorts of things, and I happened to notice that none of the stuff on sale ever carried his number. Well, I started a little quiet investigation and discovered that he's been slipping everything to young Tanner. You know? That boy with the sick wife and little baby?"

"So my hunch was right!" Orear leaped to his feet and pounded the chaplain on the back. "Gosh, Padre, but that tickles me pink. I just *knew* Morgan couldn't be all bad."

Once again, however, the young warden was forced to walk the dreary road of disappointment, for a few days later Morgan entered upon a career of truculent insubordination that kept the prison in an uproar. And then, one morning, he made a clean get-away. Where he had secured the automatic no one knew, but slipping from the laundry as the back gate opened to let out a delivery car, he forced a surprised guard to raise his hands, then felled him with a blow. Jumping for the machine in the same motion, he ordered the driver to step on the gas, and held him as a shield as they raced by the wall towers.

EVERY railroad point and hamlet within fifty miles was notified, and within an hour came a call from an excited rancher on the Gold Cliff road, thirty miles out, reporting that the delivery car and its driver were at his place. Morgan, after making the rancher's wife pack up a market basket of eatables, had hiked off up over a hogback, and there was no telling which way he'd traveled.

"Tough luck," groaned Dad Brody. "With them provisions he won't have to go near a house."

"Yes," said Orear, "but how about water? The hills are dry as a bone, and every town is closed against him. I'm telling you he can't stay away from the river. He's *got* to come down. All right, Johnny, hustle out the cars."

On reaching the Gold Cliff road ranch, Orear ordered a batch of men up over the hogback with instructions to beat the hills in every direction, and then worked out a system for patrolling the river.

"All right, boys, go to it," he said, pocketing his road map. "And remember that Morgan's got a gun."

Then he drove home convinced that Morgan's capture was a matter of hours. But when three days passed without trace of the fugitive, a chill doubt gripped him, and calling upon every resource he sent additional men into the hills and doubled the river cordon. Even his own chauffeur was pressed into service, and so it was that the warden drove himself as he set off on the fourth morning for his daily round.

The road, leaving the valley, unrolled with all the glory of an Oriental rug as it followed cliff sides where a way had been chiseled out of many-colored rock.

"The man simply can't live without water," Orear said to himself for the twentieth time. "And there's not a damned drop in the mountains. Only a lizard could stand it."

He left the road and bumped over a stony gulch bottom, short-cutting for a railroad point some five miles farther on. A loud report at his rear drew a bitter exclamation, and, climbing down, he found that the tire on the left hind wheel had blown out. For what seemed a year he sweated over the adjustment of his spare, and then walked wearily over to where a giant pine offered its grateful shade.

"Funny," he muttered, looking around. "I seem to remember this place. Why, of course."

Ten years before, while on a quail hunt through the hills, he had rested under this very pine. Yes, there across the way was that curious quartz formation. And as his memory aroused, developing details, suddenly Tim Orear dealt himself a violent blow with his clenched fist.

"Fool! Ass! Idiot!" he cried. "Why didn't I think of it before?"

Like a flash it had come to him that on this very quail hunt he had stumbled upon a deserted cabin, tucked under an overhanging ledge, and that a tiny spring bubbled at the base of the great rock. Clean forgotten for ten years, yet now every detail stood crystal clear. For a moment he considered the possibility of driving back to the river road and picking up a man or two and then decided against it.

"Not one chance in a hundred that Morgan's there," he figured. "It's miles off his line of flight, and maybe it was only seepage, after all. Probably dust dry years ago. Anyway, I'll just mosey up there by myself for a look. Only two or three miles as I remember it."

The two or three miles became five before he saw the huge ledge, and eager to save himself steps he dropped down under a gnarled piñon and took out his glasses. Yes, there was the old cabin all right. Still standing, and from the looks of it still deserted. No sign of—but wait! What was that there in the deep shadow of the rock's overhang? Even as he stared, throat constricted, a man rose up from his knees and walked out into the sunshine. Hi Morgan, sure as hell! And hands full of bottles! Been filling them at the spring.

What to do now? Shaking with excitement, the warden crept to better cover. To go back to the river for help might well mean the loss of his quarry, for the water-filled bottles showed clearly that Morgan was making ready for a get-away. And didn't he have a rifle against Morgan's automatic? Good Lord, what was he fiddling around about? Shifting the sling so that the gun hung down his back, Tim Orear started a slow, cautious climb to a level where the timber grew thicker.

NOW he scurried like a rabbit across some open space, now he crawled on his belly, sharp flints cutting his knees and hands, and the fierce sun frying his very entrails. Twice he came to a full halt, sobbing for breath and swept by waves of nausea. At last, when he felt that another inch could not possibly be managed, Orear found himself on a line with the cabin and began the descent. Easier going now, for he was screened by a spur of aspen that ran down almost to the spring.

Reaching his objective he lay flat, and from behind low-growing bushes saw Morgan come out of the cabin. Then he raised his rifle, and waited until his quarry had advanced a safe distance from the threshold.

"All right, Morgan," he called. "Stick 'em up. I've got you covered."

For a split second the fugitive hesitated, and then, with a twisted grin, his hands went high.

"You win," he said.

Orear stepped forward. "Turn around, Hi. I want that gun of yours. Careful now. Don't make any move to drop those arms, or I'll drill you. All right." A profound relief showed in his voice as his fingers closed about the automatic. "Let's hit the trail. Getting back to that car before dark isn't going to be easy. And keep about twenty feet ahead of me, will you?"

Morgan swung off with long, effortless stride, but Orear, already drained down to the last ounce of strength, staggered like a drunken man. A blinding sweat dripped into his eyes; the heavy rifle tore his arm from the socket, the nausea returned and his feet flung aimlessly, out of all control. Good Lord! What if he should pass out cold! But a halt was out of the question, for already the sun had dropped behind the near-by peaks. Twice he stumbled to his knees and each time Morgan turned with the swiftness of a cat.

"Tough going?" The jeer floated over his shoulder as they came to a bowlder-strewn stretch.

"I've seen worse," grunted Orear, choking back a gasp of pain as his ankle twisted.

IT WAS not the bowlders, however, that proved his undoing, but a small stone no larger than a marble. Stepping on it squarely as he rounded the face of a cliff, his foot shot from under him, and he felt himself falling through what seemed an eternity of space. When he recovered consciousness it was to find himself wedged between two jagged rocks that held him as in a vise.

"Damaged any?" Morgan's voice, penetrating his daze of pain, called Orear back to his full senses with a jerk, and he looked up to see the killer squatted on the shelf above him, left arm cradling the rifle.

"Right leg smashed," he answered feebly. "Also some ribs, I'm afraid."

"Might have been your neck," Morgan rejoined, his lean, hard face almost cheerful. "Well, I guess I'll be movin', Warden. No use bein' here when your man hunters dash up."

"Don't hurry on that account," Orear confided. "Nobody's coming."

"How's that?" The killer's flat, expressionless voice quickened a trifle.

"I came up here by myself—just took a chance."

"That's different." Morgan took out a twist of tobacco and broke off a chunk. "Reckon you'll stay right where you are for quite a while, won't you?"

"Mighty likely," agreed the warden, calling upon pride to keep courage in his tone.

"No people liable to be driftin' along, I suppose."

"Not much chance. Quite a break for you, isn't it, Morgan?"

"I'll say it is. A hell of a break."

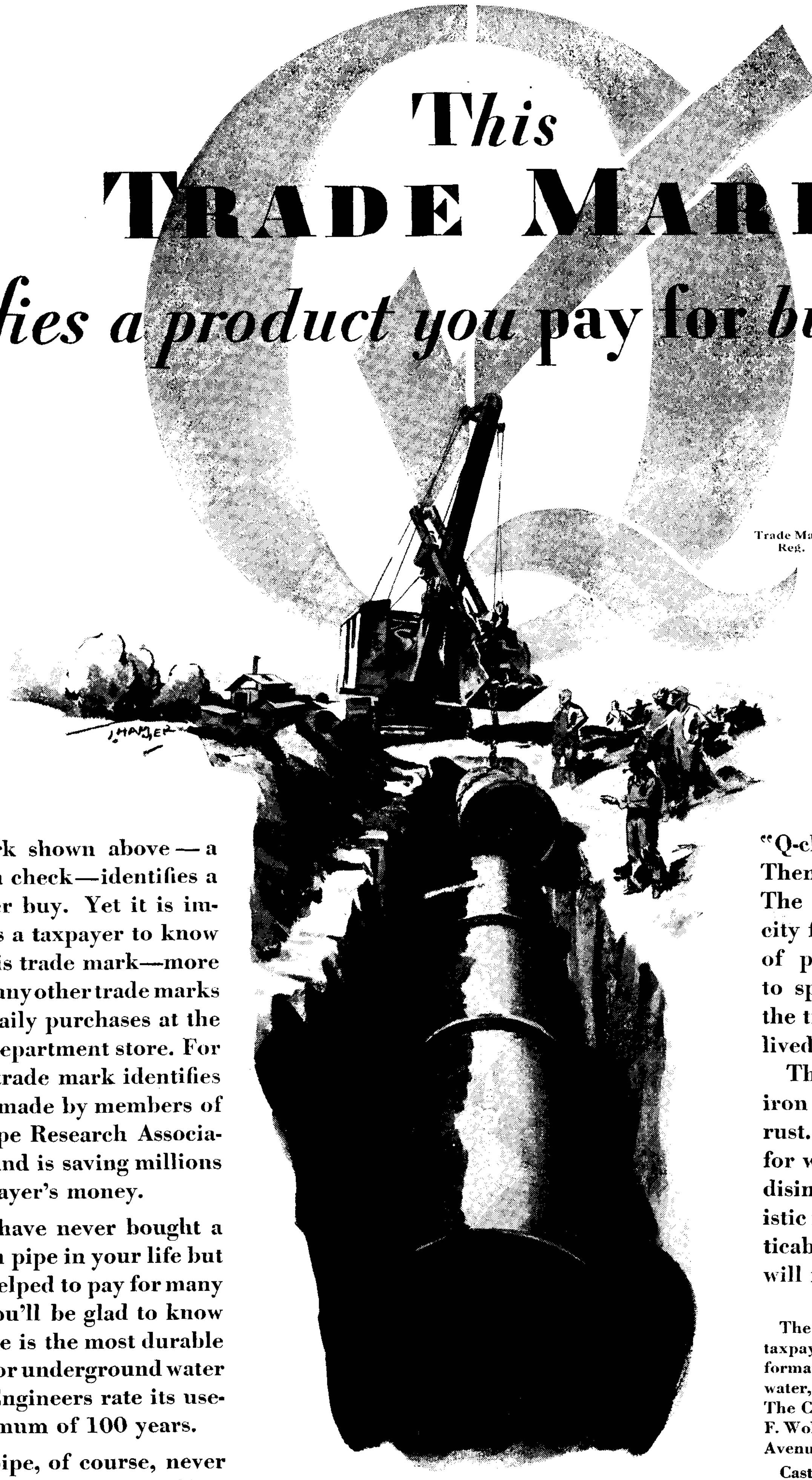
Orear dimly sensed a profound bitterness in the words, but new waves of pain precluded surmise. For a while there was silence, broken only by the stir of the aspens. Morgan still squatted, stared off into space. The warden, caught fast, looked into the drifting clouds far above him and swallowed spasmodically at sight of a circling buzzard. Morgan, following the strained gaze, saw the unclean bird and, as if the sight helped him to some decision, rose slowly and put down the rifle.

"Come on!" he said. Lying flat on his stomach, he reached down both hands. "Now," he went on, when he had dragged Orear up to the shelf beside him. "Put your arms around my neck, an' I'll h'ist you on my back."

"What's the idea?" asked Orear. "Where are you takin' me?"

"Down to your lousy car, of course," snarled the killer. "Say, what kind of a guy do you think I am, anyway?"

This TRADE MARK *identifies a product you* pay for *but never* buy



Trade Mark Reg.

THE trade mark shown above — a letter Q with a check—identifies a product you never buy. Yet it is important for you as a taxpayer to know and remember this trade mark—more important than many other trade marks that guide your daily purchases at the grocery, drug or department store. For the product this trade mark identifies — cast iron pipe made by members of The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association—has saved and is saving millions of dollars of taxpayer's money.

You probably have never bought a length of cast iron pipe in your life but your taxes have helped to pay for many miles of it. So you'll be glad to know that cast iron pipe is the most durable pipe practicable for underground water and gas mains. Engineers rate its useful life at a minimum of 100 years.

This kind of pipe, of course, never saw the inside of a house—couldn't possibly be placed in a bathroom. It is used for the mains that carry water and gas to the service pipes in front of your house. A single length may weigh six tons or more.

When a pipe line is being laid in your town, remember to look for the "Q-check" stenciled on every length. Then you will know it is cast iron pipe. The kind of pipe which serves your city for a century or more. The kind of pipe far-sighted engineers prefer to specify because it saves taxpayers the tremendous cost of replacing short lived mains.

The reason for the long life of cast iron pipe is its effective resistance to rust. Cast iron is the one ferrous metal for water and gas mains that will not disintegrate from rust. This characteristic makes cast iron pipe the most practicable for underground mains, for rust will not destroy it.

* * *

The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association offers to taxpayers, engineers and city officials, detailed information regarding the use of cast iron pipe for gas, water, sewers, culverts and industrial needs. Address: The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Cast iron pipe bearing the "Q-check" trademark is obtainable from the following leading pipe founders: Alabama Pipe Company, Anniston, Ala.; American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 North Talman Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Company, 11 Broadway, New York.

CAST IRON PIPE

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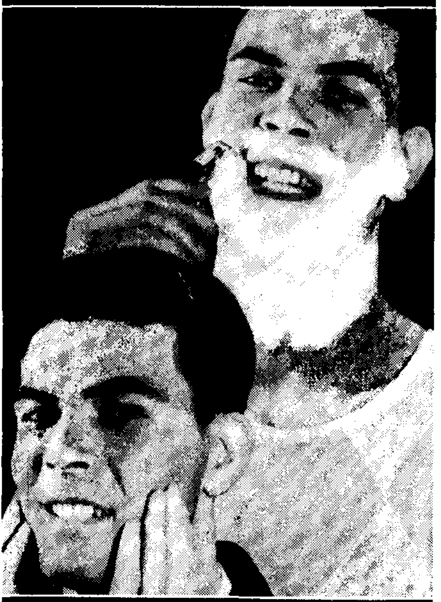
YOUR SKIN



YOUR BEARD

double action

coddles them both

If every hair in your beard fights against the razor, take the fight right out of it. Lather up with Squibb's Shaving Cream.

The first action of Squibb's makes your beard meek and mild. Squibb's not only softens the hair but it also protects the skin from the razor's rasp with a shielding balm.

And Squibb's Shaving Cream has a unique second action. It contains a special ingredient that is particularly designed to keep your skin feeling soothed, supple and *naturally* comfortable. Instead of absorbing the natural oils of the skin like most shaving creams, Squibb's conserves them . . . and what a difference that makes!

• • •

Use Squibb's Shaving Cream for shampooing. Double action makes it fine for the scalp and excellent for the hair.

SQUIBB'S
SHAVING
CREAM
RELIABILITY
PURITY
EFFICACY
INTEGRITY

Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 28

might be wanting to throw his outfit with yours."

"Ahuh. I had thet hunch. It might wal be," replied Hays, meditatively. "Won't hurt for us to lay low, lettin' him make advances. Heeseman's a slow cuss. But he's as sure as a rattler."

"Herrick put Heeseman's outfit to cutting and peeling logs. He wants more horses and a barn for them."

"Thet's good. It'll keep thet outfit from ridin' down Limestone way. An' the cowboys—where have they been?"

"Plenty of work around, but little riding, except after the hounds. I had a chase after jack rabbits with the boss."

"Hounds an' jacks!—What next? However, it's not so bad. Anythin' for us but regular ranchin'. Haw! Haw!"

"Herrick took me up to see his guns," went on Jim, easily, with furtive eyes on Hays. "Have you seen them?"

"Shore. Cannons, I'd say. Worse than the old buffalo needle gun."

"I'd hate to be bored by that five hundred express, I think he called it."

"Humph. If I gotta be bored the bigger the bullet the better."

"That's a beautiful living-room of Herrick's. Have you been in there?"

"Yes. He makes thet his office. Funny lot of knickknacks. There's one thing I'm agoin' to own, though."

Jim laughed. He did not need to ask any more. Suddenly then a tigerish sensation shot through his vitals. It was like an unexpected attack.

"I'd like to own all that stuff," he said, carelessly. "Well, what's on the cards now? You're back. Smoky's outfit is on the job. Heeseman is stalled, I think, though I'll not swear to that."

"We'll aim to keep everybody workin' hard around this neck of the woods. An' we'll pitch in ourselves. Thet's all on the cards for the present."

THREE days of genuine labor around the ranch, more especially in construction of the new barn, left Jim so happily tired each night that he would have liked it to go on indefinitely. Work was good. Jim could handle tools, and that soon became manifest. But on the fourth day, toward the close, Herrick approached Jim.

"Wall, I want you to go to Grand Junction tomorrow after my sister," he said. "Take the cowboy Barnes with you. His home is in Grand Junction. Have him hitch the black team to the buckboard and start early. My sister will not arrive until the following day or the next. Usually that stage gets into Grand Junction before ten o'clock. Start back at once and come speedily."

"Yes, sir," replied Wall, resuming his work. But out of the tail of his eye he saw Hays.

"Boss, I reckon I'll go along with Wall," he said, coolly.

"Hays, I did not ask your services," returned Herrick. "You are needed here." His tone as much as his words settled the matter.

Jim purposely delayed his hour of quitting, in order to avoid Hays. His state, not improbably, was identical with Hays', but Jim did not care to have the robber know that. By the time he had arrived at their cabin, however, he had himself well in hand, though still perplexed and vaguely startled that he had been chosen by Herrick. He sustained some other feeling, too; and if it were not a crowing over Hays he failed to interpret what it was.

After supper Hays lighted his pipe. Then, without facing Jim, he said:

"Jim, had the boss mentioned this here trip before?"

"No. I was as surprised as you."

"Wal, suppose you make some excuse an' let me go instead?"

"What?" exclaimed Jim, blankly.

"I could use a couple of hours in Grand Junction," rejoined Hays. "There was one buyer I didn't see. So this offers a good chance."

"But Herrick won't like that, Hays," protested Jim. "He turned down your proposal cold."

"Shore. He did. Damn funny, I take thet, too. But if you wouldn't or couldn't go, I'd be next choice."

"He'd think it strange," said Jim, sharply, trying to pierce through Hays' thoughts.

"What'n hell do I care what Herrick thinks?" retorted Hays, losing patience. "If you'll do what I say I'll get to go."

"Hays, you surprise me. Here you are on the eve of a big deal—the biggest of your life. And you risk angering Herrick at this stage. Man, can't you think? It would be a bad move. A mistake. For heaven's sake, why are you so keen on going to Grand Junction? What for?"

"I told you," snapped Hays, taking refuge in anger.

"Hays, I refuse," declared Jim, shortly. He must keep up his pretense of cautiousness for all their sakes, but he wanted to flash out stingingly with the truth. "Herrick ordered me to go. And I'm going."

HAYS puffed his pipe. He was beaten. And now he must save his face.

"Wal," he said, finally, "I reckon mebbe you're right, Jim. Only it didn't seem so."

By sunrise next day Jim Wall was

(*Continued on page 48*)

WORD HUNT
TRADE MARK

In the English language there are only eleven words (each having just six letters) that begin with the letters R-E-V-E. One of them is REVERY. You supply the others.

1	R	E	V	E	R	Y	(One of two forms) Listless musing; daydream; state of being lost in thought.
2	R	E	V	E			To return; go back; recur. Also, one who returns to a former faith.
3	R	E	V	E			(Same as REVET) To face, as an embankment, with a revetment.
4	R	E	V	E			To reinstate; to reinvest; to revert to a former owner.
5	R	E	V	E			To disclose; divulge; make clear; display; show.
6	R	E	V	E			(Rare) Variant of REVEILLE.
7	R	E	V	E			To venerate; to reverence.
8	R	E	V	E			(Rare) In fact; really.
9	R	E	V	E			To vend again.
10	R	E	V	E			To vent again.
11	R	E	V	E			In dressmaking, tailoring, etc., a part turned or folded back so as to show the inside.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for October 25th

1. Clearly
2. Cleaver
3. Cleamer
4. Cleanse
5. Cleanly
6. Cleaner
7. Cleared
8. Cleated
9. Clearer
10. Cleaned
11. Cleaved

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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HAROLD LLOYD in "FEET FIRST"
Will Soon Be Seen in Leading Theatres Everywhere

NO DISTORTION!
A radio whose units are but partially *balanced can only bring you the* distorted *tone pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear,* undistorted *tone pictured at the right*

Magical radio performance...unequaled value ...have made PHILCO THE LARGEST SELLING RADIO TODAY

***BEFORE** you buy any radio you are earnestly advised to find out what you are actually going to get for your money.*

This has been the crucial year for the radio industry. Only those offering *real quality* plus *real value* have received the approval—and patronage—of the American public. Most significantly, it is the year in which Philco has become the leader of the industry because its radio *performance* and *value* have been pre-eminent.

We solemnly affirm that Philco Screen Grid, with Tone-Control and Balanced Units is MORE RADIO than you are being offered at far higher prices. In some cases, twice the money will not buy a set as selective; as powerful; as rich and true in tone; as much of a distance-getter as this one.

And Philco provides also its new miracle of the air—Philco Tone-Control, which gives you instant control of station tone through four degrees of tone quality, "Brilliant," "Bright," "Mellow" and "Deep." You bring in programs with the tone quality YOU like best and, at "Deep," interference noises are reduced if you are in a noisy neighborhood, so you can enjoy many more fine programs.

BRILLIANT · BRIGHT · MELLOW · DEEP

TONE CONTROL

And for those who want a radio which will perform beyond the need of the average owner, Philco offers Screen Grid-Plus—The Super Set, with all features *plus* Automatic Volume Control, which makes radio power even more useful. With it you not only *get* out-of-town stations, near and far, but *hold* reception at constant level without fading, so that you enjoy many more fine programs.

Every Philco Screen Grid or Screen Grid-Plus, regardless of price, has illuminated Station Recording Dial on which you can permanently log favorite stations; new, improved Electro-Dynamic Speaker and Balanced Unit construction of true, clear, undistorted tone. Each is the outstanding value of its class. You cannot buy *more* in radio, no matter how much more you are asked to pay. Priced from $49.50 (Baby Grand) to $198 (Radio-Phonograph). Concert Grand, greatest of all receivers, $350. All prices less tubes; slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West. Available for AC or DC current and in a Battery Set.

Ask your dealer for free demonstration today. And enjoy radio as you ride. Transitone Automobile Radio now is obtainable through authorized dealers.

$110
less tubes
SCREEN GRID LOWBOY

Greatest Musical Event of the Air
LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI *and*
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
in three more Philco Radio Concerts
Sunday, Nov. 16 :: *Christmas Day*
Easter Sunday

Stokowski, outstanding genius of the conductor's baton, has created a new broadcasting method which in his words "makes the broadcast of the modern orchestra even more eloquent than the same music in the concert hall." His success in the first Philco Concert October 12 was overwhelming. Tune in for

RECORD-BREAKING COAST-TO-COAST HOOK-UP
5 to 6 p.m. over NBC network
Watch radio page of your newspaper for further announcements

PHILCO
BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Makers of the famous Diamond Grid Batteries for Motor Cars, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.
IN CANADA: PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO

Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 46

on his way to Grand Junction. Young Barnes, the cowboy, had his hands full with the spirited team.

"Are the horses gun shy?" asked Jim, his lips near the driver's ear.

"No. But they're feelin' their oats an' I reckon you hadn't better shoot yet, leastways fer nothin'."

Jim had to wrap the robe about him and then he felt uncomfortably cold, until a rising grade slowed down the team and the sun began to warm his back. Then he applied himself to a twofold task—that of winning the driver's confidence and gaining what information was available.

"I LIKE the country powerful well," said Jim, frankly, "but I'm not so crazy about my job."

"Bet you was a cowboy once," replied Barnes, with a grin.

"You bet. And sure wish I was still. But I got to going wrong, and first thing I shot a man. . . . Heigho! I wasn't any older than you."

"What's yer job hyar?" asked the boy, emboldened by Jim's confidence.

"Say, didn't you know why Herrick hired Hays and Heeseman?"

"All us fellers had idears."

"Well, I think Herrick wanted some hard-shooting riders as a sort of protection."

"You ain't long in Utah."

"You're right there. So I don't know the ropes."

"Wal, Mr. Jim. I'll say this: It was a good idear of Herrick's if you fellers play square. This neck of Utah is bigger'n all outdoors, an' it's overrun with varmints, two-legged as wal as four-legged."

"Barnes, you've hit the thing plumb center," replied Jim, soberly. "Thanks for speaking right out."

"Nobody much in Utah knows who's a rustler an' who ain't," went on Barnes. "Your neighbor might be one, an' your boss might be the boss of a rustlin' outfit. Thet's the worst of it."

"How about Heeseman?" asked Jim. "Don't talk against your good sense, Barnes. I'm just asking. I don't know anything about this game up here, as you can see. And what you choose to tell me I'll keep to myself."

"I had a hunch thet way. . . . Wal, some people says Heeseman's outfit rustles an' some don't believe it. He has a brand, H bar, an' a range over back of Montecello."

"That's straight talk. How about Hank Hays?"

"I'd be up a stump if the boss asked me thet. I'd shore have to lie. Everybody between the Green an' the Grand knows Hank Hays, an' what he is. But nobody ever whispers it."

"Ahuh. Darned interesting. I sort of liked Hank, first off. Rustler, then? Or just plain robber?"

"I ain't sayin', Mr. Wall."

"You can call me Jim," returned Jim, and thought it time to change the subject. "Let me drive a little."

Presently Jim's ever-watchful eyes caught dust far ahead, and dots of riders getting off the road into the cedar thickets. They would be Smoky's outfit, Jim calculated, and gave them credit for seeing the buckboard first. They did not appear again, and Jim knew they were hiding on their way back to Star Ranch.

At four o'clock they drove into Grand Junction, which was considerably larger and busier than Green River. Like all Western hamlets it had a single, wide street, lined by stone and frame buildings.

"Barnes, here we are," said Jim. "This is a metropolis, compared to Green River."

"Fust I've been home fer long," rejoined Barnes. "I'll take care of the team at my paw's. An' say, Mr. Wall —Jim, will you come home an' stay with us or hyar at the hotel?"

"Thanks, but I'll stay here. Is this the hotel?"

"Yeh. It ain't much on looks, but the grub's good an' beds clean."

"Fine. Now, Barnes, you and I are getting along. Do you give me any hunch on how to conduct myself?"

"Haw! Haw!—Jim, you'll be looked over a heap, but nobody won't ask no questions. See you later."

Barnes drove off down the road and Jim leisurely entered the lodging house, which, it turned out, was run by a buxom woman, who made herself agreeable and certainly was not above making eyes at him. As far as any curiosity on her part was concerned, he might as well have lived there always. She was loquacious, and very shortly Jim gained the surprising information that no cattle herds had passed through Grand Junction this week.

After supper Jim turned in early.

Awakening early he got up and leisurely shaved and dressed, paying more than usual attention to his appearance. This occasioned him a bitter smile. Jim Wall, erstwhile cowboy, bank-bandit, train-robber! What was he now? He could not define it. But he was there to escort an English girl fifty miles across the wilderness to Star Ranch. One thing he was sure of, and that was that it would be vastly better for Miss Herrick than if Hank Hays had been sent. Suddenly this fact struck Jim as singular. Was he any better than Hank Hays? He conceded that he was.

After breakfast he went out and found a boy to shine his high-top boots and brush his dark, worn suit and his black sombrero. Presently, then, he encountered Barnes.

"Howdy, boy. Did you have a nice time home?"

"Gee, I did," grinned the cowboy. "I was with my gurl last night an' she wouldn't let me off."

"Right she was. You sure look bright this morning."

"Wal, you look kinda spick an' span yourself, Jim," drawled Barnes. "Funny how the idear of a gurl gets a feller."

"Funny? You mean terrible, my friend. A woman is as terrible as an army approaching with banners."

"Gosh, who'd ever dreamed you had seen inside a Bible?" exclaimed the cowboy.

"IT'S funny, though, how I happened to remember that. Now, Barnes, listen. This Miss Herrick might take me for an honest, decent fellow like you. But if I let that pass I'd be sailing under false colors. I don't do that. And as I can't very well tell her myself you must."

"Tell her what?" queried Barnes, with a puzzled grin.

"You know. . . . The kind of a man I am."

"I sort of like you myself. So if you want me to tell her anythin' you must say what."

"Well then, tell her about Herrick hiring all the desperadoes in Utah, and that I'm one of them. Make me out worse than Hays and Heeseman thrown together."

"Shore. Thet's easy. But what's the idear, Jim?"

"I wasn't always an outcast. . . . And I think it'd hurt me less if this girl was scared and repelled. If she took me for a real Westerner, you know, and talked and laughed—well, I'd go get powerfully drunk and probably shoot up Star Ranch. So you fix it for me, will you, Barnes?"

"Shore, I'll fix it," replied Barnes, with a sly glance at Jim. "You jest give me a chanst when the stage rolls up. She's due now. I'll run down an' drive the buckboard up."

But the stage did not show up for an hour—a long, nervous, dragging one for Jim Wall. Grand Junction was no different from other Western points remote from civilization—everybody turned out to see the stage come in. It was a gala occasion for the youngsters, of whom there was a surprising number. The women onlookers, Jim observed, rather hung in the background.

The four-horse stage came rolling up in a cloud of dust. The driver, a grizzled old frontiersman, brought it to a stop with a fine flourish, and bawled out: "Grand Junction! Half hour fer lunch."

There were six passengers, two of them feminine. The last to leave the stage was a tall, veiled young woman, her lithe and erect figure encased in a long linen coat. She carried a small satchel. Expectantly she looked around. Jim stepped before her, baring his head.

"Are you Miss Herrick?"

"Oh!—Yes," she exclaimed in relief.

"Your brother sent us to meet you," went on Jim, indicating Barnes, who stood to one side.

"He did not come!" The full, rich voice, with its foreign intonation, struck pleasantly upon Jim's ear.

"No. There's much work at Star Ranch. But it's perfectly all right, Miss Herrick. We will drive you safely over before dark."

JIM could not see clearly through the tan veil, but he discerned well enough that big eyes studied him.

"Didn't he send a letter or anything? How am I to know you men are employed by my brother?"

"I'm afraid you'll have to take my word," replied Jim, gravely. "But, Barnes, here, he can prove his identity. He lives in Grand Junction, and of course there are responsible people who will vouch for him."

"Miss, the boss did send word," spoke up Barnes, touching his hat, and stepping closer he added in lower tone: "He told me last night you was to fetch what come by Wells-Fargo."

"Then it is all right," she replied, heartily relieved. "My luggage is inside, on top and tied on behind. The name is on every piece. Helen Herrick."

"I'll attend to the baggage, Miss Herrick," rejoined Jim. "Meanwhile Barnes will show you where to eat. It might rest you to walk a little. We have an eight-hour drive."

"Thank you. I've been riding steadily for two weeks and I'm stiff."

Whereupon Jim set about collecting the pieces of baggage marked "Herrick." It appeared that the stage had been loaded down with them. Nineteen in all! Manifestly Miss Herrick had come to stay. To find room for all of them in the buckboard was going to be a task. He set about this methodically, his mind at once busy and absent. By packing carefully under the seats and on them too, Jim got the bags all in. He went to the store and bought rope to tie some of them on securely.

(*Continued on page 50*)

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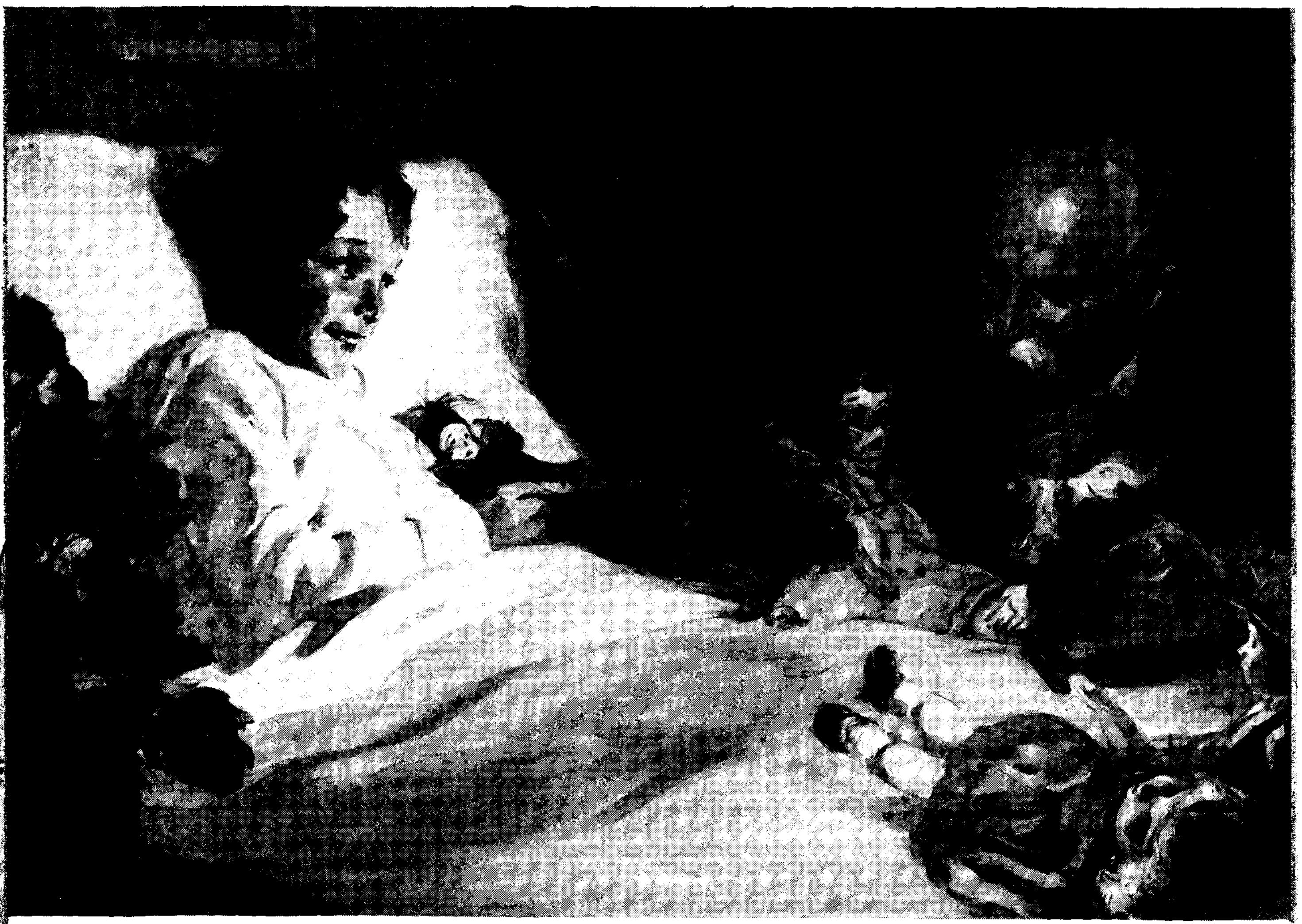

To the world—a great physician To the child—a beloved goblin

"There would be a little tap low on the door, which would be pushed open and a crouching figure playing goblin would come in, and in a high-pitched voice would ask if the fairy god-mother was at home and could he have a bit of tea. Instantly the sickroom was turned into a fairyland, and in fairy language he would talk about the flowers, the birds, and the dolls who sat at the foot of the bed . . ."

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Who can say how many men and women, boys and girls, have been heartened to meet the challenge of illness, to fight the battle for health, by the cheering words and optimistic attitude of the physician?

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From the day in 1874, when, at the age of twenty-five, he became a member of the medical faculty at McGill University, his influence upon the training of physicians spread throughout the world. His personal leadership and brilliant teaching at the University of Pennsylvania, at Johns Hopkins and at Oxford went far to imbue the profession with a new scientific spirit.

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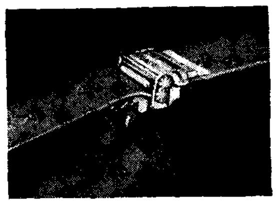


The NEW VALET
Auto-Strop BLADE

Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 48

"Wonder what she looks like," he thought! He had felt vaguely uncomfortable when she looked him over through that veil. His task completed, Jim stood beside the restless horses, waiting. And it seemed he was waiting for he knew not what.

Presently Barnes returned, wearing an excited grin. His eyes were important.

"Jim, I fixed it. I shore gave her an earful," he said.

"Did you? Much obliged, cowboy."

"She took off thet coat an' veil. Lordy! Utah never seen the likes of her. Red lips, pink cheeks, hair like gold, an' eyes like violets! Jim, for a minnit I went plumb back on my gurl! —But shucks, thet's crazy. She asked me to set at table. I did. She's just as nice an' free as Herrick. It was while we was eatin' thet I had the chanst to tell her about the notorious Jim Wall. Mebbe I didn't spread it on. An' she looked—gee, such eyes! She said, 'So Bernie Herrick sent a desperado to be my escort? How perfectly rippin'!'—Honest, Jim, thet's what she said. So I shet up pronto. . . . When I jest come away she said she'd walk a little in the orchard an' after goin' into the Wells-Fargo office she'd be ready."

"Have you double-crossed me?" queried Jim, suspicious of this boy. "You were to make me out low-down."

"Jim, honest to Gawd, if thet gurl ain't scared to death of you she's a new one on me," declared Barnes. But there was fun and evasion in his keen, hazel eyes. Somehow he had failed to follow instructions.

"I'll go in the Chink's here and get a bite to eat. You watch the horses."

Upon his return Jim espied Miss Herrick emerging from the yard of Mrs. Bowe's lodging house. She carried the linen coat on her arm, and without it did not appear so tall. She had a wonderful step, a free, swinging, graceful stride, expressive of health and vitality. She did not look slender, as in the long ulster, but superb, broad of shoulder. She wore a half-length coat over her brown dress. It had a collar of dark fur which presented vivid contrast to her exquisite complexion. The veil was tucked back and now permitted sight of a wave of shining, golden hair. At a little distance her eyes looked like great, dark holes set in white. But as she approached Jim saw that they were violet in hue, warm, beautiful, fearless.

"Are we ready to go?" she asked, gayly.

"Yes, if you have seen the Fargo people," replied Jim.

"I have it in my satchel," she returned, indicating the half-hidden receptacle under her linen coat.

JIM tried to interest himself in that satchel because he was in league with robbers, but it did not work. Suddenly he had a murderous desire to kill Hays. This girl—for she appeared a girl in vivid freshness of youth—seemed not in the least frightened, absolutely free from revulsion. Indeed she was regarding him with undisguised interest and delight.

"Mr. Jim Wall, you're not in the least what my brother's letters have led me to believe," she said.

"Letters!—Why, Herrick has not had time to write about me," exclaimed Jim, incredulously. "It takes long for a stage letter to go. . . . I've been at Star Ranch only a few days."

"Oh, he did not write about *you*, individually," she laughed. "But from his letters about bandits and desperadoes I had evolved a rather frightful conception."

"Thank you, Miss Herrick," he replied gravely. "Don't trust appearances on our Western border. . . . Will you get up? We must be going."

And he attempted to assist her inside the back seat of the buckboard.

"If you are going to drive I want to sit in front," she said, frankly.

WITH a bow he helped her up the high step, cursing inwardly at Hank Hays and Herrick and the inscrutable fate that had brought this about. For some way or other he was lost. He almost forgot to wait for Barnes, who was saying good-by to a red-cheeked, wide-eyed girl in the crowd. Barnes came running to leap into the buckboard, and then Jim got in. Owing to the way he had packed the baggage there was not a great deal of room in the front seat. His heavy gun and sheath bumped against Miss Herrick.

"Rather tight quarters, with that gun there," he remarked, and swung the sheath round in his lap.

"Do you sleep in it?" she asked, quizzically.

"Yes. And never am dressed in the daytime till it's buckled on."

"What startling folk, you Western Americans!"

"Some of us are indeed startling. I hope you won't find us unpleasantly so," he replied, and loosening the reins let the spirited team go. In a few moments the noise, dust, heat and the staring populace of Grand Junction had been left far behind, and the red and black ranges lifted above the meadows and sage.

"Oh, glorious!" she cried, and gazed raptly ahead as the curving road brought into view a wonderful sweep of Utah.

Jim was hard put to it to keep the blacks from breaking out of a brisk trot. He thought grimly that he would have liked to let the team run off and kill them both. Far better that than what might be! Miss Herrick's photograph on her brother's desk fell infinitely short of doing her justice. It failed to give any hint of her color, of the vivid lips, of the glory and gleam of her hair, of the dancing, laughing violet eyes, of her pulsing vitality. Jim Wall felt the abundant life of this girl. It flowed out of her. It got into his veins. It heated his blood.

"The wind makes me cry," she said, merrily. "Or maybe it's because I'm so happy. You say we'll get to Star Ranch before dark?"

"Surely."

"Oh, it's been such a long, slow, dusty, cramped journey," she exclaimed. "But now I want to see, to smell, to feel, to gloat."

"Miss Herrick, this is fine country. But tame compared to that all about the Henrys. You will see them when we top the next hill. I've seen most of the West. And the canyon desert below Star Ranch is the wildest and most sublime of all the West, probably of the whole world."

"Indeed. You speak strongly, not to say surprisingly. It never occurred to me that a gunman—that is what you are, is it not?—could have any appreciation of the wonder and beauty of nature."

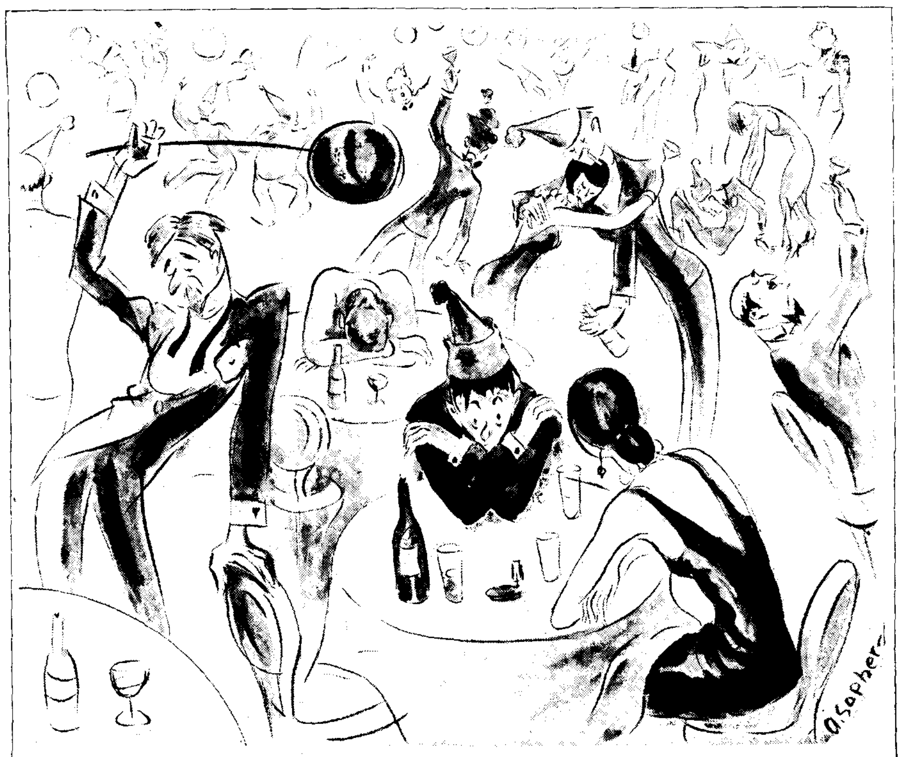
"A common mistake, Miss Herrick," rejoined Jim. "Nature develops the men who spend their lonely, hard, bloody lives with her. Mostly she makes them into beasts, with self-preservation the only instinct, but it is conceivable that one now and then might develop the opposite way."

"You interest me," she replied, simply. "Tell me of this canyon desert and such men."

JIM talked for a full hour, inspired by her unflagging interest. He described the magnificent reaches and escarpments ending in Wild Horse Mesa, and the unknown canyoned abyss between it and Navajo Mountain, and lastly, the weird, ghastly brakes of the Dirty Devil.

"Ugh, how you make me shiver!" she ejaculated. "But it's wonderful. I'm sick of people, of fog, rain, dirt, cold, noise. I'd like to get lost down in those red canyons!"

(*To be continued next week*)



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The Duchess of Yorkville

Continued from page 20

Cannes, and her wan, equine visage appeared in all the high-toned magazines, gazing with horrid boredom at horse races, polo matches or the sea, or whatever she happened to be gazing at.

She slumped into a chair and directed Miss Ross to show her some costumes for the ball, and one gathered that in her opinion it did not matter what a Crosbie wore, and the whole idea of a fancy dress party was nauseous, anyhow. Miss Ross instantly produced their prize number: an ornate and charming arrangement of tones of gray, bedecked with seed-pearls, a copy of a court dress worn by the lamented Lady Jane Grey, and costing, though price was never vulgarly stressed at Clinton's, seventeen hundred dollars.

"Let me see it on a model," drawled Miss Crosbie and lit a cigarette eight inches long. But the models were all engaged and a Crosbie must not be kept waiting, so Miss Ross called:

"Miss Mulligan, Miss Mulligan, show this lady this little number."

The duchess checked a pout. She was a stock girl and paid a stock girl's wage; but she scrambled out of her own clothes and into those of the beheaded Lady Jane and revolved before Miss Crosbie's bilious eyes.

"Tawdry," stated Miss Crosbie. "Excessively tawdry. Take it away. Show me something with more dash and life in it."

So the duchess was waved away, and Miss Crosbie selected a costume of some minor court lady, a rather hideous cerise affair.

"Fix it to fit me and send it to my room at the Hotel Rhonda before nine tonight," she ordered.

Miss Ross bobbed and smiled and said:

"But certainly, mademoiselle," for she had once made a buying trip to Paris.

Slowly the duchess divested herself of the Lady Jane Grey costume, slowly and regretfully, for, she knew, it was perfect for her. Even the special shoes fitted her fairly well. She gazed at her lithe, graceful figure in its few ounces of bargain-basement underwear.

"Wasted," exclaimed the duchess, in the privacy of the fitting booth. She rolled her blue eyes tragically. "Wasted! Oh, what the hell."

She carefully put the costume back on a wooden dummy, and slipped into her black satin dress, badge of her tribe, cursed all the Crosbies and their ilk for a time, and then realized by the way her feet ached that it was closing time. Her heart ached, too, that night. She was headed for the time clock at the employees' exit when the crisp voice of Miss Ross halted her:

"Miss Mulligan, you'll have to stand up the boy friend tonight. I got a job for you."

"What job?" asked the duchess, trying not to seem as sour as she felt.

"You got to stick around and deliver that costume to Miss Crosbie. Take it to her at Room 349, at the Rhonda, by eight—she's dressing there so she can get downstairs to the ball without getting mussed—and maybe she'll give you a buck."

SO THE duchess went to a white-tile restaurant near the store and morosely ate corned-beef hash with dropped egg, pancakes, sponge cake and ice cream, and said, viciously, "What's the use of trying to keep my figure? A fat lot it'll ever get me."

She collected the box containing the Crosbie costume from a tired-eyed seamstress in the alteration department, and she was going toward the stairs when she came face to face with Lady Jane Grey, who, or so it seemed to the duchess, gave her a smug and scornful look.

"Yah—you sneering dummy, you!" said the duchess. Then, abruptly, her lips made a straight, determined line.

"I'm not going to be young much longer," she said. "I've got to have *some* fun, I guess."

With quick, nervous hands she stripped the costume from the dummy, from wig to shoes, packed it in a box, and clutching the two boxes to her hard-pumping heart she sailed past the night watchman.

SHE was in a taxi bound for the hotel before she realized the enormity of what she had done. It wasn't stealing, exactly, but it was close enough. Full well she knew the reputation of Rufus Clinton as a rigid disciplinarian, to whom the least button in his button department was sacred. She had always avoided any personal contact with the great man by the simple expedient of hiding in among the dresses when he made a tour of his store, but she had a very clever picture of him—an ogre, seven feet tall, with ruthless, all-seeing eyes, a terrible old man, with no human juices; and, shivering in the taxi, she saw herself cowering in his presence as he rasped her with rebukes, discharged her in disgrace and, perhaps, even, had her thrown into a clammy dungeon.

"I guess it won't hurt the old tyrant," she said, to still her jumping heart, "if I just slip on this dress in my own room tonight and pretend I'm at the ball. I guess he won't be looking in the window."

The duchess found Miss Crosbie lying on her bed in an advanced state of negligee, patently bored already by the ball, and a trifle the worse for side-car cocktails.

"Your costume, Miss Crosbie," said the duchess. "Where shall I put it?"

"On me, of course," said Miss Crosbie.

The duchess flushed and her impulse was to heave the box at the recumbent lady, snort and flounce out of the room; but she did nothing of the sort. Instead, she said, "Oui, mademoiselle," and tried to look French, which was all lost on Miss Crosbie, who was helping herself to her fifth side-car.

The lethargic Miss Crosbie suffered her lank limbs to be inserted into the cerise court dress, grumbling, and saying at intervals, "Why did I ever come to this tawdry mess of a party anyhow?" Then she spied the second box.

"What's that?" she asked.

The duchess had quick powers of invention.

"The Lady Jane Grey costume," she replied. "I thought you might prefer it to the other, so I brought both."

Miss Crosbie, daubing on make-up, scowled.

"I do look like a string of tomatoes in this rag," she said. "Let me see the other one."

The duchess opened the box and displayed the habiliments of Lady Jane. Miss Crosbie made a wry face.

"Chuck it out of the window," she said.

She gulped down the last cocktail in the silver shaker, and stalked out. No dollar, no thanks, no smile. The duchess stood there holding the raiment of Lady Jane, and her blue eyes were snapping.

"Lummox!" said the duchess, distinctly. "Puffed-up, piggy, tawdry lummox!"

She began, angrily, to pack Lady Jane Grey back into her box. She stroked the pleasant-feeling silk. Then, tentatively, she tried on the wig. The designer, with scant sanction from history, had endowed Lady Jane with a wig of the richest red.

"Anyhow," said the duchess, standing off to admire herself, "*I* don't look like a string of tomatoes." And then—

An idea, as alarming and as fascinating as a new sin, leaped out of one of her brain cells. No stranger to temptation, which she had met, eye to eye, in many forms, the duchess knew that now she was face to face with a temptation of high voltage and terrifying possibilities. The bold fancy which exigently beckoned to her was to don the garb of Lady Jane and go to the ball.

When she came there she had never intended to do anything so daring, so rash. Her plan had been to put on the dress in her own room, to dazzle the Buxbaums a while, and then, in solitary state, to stage an imaginary ball, with ginger ale playing the rôle of champagne, and the radio of the Hungarian family across the court supplying the music. Now she knew that she wanted the reality, wanted it more than anything she had ever wanted in a life of acute and expert wanting.

"Guess I better not do it. Suppose I got caught. But who would catch me? In this wig I don't know myself, hardly. It wouldn't hurt anybody if I just went down and peeped at their lousy old ball. No, I better not take a chance—"

But as she talked she was wiggling out of her drab cocoon and dressing up in the costume of Lady Jane.

ABOUT the room was littered a stock of expensive toilet goods—powders, rouges, pencils and quart flasks of the kind of perfume that costs a dollar a sniff.

"I'll just see how I'd look," said the duchess, and penciled on a new set of dark eyebrows and outraged the shade of the demure Lady Jane by adding a bright magenta mouth and two heart-shaped beauty patches.

She backed away from the tall mirror and elevated one eyebrow and one shoulder, in a pose of hauteur.

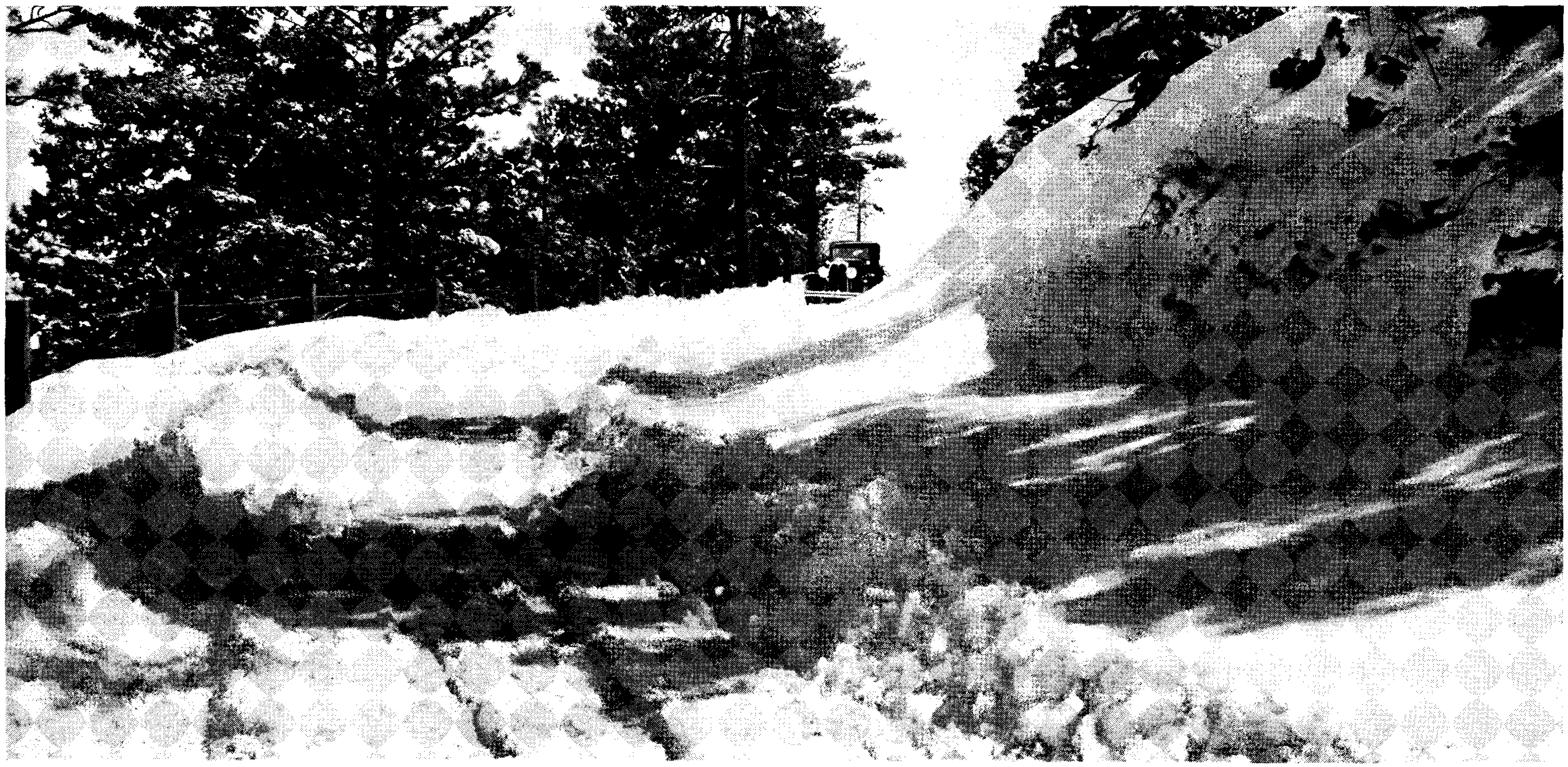
"Gee," breathed the duchess, in an awed voice, "I certainly am beautiful. If I passed up this chance, I'd be a—a—well, a regular old Judas, that's what I'd be."

With that she swept out of the room, rustled down the corridor, and stepped with assurance into the elevator reserved for guests at the ball. In it was an Earl of Essex, assorted lesser courtiers, three Shakespeares (one sober), two Bluff King Hals, large-bosomed ladies-in-waiting, a page boy in velvet, conscious of her legs, an uninspired Columbine and a perspiring gentleman who had smeared himself with grease-paint and was supposed to be an American Indian, and regretted it. The duchess was swept along with the others into the spacious and glittering ballroom. It was even more thrillingly lovely than she had imagined it.

The duchess was intoxicated. She was intoxicated as efficiently and as exhilaratingly as Miss Crosbie with all her cocktails. The loud, sweet, stirring din of the music, the many gay lights, the brilliant whirlpool of people lifted her out of herself and made her as mad and giddy and happy as if she had consumed a magnum of old champagne. She ceased to be Boadicea Mulligan, ceased utterly. She was Lady Jane

(*Continued on page 54*)

Ethyl users don't worry *about* "WINTER GASOLINE"



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"QUICK-STARTING GAS" means gasoline of low boiling point, simply that. Low-boiling gasoline vaporizes more easily and therefore gives quick starting in cold weather.

Because quick starting is a real winter help, the leading oil refining companies mixing Ethyl Gasoline use a more volatile base gasoline in cold weather. Stop at the pump with the Ethyl emblem, and you are sure of gasoline that gives quick starting. But remember also, please, when you see the Ethyl emblem; it stands for *more* than a cold-weather gasoline.

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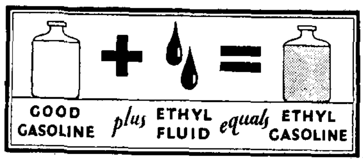

The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

ETHYL GASOLINE

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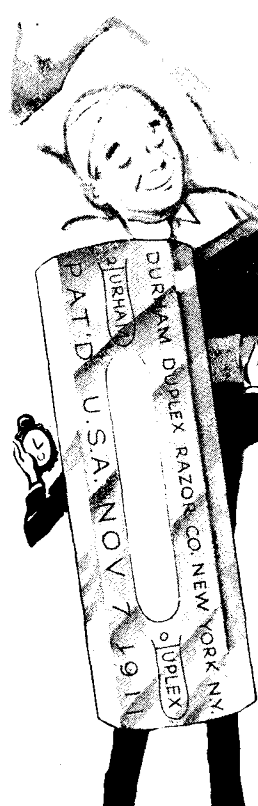
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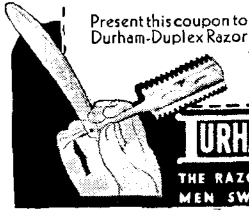


DURHAM-DUPLEX
THE RAZOR WITH THE BLADES MEN SWEAR BY — *NOT AT*

The Duchess of Yorkville

Continued from page 52

Grey. She had only the foggiest idea who Lady Jane was, confusing her with Virginia Dare and Cleopatra, but whoever Lady Jane was, she was.

By a pillar the duchess paused and watched the swirling, multihued dancers. Her feet, under her long skirt, moved restlessly. She became aware that at a table nearby two people were sitting, and one of them she saw, with a wrench of alarm, was Miss Crosbie.

But that lady had reached the delectable stage where she was incapable of distinguishing a hippopotamus from a stuffed olive. Her companion was a tall, dark, youngish man, with a reasonably strong chin, and he was clad in a court costume of imperial purple, and was explaining to Miss Crosbie that he was the Earl of Leicester, a statement which seemed to bore her exquisitely.

"I BEG your pardon, but have I not the honor of addressing Lady Jane Grey?"

She turned, and it was the Earl of Leicester, himself, standing at her elbow, and he was smiling, an easy, friendly smile.

"Yes," said the duchess, pleasantly. She glanced over her shoulder and noted that Miss Crosbie was napping peacefully on the shoulder of a vast gentleman got up as rare Ben Jonson.

The earl bowed low.

"May I have the extreme pleasure of treading a measure with you?" he said.

"If you mean dance, you're on," said the duchess, and fluttered her beaded eyelids coyly.

"Marvelous music," he observed as they glided away.

"Divine," said the duchess.

"You dance superbly."

"You're no cripple yourself," smiled the duchess.

"My name," said the young man, "is John Garrison."

"And a very good name it is, too," said the duchess.

"That's not the right answer," he said. "You're supposed to say, 'And mine is Sylvia Kingsley or Diana Dinkelspiel or whatever your name is, and I live at such a number Park Avenue, and I'm not engaged, and I'm rather partial to young lawyers, even if they make less than fifteen thousand a year—' "

"Consider it said," said the duchess, "all except the name and address. Tonight let me be a lady of mystery."

"Please tell me your name," he said.

"No," said the duchess, in her high state full of happy inspirations. "We meet, we dance, we even flirt a little, we part, we forget. We have been happy, so what of it?"

"But I must know who you are," said the young man. "Truly I must."

"Very well, then," said the duchess. "I'll tell you this much: I'm a stock girl in a Fifth Avenue department store, I make eighteen a week, and I'm an orphan. I've been kissed a few times, but never seriously. My mother was a nurse and my father was a janitor, and I came here to deliver a costume, got tempted, put on this rig, sneaked into the ball and here I am, having a great time, but scared to death I'll get caught—"

The young man laughed.

"Even lawyers have some sense," he said. "You don't fool me for a second, Lady Jane. Let's sit down at that vacant table. I want to talk to you."

She let him steer her to a table.

"Listen to me," he said, in a low voice. "The real reason I came here was to keep an eye on my uncle. A decent old egg, but inclined to get playful and jump through bass drums. Then I saw you. I've been watching you ever since you came on the floor. I must know who you are. Please tell."

"I did tell you," said the duchess, steadily. "I wouldn't kid you. I like your face. I'm nobody. Nothing. I've no right to be here. You run along and marry Miss Crosbie. She's your kind. I'm not. Marry her—"

"I've had the opportunity," said the young man, dryly. "No, thanks. I'm sick of all the Miss Crosbies in the blue book. I'm looking for somebody genuine, somebody who hasn't been everywhere and seen everything and loathed it all—somebody with dreams—"

"I've got dreams, all right," said the duchess. "But—oh, what's the use?"

"Lunch with me tomorrow. Meet me at the Dorn at one. Say you will."

"I will not," said the duchess. "Let's enjoy ourselves tonight and forget tomorrow."

"I won't forget you," the young man said. "Please drop the farce. Who are you?"

"Lady Jane Grey. Let's dance."

"Give me some clew," persisted the young man. "You know, the way they do in treasure hunts—some clue so I may find you—"

The duchess thought a second.

"All right," she said, and pressed her thumb to her crimson lips and then pushed it against the bosom of his white silk shirt. He looked down at the red thumb-print and laughed.

"Swell idea," he said. "Find the thumb and you find the lady. I'll find you, Lady Jane, if I have to thumb-print every girl in the Social Register. I'll find you in a week. I'll bet I will—"

"You'll lose," said the duchess. "Are we going to dance or play dominoes?"

THEY had arisen to dance when a bulbous old party in the brown robes of a begging friar came toward them, beaming. He looked like a benevolent medicine ball.

"Oh, hello," said the young man. "O. K. so far?"

"Oh. boy!" said the friar. "Oh, boy!"

"Lady Jane Grey, may I present old Father Clinton?"

"Charmed," said the friar, and twinkled roguish eyes at her. "I may be sixty-four," he announced to the world generally, "but I feel twenty-two. Whoopee, and a bevy of oo-la-las!"

He did a short, unsteady jig, flopped into a chair, plucked a huge flask from his robe, and took a drink.

Then he winked at the duchess.

"That's a very beautiful dress you have on, my pigeon," he said. "Some dress."

"Thank you, sir," said the duchess.

"You'd better rest a while," said the young man to the friar. "We're going to dance."

"Dance, my little dears," said the friar. "Don't blame me if you're not happy."

They danced.

"Pleasant old fish," said the duchess. "I didn't catch his name. "

"No matter. But what is yours?"

"No matter."

She had to exercise marked ingenuity to keep him from seeing her home. She hid in a phone booth, slipped out, stole back to Room 349 and retrieved her own clothes. Miss Crosbie was there, in bed, but Miss Crosbie would not have noticed if somebody had tattooed the battle of Waterloo on her torso. It was dawn when the duchess got home. When she had closed and locked the door of her home, she looked at herself in the early light. Then she began to blubber.

"I'm a tawdry simp," she cried. "It's the Eddie Masons for me. Oh, dear—"

Very carefully she hung up the attire of Lady Jane and, too excited to sleep, waited for the alarm clock to imitate an angry hornet at six-fifteen.

SHE was the first person to enter the modernistic gates of Clinton's that morning, and her first act was to put the Lady Jane costume back on the proper dummy. She felt a wave of relief as she did it. The costume was unruffled, unsullied; but, as she buttoned the buttons, the duchess knew that her great adventure was over.

Toward noon a man burst into the department, a rotund, hatless, bald-domed, important-looking man, who seemed, somehow, dimly familiar to the duchess.

"Where's buyer? Where's Ross?" he ejaculated, evidently no waster of words.

"Yes, Mr. Clinton," cooed Miss Ross, in honeyed accents; and the duchess wanted to faint but did not know how; for, indubitably, this was the begging friar of the ball, and also Mr. Rufus Clinton, her sovereign majesty.

"We had a Lady Jane Grey costume," said Mr. Clinton. "Who bought it?"

"Why, nobody," answered Miss Ross. "It hasn't left the store."

"Fiddlesticks," exploded Mr. Clinton. "Saw it last night. Only costume like it in town. Somebody bought it. Who? Who?"

"Nobody bought it, Mr. Clinton," said Miss Ross. "Pos-i-tively. See, it's right over there."

Mr. Clinton goggled at Lady Jane. He scratched his head.

"Looks to me," he declared, "as if somebody in the store pinched it. Got to find out who. Almost no hips, she had. Grand figger. One of the models, maybe. Trot 'em out."

The Misses Sigsbee, Rosen, Wrenn and Fay were duly trotted out.

"Couldn't be one of them," decided Mr. Clinton. "Wrong legs. Got to find out, though. Got a clew. A thumb-print. By gollies, I'm going to find out if I have to finger-print every last one of you."

The duchess, very feeble, almost ill, had been trying to ease herself into a fitting booth. Now she came forward. All was lost and she knew it; so she comforted herself with the defiant brazenness of utter desperation:

"Mr. Clinton."

"Hey? What?"

"I wore it."

He stared at her.

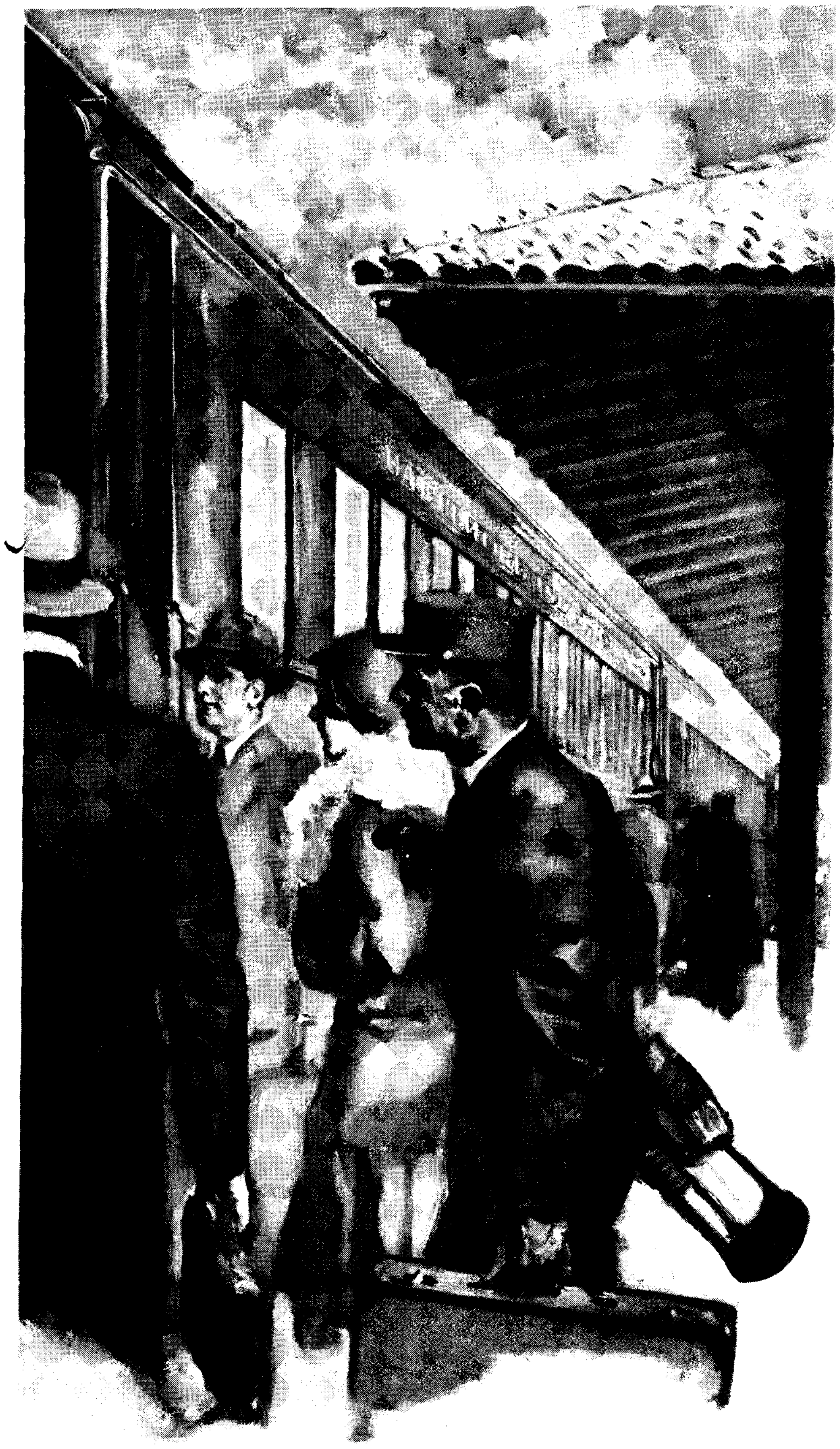
"You did, hey? Against the rules. You know that."

"Yes, I know," said the duchess, and all her assurance began to melt away, "but, Mr. Clinton, a girl is only young once, and maybe not then, and it was wrong, and I'm sorry, but I didn't hurt the dress—and I—I—resign—"

"Young idiot," said Mr. Clinton, succinctly. "Everybody was asking where dress came from. I told 'em. Good advertising. Stop looking as if I were going to eat you. I'm not. No such idea. Don't give a hang about the dress—but never do it again. Ask me first. Nice party, what? Reason I wanted to find out who wore it is that I promised my nephew, Johnny Garrison, I would. You remember Johnny Garrison? He's waiting upstairs in my office now. You coming with me, or you going to have a fit, Miss What-ever-your-name is?"

"I'm coming," said the duchess.

Many people *feel that they personally* have discovered the B & O



THERE are people who seem to have a flair for discovery.

They know the hotels where rooms seem more homelike, the linen cleaner, the beds softer, the staff more genuinely willing to help. They can guide you to delightful and unsuspected places to eat. They hunt out the better stores, the bargains in quaint little shops.

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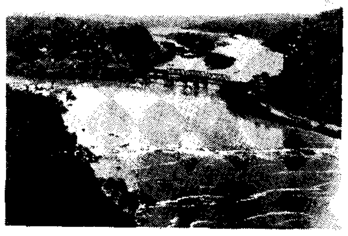

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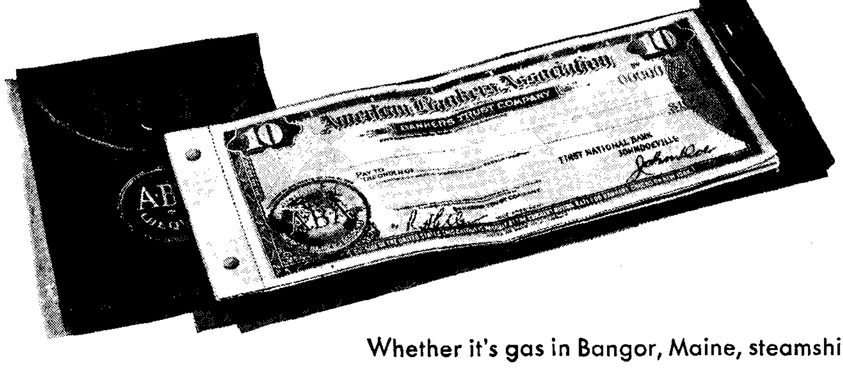

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Decorated by the Queen

Continued from page 21

The exaggerated curviness, the joy of ornament that distinguishes these Victorian pieces is good for almost any interior, but even this little must be deftly handled to bring it into harmony with the color sense of today. Take, for example, a tufted chair originally upholstered in high-pile olive-green mohair. Keep its outline, but give it modern gayety by doing it in brilliant green satin, or in white leather if the silhouette is sturdier. Tufting today is no dust-catcher, thanks to the vacuum cleaner that forms part of the equipment of every house. When the satin is really dirty, the chair may be packed off to our marvelous modern cleaners.

The Cleaning Problem

When the white leather reaches the same state, one may have recourse to soap. Moire, needlework, corduroy, the thin cotton and silk velvets are all good for such metamorphoses if chosen in light or bright colors. A heavier color must have distinction, with due attention to texture. Washable leathers now come in any color—bright blue, pale blue, pink and green, in addition to my favorite white.

Furniture, of course, isn't the only treasure-trove in this new craze. Flowered carpets come in for a good deal of attention—indeed, too much New York demand has already been felt for my own purpose. But those of you who live in conservative sections of the country ought to be able to pick up such carpets for very little.

Flowered and scrolled wall papers are another revival of the moment. By much footwork I think I've managed to corner most of those in the New York area, but there must be hundreds and thousands of rolls scattered around through America, leading dust-covered lives on top shelves in shops that have been somnolent for many years. Naturally you will be careful not to put too scrolled a paper on walls above a floor with a carpet aggressively in the same feeling. Here, perhaps, white walls would be best; but "bluing blue," lavender or that rich Victorian red look marvelous against such a floor. If paper is used, however, don't be afraid to hang pictures against it if they're in scale and have heavy enough frames.

Coming to the smaller items eagerly looked for by modern Victorians, we might mention papier-mâché in any of its numerous forms, alabaster urns and vases to be left as they are or made into lamps, old drug-store bottles to play the same rôles, groups of flowers under glass, statues that one picks up outside junkshops and puts on the terrace or even in the hallway, chandeliers that take hours of good careful handling when their crystals need washing, footstools to be reupholstered in colors that would have seemed immodest below Victorian skirts, Parian marble hands holding a lily, to be used as is, or, in our own fashion, enlarged tremendously to form a lighting fixture from which the rays are thrown upward.

I'm often asked why, in my opinion, this Victorian revival has caught on as it has. To me, it seems self-evident that it comes as a swing of the decorative pendulum away from our recent humorless restraints and prim conventions. Just as the late Victorian jig-saw produced William Morris in England and Mission in America as a return to simplicity, so the riot of "period stuff" with topnotch prices and too careful reproducing of old-time interiors gave us the modernist school of stark line and rigid elimination. But, as every movement has a limit from which popular taste starts back in the other direction, so modernism, I believe, has been responsible for this return to a certain degree of sentiment and a larger sense of delight.

You'll notice that the new school, using Victorian line and early Victorian color, combined with the very modern, produces what is at the moment the most sophisticated, and we gladly acknowledge our debts to past and present. In order to give you an idea of just how our redressed Victorian pieces look in their 1930 settings, I'm adding two color schemes as a postscript.

Suppose we have a drawing-room of large proportions, hung in a very bright lemon-yellow striped moire wall paper with a paper border showing drapery in turquoise on a white background with cinnamon brown moldings. The woodwork is white, the mantel white marble. The floor is carpeted in plain turquoise blue. The curtains are of old printed flowered mohair with a pale blue background and a draped valance of turquoise satin. There is a Venetian glass chandelier. The walnut furniture is upholstered in turquoise satin, yellow velvet, red moire and flowered needlework. There are big alabaster lamps and papier-mâché tables.

Again, we have a huge Victorian dining-room in which the original furniture must be used, though it isn't terribly good in design. The walls are white with a painted, scrolled-and-flowered panel border and a yellow ceiling, since the room has rather a cold light. The woodwork is walnut. The carpet is of a large flowered design. The curtains are draped white organdie with a fringe made of huge white pearls. There is a crystal chandelier with engraved and cut-glass shades for candles, but the room is usually lighted from four big vases made from the enlarged Parian marble hands previously mentioned, each holding a lily that sprays the illumination up to the yellow ceiling. These stand on white column pedestals in each corner. The furniture, very much tufted, is upholstered in shiny red satin, so that its color becomes more noticeable than its line.

A Matter of Temperament

Often I am asked if this return to Victoriana shows any tendency to decree an age limit for its adherents, and my answer is that the qualifying factor is more likely to be a matter of temperament. While those who experienced a bad childhood at Grandmother's are perhaps less likely to come in than their friends born too late for such a blight, still many of these older people seem able to overlook their early years, or, indeed, to develop an odd and rather wistful affection for them. In the main, however, those who slip easily into the Victorian mode are younger, and they like to take their decoration a bit lightly, having seen everything else that is offered and having tried most of it. There has been so much efficiency talk among the apostles of modernism and so much polite hokum among many of the established decorators in collecting, placing and pricing antiques that the more genial souls of the sophisticated world are out to be gay and close their purses against both schools. We may be modernists and traditionalists at times, but as to those who think themselves engaged in dividing the world between them—let's give them the slip and again raid the attic!

Clean inside-well outside!

and they look it!

★

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SIX and sixty are pretty good pals—for six never has a thought that isn't full of sunshine, and sixty is one of those rare old ladies who has learned how to live. They both get their brimming and joyous health the same way—and a simple, normal, natural way it is, too.

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as the doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

The tonic effect of Nujol on the whole body is due to the way it helps you without the weakening effect of drugs. As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Why? Because it's common sense that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of keeping well—and therefore happy—all the time.

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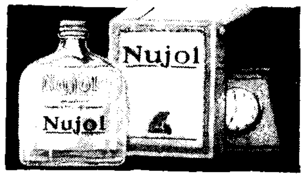
Nujol



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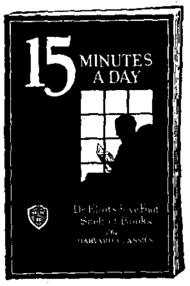

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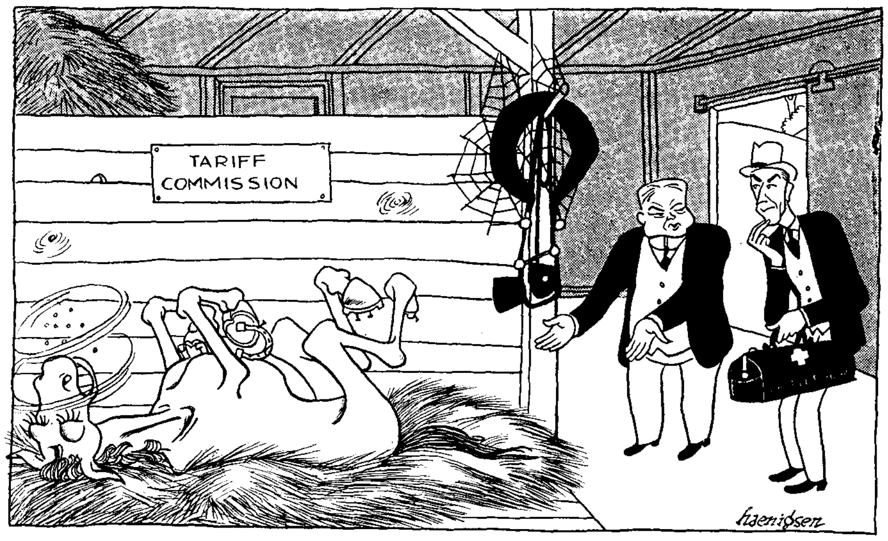

Man of the World

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

WHEN President Hoover announced the choice of Henry P. Fletcher as chairman of the new Tariff Commission, Washington was astonished. Why Henry Fletcher, a career diplomat who had no special knowledge of the tariff?

I understand that when the President offered him the place Mr. Fletcher was equally astonished, and protested to the best of his ability that it was not in his line. And it was only when Mr. Hoover assured Mr. Fletcher that the appointment was not for the purpose of "recognizing" him but because he was exactly the man for the position that Mr. Fletcher agreed to accept. And the President probably made a very intelligent choice, if his purpose was, as it seems to have been, to make something out of the Tariff Commission.

For the Tariff Commission was conceived in insincerity and born in bunk. The politicians created it to make tariff acts more palatable. When a tariff act had been passed and its authors were afraid of the political consequences, they could point to the "experts" who would correct its faults. And the commission was made up in about equal parts of lame ducks and college professors, until President Coolidge, having perfect contempt for it, put tariff lobbyists in it.

If there is anyone who rates lower in Washington than a lame duck it is a college professor. Further to limit the effectiveness of the commission, Congress provided that it must investigate production costs at home and abroad. This was like giving a child swan's-down and molasses to play with.

Washington's Ugly Duckling

It took the commission a year and a half to conduct an investigation, and the President would pigeonhole its report, unless by chance an excuse was furnished for him to raise tariff rates. The commission was housed in an old barracks out of the way. Its members were obscure and unimportant.

Now all that has been changed. The new commission has a sort of general authority. It may consider factors of competition that Congress did not think about. The act almost says the commission may decide that no one who has red hair may have the benefits of protection. One may conceive the terrors of Congress over the political effects of the Hawley-Smoot Act when it was willing to hand this blank check to the new commission.

Fully as important, perhaps, as all this is the appointment of Mr. Fletcher as chairman. He is no hole-in-the-wall commissioner. The new chairman is more nearly a man of the world perhaps than anyone else in Washington.

I have called him a career diplomat, but merely to explain the surprise at his appointment. The words hardly do justice to Mr. Fletcher, for most of our recent career diplomats are primarily clotheshorses. Mr. Fletcher is a politician who went into diplomacy and stayed in it long enough to be known rather as a diplomat than as a politician. His experiences in diplomacy relieved him of some of the provincialism of our politicians. And these experiences did not make him a mere social figure.

Fletcher Knows the Ropes

He will be seen about Washington of an evening. The influential in that city will be reminded that there is such a thing as a Tariff Commission. He is an amusing person with a lot of friends.

He has not that awe of the great which cripples so many efforts in Washington. There are probably several partners in J. P. Morgan & Co. that he can call by their first names. I say this not to suggest that it implies any special distinction but merely to show that he knows his way about in the world and that for a variety of reasons, personal, social and political, he will confer an importance on the Tariff Commission that it has not yet had. He has, moreover, the personal confidence of the President, which no previous tariff commissioner has ever had.

There is no doubt that he is a good high-protectionist. He comes from Pennsylvania and is a Republican. And, if more need be said, he was a loyal follower of Boies Penrose.

Mr. Fletcher's ambition is to be senator from Pennsylvania. And how does one become senator from Pennsylvania? The talk of his taking an international view of the tariff because of his long experience in diplomatic posts in various parts of the world is all moonshine. He is no more an internationalist than Reed Smoot is.

Being a politician he will, of course, have his ear to the ground regarding the tariff along with President Hoover. Like most amiable persons born to moderate wealth, and taking life adventurously—in the Rough Riders and then abroad in diplomacy—he has no great liking for heavy responsibilities, so he will assume no extreme position on the tariff. And he will be a popular chairman of a commission which has known little more than the contempt of President Coolidge's wastebasket.

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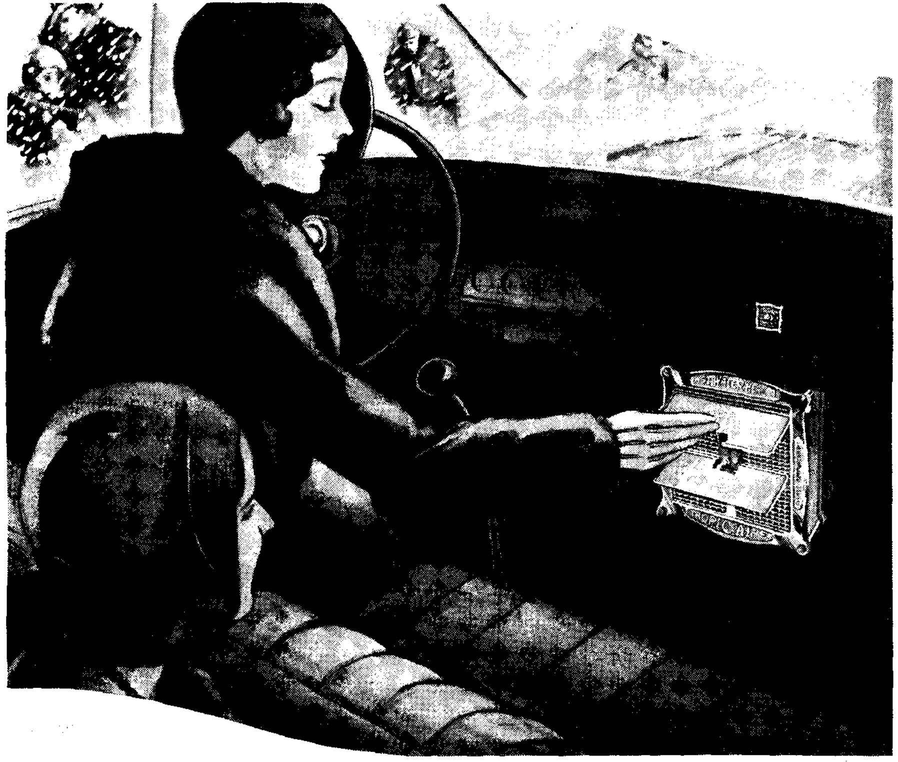

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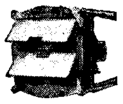

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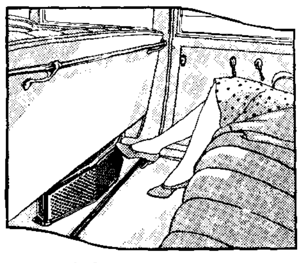

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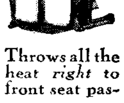


Throws all the heat *right* to front seat passenger

U. S. Pat. Nos. 1581761, 1668491, RE17131. Others pending.

Big Money

Continued from page 23

"Mr. Hoke," he announced in a rumbling bass.

And then, in a penetrating treble like a squeaking slate pencil:

"And Mr. Bellamy."

The Hoke-Bellamy combination then entered, both breezy. A very different person now, this J. B. Hoke, from the respectful underling who had yessed Mr. Frisby for so many years.

" 'Morning, Pat," said Mr. Hoke.

"Good morning, Mr. Frisby," said his companion.

"Well, well, well, well!" said Mr. Hoke. "You're looking fine."

"How are you, Bellamy?" said Mr. Robbins.

"Fine. And you?"

"In capital health, thank you."

"Splendid," said Mr. Bellamy.

He took a chair. J. B. Hoke took a chair. Mr. Robbins took a chair. Mr. Frisby had a chair already.

The conference was on.

WHEN the public reads in its morning paper that a merger has been formed between two financial enterprises, it is probably a little vague as to what exactly are the preliminaries that have to be gone through in order to bring this union about. A description of what took place on the present occasion, therefore, can scarcely fail to be of interest.

J. B. Hoke began by asking Mr. Frisby how his golf game was coming along. Mr. Frisby's only reply being to bare his teeth like a trapped jackal, he went on to say that he himself, while noticeably improved off the tee, still found difficulty in laying his short mashie approaches up to the pin. Whether it was too much right hand or too little left hand, Mr. Hoke could not say, but he doubted if he put one shot in seven just where he meant to. He was also dissatisfied with his putting.

"Well, take the other day, for instance, at Oxhey," said Mr. Hoke.

Business men learn to marshal their thoughts clearly. J. B. Hoke left his hearers in no doubt at all as to what had happened the other day at Oxhey. They might have been there in person.

When he had finished, Mr. Bellamy mentioned a similar experience he himself had had the Sunday before last down at Chislehurst.

"It's a funny game," said Mr. Bellamy.

"You bet it's a funny game," said Mr. Hoke.

"You never can tell about golf," said Mr. Bellamy.

"That's right," said Mr. Hoke. "It's funny. It's a game you never can tell about."

At this point Mr. Frisby said something under his breath and broke a pencil in half.

There followed a short pause.

Mr. Hoke, resuming, asked the meeting to stop him if they had heard it before, but did they know the story of the two Irishmen?

He proceeded to relate their adventures at considerable length, supplying dialogue, where the narrative called for it, in a strong Swedish accent.

Mr. Frisby did not chuckle. Nor did Mr. Robbins. Mr. Robbins took up his top hat, brushed it, eyed it expectantly for a moment, as if weighing the chances of a rabbit coming out of it, and then put it back on the desk again—reverently, as one feeling that there is a home beyond the skies. Mr. Frisby, after directing at Mr. Hoke a look of extraordinary sourness, picked up one of his cuffs and inscribed on it the words:

J. B. Hoke is a red-faced thug

Hoke said, "I heard a good one yesterday about two Jews."

Bellamy said, "What was that, J. B.?"

Hoke said, "Well, stop me if you've heard it before."

It was at this point that Mr. Robbins, of Robbins, Robbins, Robbins and Robbins, removing his gaze reluctantly from the hat, coughed in a suggestive sort of way like a distant sheep clearing its throat, and said, "Er—gentlemen."

"Yes," said J. B. Hoke with alacrity, realizing that the second stage in the formalities had now been reached, "let's get down to brass tacks."

There was a silence for some moments.

Mr. Frisby was the first to break it.

"I been wondering," said Mr. Frisby in a meditative voice.

"Yeah?" said J. B. Hoke. "What about?"

"Oh, nothing," said Mr. Frisby. "Just your initials. I was wondering what the B. stood for."

"Bernard," said Mr. Hoke, a little proudly.

"Oh?" said Mr. Frisby. "I thought it might be Barabbas."

"Hey!" said Mr. Hoke.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" said Mr. Robbins.

"Really, really!" said Mr. Bellamy.

"Is that actionable?" inquired Mr. Hoke of his legal adviser.

Mr. Bellamy shook his head.

"To constitute a tort, the words should have been accompanied by a blow or buffet."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Frisby, rising. "I didn't know. Well, here she comes."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen!" said Mr. Robbins, as if he were all four Robbinses speaking consecutively.

There was another silence.

"This sort of thing isn't going to get you anywheres," said Mr. Hoke reprovingly.

"Quite," said Mr. Robbins, gazing at his principal as at a favorite but erring son.

"Do please, gentlemen," said Mr. Bellamy, "let us try and endeavor and—er—attempt to steer clear of what you might call—er . . ."

"Cracks," said Mr. Hoke.

"Snacks," emended Mr. Bellamy.

"Verbal attacks," said Mr. Robbins. "Personal animadversions. Vituperation, as Mr. Hoke has remarked, will get us nowhere."

"NOT that we're trying to get anywhere," said Mr. Hoke, speaking now with a return of his former cheeriness. "Mean to say, we're here already. See what I mean? I mean there's nothing to chew the rag about. The thing's clear. I own the Dream Come True, don't I? Well, say, don't I? What I mean, if any poor fish present wants to argue otherwise, let him explain why. Let him tell this meeting what he thinks is eating him. Let him inform this meeting just where he imagines . . . Well, say, listen," he said, directing his fire immediately upon Mr. Frisby, "I take it you aren't disputing my title? Of course you aren't. Well, then, let's get down to it. Let's talk turkey."

"Turkey?" said Mr. Robbins.

"An American colloquialism," said Mr. Bellamy, "meaning, Let us concentrate on the—ah—*res*."

"Characteristically quaint," said Mr. Robbins.

Mr. Frisby, gallant in defeat, put a point.

"You may own the Dream Come True," he said, "just the same as Captain Kidd and Jesse James . . ."

"Please!" said Mr. Robbins.

"You may own the Dream Come True, but you can't get the stuff out of it. Not without using my spur line. You'll have to carry the stuff over the mountain on the backs of mules."

"My principal," said Mr. Bellamy, "is cognizant of that fact. Fully cognizant. It is for that reason that he has suggested this merger."

"Amalgamation," said Mr. Robbins.

"This amalgamation or merger," said Mr. Bellamy.

"And I think I may as well say frankly, my dear Frisby," said Mr. Robbins, "that in my opinion, my carefully considered opinion, there seems to be no other alternative before you but to accept the proposition on the lines laid down by Mr. Hoke."

A SHARP sound broke the silence which followed this observation. It was Mr. Frisby snorting. And with that snort ended what may be called the picturesque part of the proceedings. After that they became dull and technical, with the two lawyers taking matters in hand and doing all the talking.

Mr. Bellamy jotted down a rough memorandum, and handed it to Mr. Robbins, saying he hoped it covered everything. Mr. Robbins, producing a special pair of spectacles in honor of the importance of the moment, scanned it and said it seemed to cover everything. Mr. Bellamy then read it aloud, and Mr. Hoke said yes, that covered everything. Mr. Frisby just sat and suffered.

The two lawyers then left, chatting amiably about double burgage, heirs taken in socage, and the other subjects which always crop up when lawyers get together; and Mr. Hoke, having seen that the door was closed, approached Mr. Frisby's desk in a cautious and conspiratorial manner.

"Hey!" said Mr. Hoke.

Mr. Frisby looked up wanly.

"Haven't you gone?" he asked.

"No," said Mr. Hoke.

"Why not?" said Mr. Frisby inhospitably.

Mr. Hoke leaned over the desk.

"Say, listen," he said. "Now that those two have left, you and I can have a little friendly powwow."

Mr. Frisby's reply to this was to inform Mr. Hoke that in his opinion he, Mr. Hoke, was a robber, a despicable thief, a pickpocket and a body-snatcher. Once, said Mr. Frisby, when out in Mexico, he had seen a rattlesnake. He had not liked the rattlesnake—indeed, he had formed a very low opinion of its charm and integrity—but, nevertheless, if it came to friendly powwows, he would choose the serpent every time in preference to Mr. Hoke. Rather than pow with Mr. Hoke, he would wow with a hundred rattlesnakes. This, he explained, was because he considered Mr. Hoke a hound, a worm, a skunk, a ghoul and a low-down, black-hearted hijacker.

"Yes, but all kidding aside," said Mr. Hoke amiably; "listen. Now that we're partners, you and me, here's something we got to make up our minds about. How do you feel about the shareholders? What I mean, what's your reaction to the idea of the shareholders getting money that we could both of us use quite nicely ourselves? What I mean, when do we spill the news of this new reef on the Dream Come True? Before we've bought in all the stock, or after?"

Mr. Frisby said nothing.

"It's going to mean a difference of fifty points on the share when the thing comes out. Fifty? It might be a hundred. You never can tell where she'll stop, once they start buying. And if you say you'd like to be loaded up with Horned Toad at four and watch her shooting into the eighties and nineties, you'll only be saying the same as me."

Mr. Frisby chewed his fountain pen reflectively.

"You know what copper's like," urged Mr. Hoke. "It's one thing or the other with copper. Either it's down in the cellar, or else it's up singing with the angels. One of the first stocks I ever bought was Green Cananea at twenty-five. I sold at fifty, and kicked myself every morning till it hit two hundred. Today, you could buy up all the Horned Toad shares you wanted and still have plenty over for a good meal and a couple of cigars. And a week after this information about the Dream Come True gets out Threadneedle Street will have to hock its undervest if it wants to blow itself to more than about half a dozen. That's how good that stock is going to be. I'm telling you. What we want to do, you and me, is to get together and have a little gentlemen's agreement."

"Who are the gentlemen?" asked Mr. Frisby, interested.

"You and me."

"Ah!" said Mr. Frisby.

Mr. Hoke proceeded:

"It wouldn't take us long to corner that stock at rock-bottom prices. It would be pie. What I mean, it isn't as if the Horned Toad was a Kennecott or an Anaconda. It's always been halfway between a may-be and a never-waser. If you start selling shares a couple of thousand at a time, folks'll soon begin to sit up and take notice."

Mr. Frisby bridled a little. He shifted irritably in his chair. It offended his *amour propre* that his companion should imagine it necessary to instruct him in the a-b-c's of market-rigging.

"You go to your broker and start selling," proceeded Mr. Hoke, not observing these signs of impatience, "and you can bet he'll do something about it. He'll notify his clients that the president of Horned Toad is getting out from under and that things look fishy. They'll tumble over themselves to unload."

"Naturally," said Mr. Frisby.

"You go to him on 'Change and whisper in his ear that you want him to sell a couple of blocks of two or three thousand . . ."

"I know," said Mr. Frisby. "I know. I know."

"And all the while we'll be buying the stuff up in Paris or Amsterdam. Well, what about it?"

MR. FRISBY brooded darkly. On moral grounds he had no objection to the scheme whatever. He heartily approved of it. What was distressing him was the fact that, in enriching himself, he would be compelled also to enrich Mr. Hoke.

"Is it a go?" asked that gentleman.

"Yes," said Mr. Frisby.

"Oke," said Hoke. "Then that's settled." A pretty enthusiasm lighted up his face. "I knew it was a lucky day for me when I went into partnership with you, Pat," he said, handsomely.

"Don't call me Pat," said Mr. Frisby morosely.

"Well, what's your first name?"

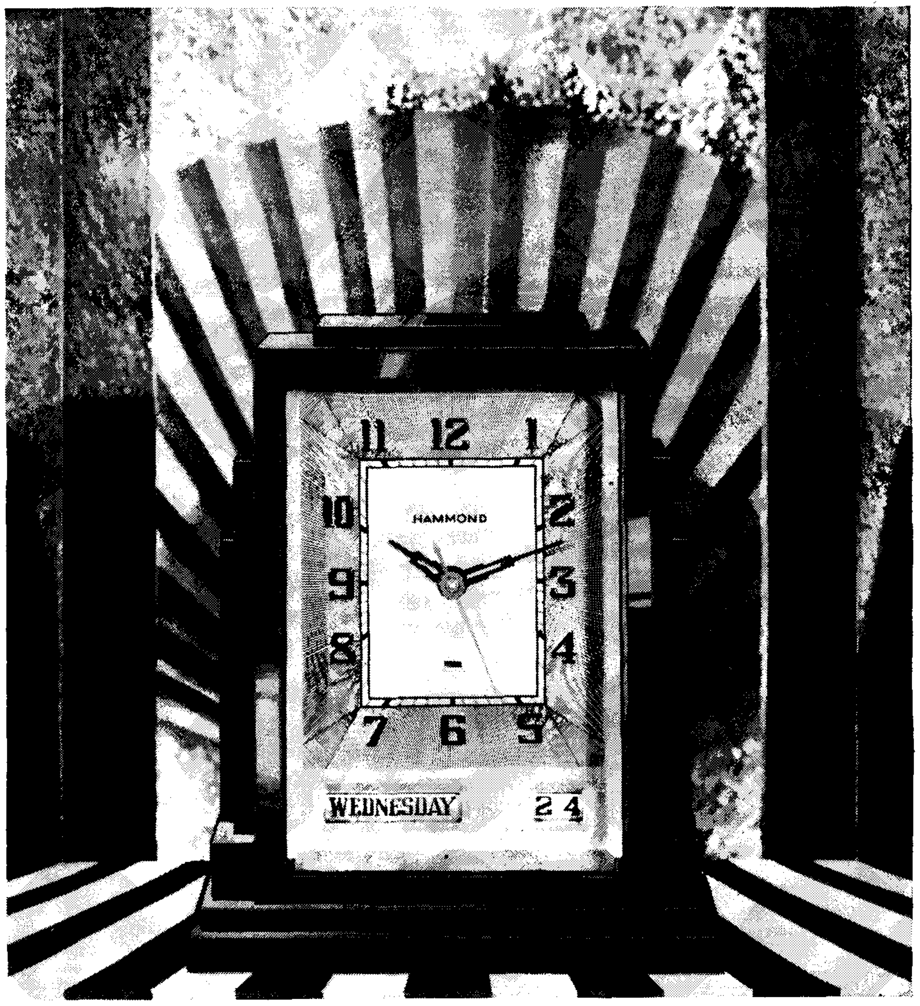
"Never mind," said Mr. Frisby.

It was a point on which he was sensitive. Much time had passed since then, but he could never quite forget the day when the leading wag of his school had discovered his secret.

"Well, I must be getting along," said Mr. Hoke.

"Do," said Mr. Frisby cordially. "The air in this office won't be fit to breathe till you've gone and I've had the windows opened."

(*Continued on page 62*)



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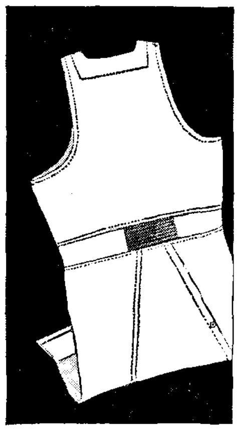

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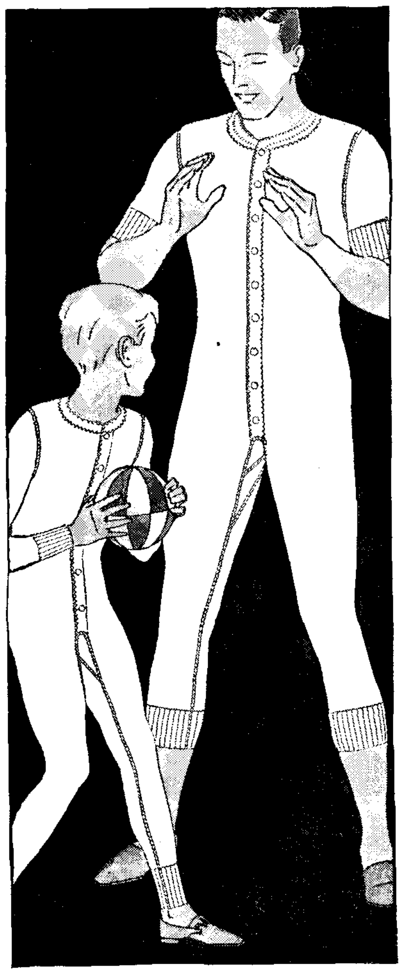

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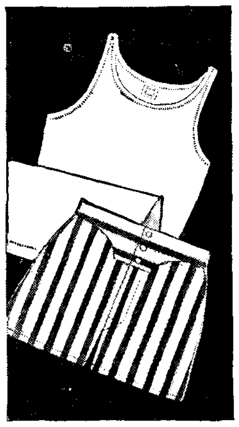

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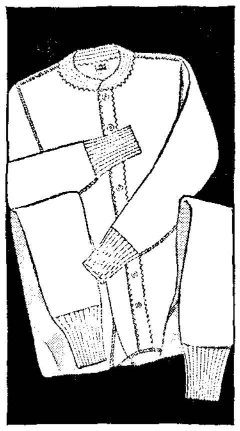

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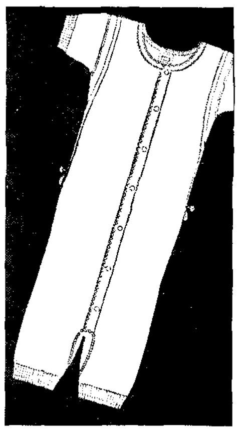

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HANES UNDERWEAR

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(*Continued from page 61*)

"By the way, ever hear the story of the two . . . ?"

"Yes," said Mr. Frisby.

"Well, I'll be getting along."

"Start now," said Mr. Frisby.

J. B. Hoke pranced out jubilantly, treading on air, and immediately outside the door cannoned into a substantial body.

"Can't you look where you're going?" he demanded, aggrieved.

"Why, hullo, Mr. Hoke," said the body amiably.

J. B. Hoke recognized the young man who might have been described, without stretching the facts, as the founder of his fortunes. It was to this young man that he owed the delightful experience of sitting in T. Paterson Frisby's office and telling T. Paterson Frisby just where he got off. This pleasing reflection assuaged the pain in the toe on which Berry had trodden.

"WHY, hello, Mr. Conway," he said genially. "Have a good cigar."

"Thanks."

"And how's every little thing with Mr. Conway?"

"I'm fine. How are you?"

"I'm fine."

"Both fine. Fine!" said Berry.

"Got any more mines to sell?" asked Mr. Hoke.

"No. That was the only one. I can sell you five thousand shares of Federal Dye, if you like."

"Not for me, thanks."

"No," said Berry. "I suppose you're satisfied with the Dream Come True."

Mr. Hoke looked grave.

"You stung me good over that," he said. "Two thousand five hundred dollars for a patch of sand covered with barrelhead cactus. Well, well, well. You're a business man, all right."

It seemed to Berry—being, as he was, in a mood of universal benevolence and wishing to see nothing but smiling faces around him—that he ought to say something to indicate a possible silver lining. He, too, considered that Mr. Hoke had allowed his native generosity to lead him into a bad bargain.

"Oh, come!" he protested heartily. "You never know. I shouldn't be at all surprised if there weren't millions to be made out of the Dream Come True."

The joviality had returned to Mr. Hoke's face. It now faded again as if it had been wiped off with a sponge. For the first time it occurred to him how very near the door Berry had been standing at the moment of their impact. Could he have overheard that last little conference?

Pallidly, Mr. Hoke ran over in his mind the more recent of his companion's remarks. He was horrified to discover that, read in the light of these new suspicions, they had a sickeningly sinister ring. "I suppose you're satisfied with the Dream Come True," he had said. And, after that, this shattering speech about the possibility of there being millions in the thing. He stared at Berry with eyes like apprehensive poached eggs.

"What makes you say that?" he quavered.

"Oh, it just struck me as a possibility," said Berry, with a pleasant smile.

A smile, that is to say, which would have seemed pleasant to anyone else. To J. B. Hoke it suggested a furtive gloating.

"What were you doing, standing outside that door?" he asked.

"I thought I heard a buzzer."

"Oh?" said Mr. Hoke slowly. "Well, nobody touched the buzzer."

"False alarm," said Berry genially. "I'll get back to my basket."

Mr. Hoke watched him out of sight. Then he burst into the office and, tottering to the desk, placed his lips to Mr. Frisby's ear.

"S-s-s-say!" he hissed.

Mr. Frisby withdrew his ear austerely and began to dry it.

"Haven't you gone *yet?*" he asked. "Do you want me to put a bed in here? What time do you like to be called in the morning?"

Sarcastic, of course. Bitter, undoubtedly. But there are times when a man may legitimately be sarcastic and bitter.

"Say, listen," said Mr. Hoke urgently. "Just outside the door I ran into that secretary of yours. He was standing there."

"What of it?"

"Well, do you *think* he could have heard what we were saying? I was talking pretty loud."

"You always do. It's one of the things that get you so disliked."

"And he said something—darned significantly, I thought—about wasn't it possible that there might be millions made out of the Dream Come True."

"He did?"

"He certainly did. Say, listen. If advance information of our little arrangement gets out before we're ready, we're sunk. Years ago, when I was with Mostyn and Kohn in Detroit, the time they were working that A. and C. ramp, there was a bad leakage in the office."

"There would be, if you were there," said Mr Frisby.

"I had nothing to do with it," protested Mr. Hoke, and in his voice there was the pain of what-might-have-been. "I never knew a thing that was going on. But somebody got advance information, and what they did to Mostyn and Kohn was nobody's business. The stock kited sixty points the first day, and Mostyn and Kohn out in the cold, wondering what was happening to them and each of them accusing the other of double-crossing him. Mostyn hit Kohn on the beezer, I remember, and God knows there was plenty of it to hit. Well, that's what's going to happen here if we don't watch out. You ought to fire that fellow, Pat."

"Don't call me Pat," said Mr. Frisby. "And where's the sense of firing him?"

"Well, we ought to do something."

"Why did he say he was standing out there?"

"He put up some story about thinking he had heard the buzzer."

"H'm!" said Mr. Frisby. "Well, goodby."

"Don't you want me to wait?"

"Is it likely that anyone would ever want you to wait? Get out of this, and don't keep coming running in again all the time."

"Well, I'll tell you: My mind's not easy."

"A mind like yours," said Mr. Frisby, "couldn't be."

FOR some moments after the door had closed, T. Paterson Frisby sat rocking meditatively in his chair. He was not thinking about Berry. His partner's panic had aroused no responsive thrill in his heart. What did disturb him was the thought that, in a world which they said they were going to make fit for heroes to live in, nobody had started the millennium by lynching J. B. Hoke. It looked like negligence somewhere.

He spent nearly twenty minutes thinking about Mr. Hoke. At the end of that period, crystallizing his thoughts, as was his custom, into the telling phrase, he reached for a cuff and wrote on it as follows:

J. B. Hoke is a ——

In moments of strong emotion the handwriting tends to deteriorate. Mr. Frisby's did. So what that last word was we shall never know.

(*To be continued next week*)

Not the Nicest People

Continued from page 18

to wish to make himself ridiculous. At the same time he perceived that this invitation, given by Angelo, was intended as a further challenge.

"You do not forbid us, my dear Sam?" said The Angel, silkily. There was a tinge of mockery in his voice.

"Why should I?" Sam said, easily. He reflected that it was the first time they had ever gone off together. But he continued: "Not that I'm particularly crazy about the place."

"You wouldn't be!" cried Lucy. Her voice and manner were tense with an invitation to quarrel again. "There's some fun there," she said.

"I know the place," said Sam. It was everything he disliked. On the south shore, well out toward Montauk, it was the abode of cheap, expensive glitter. There would be dancing and she would dance with Angelo. Drinking, a good deal of it. Sam, in spite of his occupation, was old-fashioned enough not to like to see women drink much. There was gambling there, too, for high stakes. Jazz. Sometimes the parties there wound up as mere drunken orgies.

ANGELO went out to get his car and his henchmen. Sam watched him go.

"After all," he said to Lucy, "it's your own life, Lucy." To forbid her to go—that would be to tell her that he did not trust her; she would feel, and rightly, that he had insulted her.

She answered him bitterly: "A brilliant life, too, isn't it, Sam? Mad! Hectic! Joyous! Just one wild round of gayety after another!"

The plea that was rising to his lips died there in silence. If he said anything to her now, it would merely impel her forward to some folly.

Angelo, before the car started, leaned over the side and murmured to Sam:

"I am one of those who get what they want, Sam!"

That was either true, or it was not true. Sam did not answer it. He reminded Angelo that tonight he was expecting a consignment of liquor.

"So I suppose you'll be back by twelve o'clock at least," he said.

The car, as he was speaking, got under way. Lucy laughed, frankly, in his face.

Angelo called back mockingly:

"Suppose we do not come back at all, Sam!"

And again Lucy laughed.

Sam gazed after the car as it turned out of the tree-bordered driveway into the shady road. So! The Angel had declared himself. Now, or hereafter, he intended to take Sam's wife, if he could—and The Angel was saying, in effect, that he thought he could.

Saying that, and asking Sam what he was going to do about it! And what was he going to do? It was her own life, as Sam had said. It was her own choice. It was up to her! But no, that was not fair! For Lucy did not know what this Angelo really was. She did not realize that he was one of the truly sinister figures of the underworld. Had she known, Sam would have had nothing to say. Sam could see why Lucy might want to leave him—that had been his own dull fault. But to leave him for a man like Angelo—no, he could not let her do that! And, again, it was his own fault that Lucy was ignorant of all that this Angelo stood for.

Was it a killing matter?

Not if he let her go!

But to Angelo, with his gang behind him, any balking of a plan, a casual desire, was only too apt to be a killing matter. Sam knew the type.

There was something in Sam which said: He will kill! Therefore, I must kill first! But his mind, his whole character, his tradition, recoiled from any easy acceptance of that ruthless logic. Equally did it recoil from the alternative of letting her go . . . ignorant, unwarned.

From these desperate meditations Sam was recalled by the sound of another motor car, which stopped in the driveway. One of his waiters called to him. Three men, seated on the veranda, rose as he came up, and one of them asked him bluntly: "Do we get a drink?"

He was an alert, brisk, aggressive fellow rather under medium height, with red hair and a close-cropped red mustache and light, restless gray eyes. All three were a bit overdressed. The man who had spoken was evidently the leader; Sam saw that these men belonged to the same general category as Angelo's gang.

"Sure," he said, and motioned to his servant. All four men sat down by one of the tables.

"Nice place you got here," said the red-haired man.

"I like it."

"Want to sell it?"

"No," said Sam. He looked more keenly at the questioner. That person grinned at him from a freckled face that Sam found rather attractive.

"Know who I am?"

"No."

"Rafferty's the name. I suppose you're Mr. Hubbard, huh?" He extended a freckled hand, with thick reddish hair on the wrists. As Sam took it, he added: "Friends call me Red—Red Rafferty."

Red Rafferty, Sam knew, had an organization of his own. There had been frequent collisions between his gang and Angelo's; a growing enmity; mutual fear. Sam was surprised at the man's temerity in coming here where he must know that Angelo might be found at any time.

The waiter came with a bottle of Scotch, glasses and a siphon. Red Rafferty mixed a highball for himself and another for Sam. Then he said to Sam: "Won't sell, huh?"

Sam shook his head negatively.

"The Angel a pretty good boss, huh?"

"He's not my boss," replied Sam, wondering where all this was leading.

RAFFERTY centered his light, quick, restless eyes on Sam's face for a moment before he said, with another of his flashing grins: "Mr. Hubbard, if I was to take over The Angel's organization, I suppose me and you could make a dicker similar to what him and you got?"

Sam fenced: "Are you planning to buy him out?"

Rafferty chuckled. "Buy him out—that's good!" He went on, with a change of manner: "I'm gonna take over The Angel's organization, Mr. Hubbard. I ain't broadcastin' this on no radio anywheres—I'm tellin' no one but you. When I take it over, do you stick with me, or don't yuh? Huh? That's what I came out here to find out."

Sam parried, wondering about many things. "When you say take it over, just what do you mean?"

"Listen," said Red Rafferty. "Get this, Mr. Hubbard: That dirty snake has been double-crossin' me—see? Cuttin' in on my territory—get me? Snitchin' my customers right and left. Hi-

(*Continued on page 64*)

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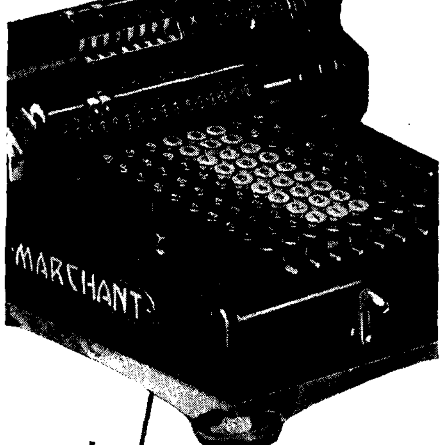

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(*Continued from page 63*)

jackin' my trucks. He's done me every kind of dirt there is, Mr. Hubbard. That man ain't honest! He's even turned up some of my men to the bulls! It's got to this place now—either he goes outa business, or I do. It ain't been ten days, Mr. Hubbard, since he tried to have me bumped by one of his gorillas, yuh understand! Mr. Hubbard, it's got to the place either I take over his organization, or he takes over mine—and it's gonna be me take over his!"

Sam wondered at the man's directness. "See here," he said, "what makes you trust me with this inside dope? Isn't it to be supposed that I'm a friend of The Angel's, and will tip him off?"

"There's several reasons," Rafferty said, "why I don't mind spillin' this stuff to you. In the first place, The Angel's wise right now that it's comin' to a show-down. In the second place, I want our business arrangement, mine and yours, to start the very minute I take over his outfit—see? There's two boatloads comin' in here before mornin'. Yuh see, I got what we used to call in the army a good intelligence system.

"Also," Rafferty continued, "there's another reason makes me think maybe you and The Angel ain't such good friends."

Sam looked his inquiry. Red Rafferty hesitated for an instant, and then went on with a queer mixture of insinuation and embarrassment:

"I don't want to say nothin', Mr. Hubbard, that might hoit nobody's feelin's—but half an hour ago me and my men was layin' low in the woods beside the road about a mile from here, and we seen The Angel whizzin' by with a mighty swell-lookin' little dame in the seat beside him!"

So! The Angel's attentions toward Lucy were common knowledge in the underworld! Perhaps the fellow had boasted of his intentions. These toughs, these offscourings of creation, bandied her name around, and his own, and Angelo's. Sam sickened internally; and then he turned grim.

"No offense, Mr. Hubbard," said Red Rafferty, watching him. And then, as Sam remained silent for some moments: "Well, you gonna play ball with me, or ain't yuh, Mr. Hubbard?"

Finally Sam spoke:

"Rafferty," he said, "you come to me and ask me if I'll play ball with you, if, and when, you . . . you take over The Angel's organization." He paused briefly, to make his point penetrate. "Take over the organization *first*, and *then* come to me and I'll answer you."

RAFFERTY considered, his light eyes fixed on the roof of the veranda. At last he said: "Oke, Mr. Hubbard!"

"When," said Sam, "do you plan to take it over?"

Rafferty rose and started toward his car. "Soon," he threw over his shoulder, and climbed in the car. He appeared to reflect, and then motioned Sam to approach. Sam did so. "One reason," said Rafferty, "I wanted to have our little business talk ahead of my takin' charge of The Angel's outfit was so, after he's outa business, there wouldn't be no doubt who that stuff in the stable and the stuff comin' in tonight belonged to. See? It's *mine*, see, Mr. Hubbard? I didn't want you gettin' no notions maybe it was *yours!* Get me, Mr. Hubbard?"

Rafferty had said "soon." That might mean this very night! Rafferty, who appeared to have a check on all The Angel's movements, might be on his way to Crandall's Casino now. The show-down might come there, with Lucy involved!

It was six o'clock. Sam must drive westward a matter of seven or eight miles, skirting the bay's western end, cut over to the south shore, and then he still had twenty miles out toward Montauk to cover.

He loaded a short, heavy, bulldog revolver and dropped it into the right-hand pocket of his coat. He was going after his wife, and he was going to bring her home before trouble started—bring her home in spite of all the Angelos in existence!

It was about 8:30 when he got to the Casino and parked his car. Only a few people were there. Lucy and Angelo were not among them. Sitting on the beach somewhere, probably, watching the early moon rise over the Atlantic. He strode along the beach to a little headland three hundred yards from the Casino.

AT THE headland he came upon The Angel's bodyguard.

"I got to see The Angel right away," said Sam, importantly. The driver, no doubt, Sam reflected, was on guard somewhere on the bluffs above, or perhaps he had been left at the car.

"What—" began the bodyguard, recognizing Sam.

"Red Rafferty," said Sam, briefly. "Stay where you are; don't stir from this spot, no matter what you think you see and hear. The Angel's life depends on it. Where is he?"

The gorilla pointed through the gloom. They were seated fifty yards away on a car rug. The Angel was crooning a sentimental song. He was aware of Sam while Hubbard was still twenty yards distant. Both rose to their feet.

"It's me—Sam Hubbard," called Sam softly through the faint light. They awaited his approach across the heavy sand in silence.

Without an instant's hesitation Sam stuck the muzzle of his revolver into The Angel's stomach.

"Up!" he said; "and no words." The Angel's hands went over his head. Lucy let out a smothered cry.

"Silence," Sam commanded. "You reach under his left armpit, Lucy, and hand me the automatic he packs there." And as she hesitated an instant: "Quick!"

His manner daunted them both. She obeyed, trembling. Sam put The Angel's gun in his pocket.

"Face about," said Sam to The Angel. Angelo obeyed in silence, but there was a gleam as of fire in his eyes as he turned. Sam put his weapon in the small of The Angel's back.

"You're coming home with me," he said to Lucy, and with his free hand took one of her arms.

"You're bruising my arm, Sam!" she exclaimed, with some faint notion of resistance.

"I'll break it but what you'll come, and come quiet," said Sam, too tense and hurried to explain. And then, as if to mitigate his own roughness: "Come on; I'll talk to you later!" To The Angel he said: "March! Up over the dunes. Let out one yip, and I'll croak you, you bragging hound!"

Up over the dunes went the queer knot of humanity, silent in the gloom, huddled close together, unchallenged.

"Lucy drives," he said, briefly. "Angel, in the back seat with me. Toward home, Lucy."

And for ten miles, in a tense silence, The Angel felt the muzzle of Sam's bulldog revolver in his ribs. At last Sam ordered Lucy to stop the car.

"The Angel gets out here," said Sam. He got out with him, and faced the man in the road. The Angel was panting with fear, hate, a suppressed deadly rage beyond all words.

"Angel," said Sam, "I told you if we ever parted company I'd give you a

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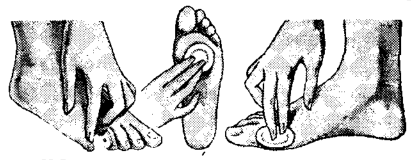

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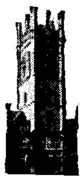

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•

"Which jest goes to show that it takes a rich man to do what he darn pleases, even when it costs less.

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clean break and a head start. I'm giving it to you now."

"I'll kill you for this!" muttered The Angel. "I'll kill you!"

"Yes?" said Sam. "Well, from what I hear I kind of doubt you're going to have that pleasure, Angel. Well, here's the break I'm giving you—it's this tip: don't come near Hubbard's Cove tonight. Red Rafferty's looking for you."

"I'll k-kill you," repeated The Angel, stuttering: "I'll k-k-ill y-y-you!"

Something quizzical came into Sam's voice and manner. "Big words those are, little man!" he said. He suddenly seized Angelo by the coat collar, spun him around and with a vigorous kick sent him sprawling on his face by the roadside.

"If you took my advice," he said, "you'd stay right there till morning! But you probably won't; you're the kind of a man that's just plumb full of anger and pride!"

Arrived at the tavern, Sam, without further words between them, led Lucy to her room. He knew what agonies of humiliation she must be suffering; but she did not guess how he pitied her.

"Lucy," he said, soberly, "you better stay right in that room till I tell you to come out. In my opinion, hell's gonna pop in this vicinity before daylight."

She lifted to him a face that was white and drawn and pale; she gave him a bewildered look. There was a bitter sense of hurt and outrage in it that went straight to his heart.

"Poor kid," he said, "you don't understand! I'll tell you everything, later." A sudden emotional impulse seized him. He tried to draw her to him, to kiss her. She flung away and threw herself on the bed in a passion of weeping, and her dry, shuddering sobs tore at Sam's very soul. He gazed down on her, trying to find some word to say. But all that came out of him was a murmur:

"That Angel, Lucy, really is a bad man. I'd be surprised if he didn't come to some bad end."

FROM half past ten on, Sam sat on the veranda of the big old house and waited—for what he did not exactly know. A storm was gathering. Shortly before midnight it broke, with gusts of wind, near bellowings of thunder, leaping, zigzag flashes of lightning and a whirling deluge of rain. The old building rocked with the harsh onset.

Suddenly he was aware of the noise of a motorboat stabbing through the louder uproar. And a moment later he saw it—saw both of The Angel's cargo carriers outlined against the churning waters by the lightning, seen for an instant, and then lost again in the thick blackness, and seen once more, feeling their way toward the landing place.

And there were men down there, now. They rose from nowhere; he heard shouts and cries. In a moment later, shots—single shots, and then the ripping, rattling chop-chop of the sub-machine guns.

From what quarter the attack was directed, how it was being met and repelled, he could not tell; but the racketeers were at it. It was pandemonium, confusion indescribable.

The strife, from what he could tell, seemed to be centering about the old stable. But he could tell little; the storm enveloped everything except at intervals.

There were a whine and a whistle of bullets all about him and drenched leaves from the vines that embowered it fell on the porch. Sam had thought of no danger to himself; but now he leaped from the veranda and put the thickness of a big tree between himself and the waterfront.

At the same moment he thought of Lucy and the others within the building. The walls were old and thick, but there were the windows. He looked up from his shelter and—

His heart stood still. In a flash of lightning he saw her leaning from her open window, drenched, her hair flying, trying to peer out through the storm. He shouted, but she did not hear.

He was across the veranda and running up the stairs to her room. He burst in the door.

"Lie down!" he shouted through the darkness. "Below the level of the window!" There was only a hysterical sob in answer. He groped for her in the gloom. Caught her. Dragged the mattress from the bed, and made her lie on the floor.

He heard a crash, a roar, and ran to the window. With the next flash of lightning, through the storm, he saw the old stable itself tottering, shaking, as if about to collapse. Whether it had been struck by lightning or bombed he did not know.

HE SAW something else: a man, running. The quick, recurrent streaks of lightning revealed him and blotted him out, and showed him again. It was Angelo. He was making from the barn toward the pier, perhaps with the notion of escaping by means of one of the boats. Halfway, he was struck. Sam saw him stagger and plunge headlong into the darkness which engulfed him. Then, with another flash, he was struggling to his feet again.

He turned, defiant still, and shook his empty fist toward the stable, and Sam fancied that he could hear, even through the noise, a faint shout. Then a stream of bullets caught him, and he crumpled among the sodden débris of the waterfront.

It was nearly nine o'clock before Lucy waked, to find Sam in her room. The sunlight of a morning that seemed washed clean by last night's rain streamed in the open window. She moved toward it.

Sam gently prevented her. "I don't want you to look out, just yet," he said, "before they finish tidying things up down by the water." The tidying up, Sam reflected, meant, among other things, a coroner's inquest; but Sam, with his local political influence, need fear no annoyance from that. The stable was partially burned, gutted inside, and the whisky destroyed. And among other fatal casualties of last night's fracas had been Red Rafferty himself—"bumped," as he would have put it, in spite of his debonair self-confidence.

"Lucy," said Sam, in his drawling voice, "I guess I'm out of the liquor business. I don't like some of the people in it—they're bad men, and they don't come to any good end."

She did not answer him, and he could not read what was in her mind. He cleared his throat. "Most of what's happened has been my fault," he said, finally.

"Mine, too," she said.

"You and I," he announced, "are going to take a trip somewhere soon, Lucy, a trip to New York first, and then maybe to Europe—a trip with a lot of fun and dancing in it." He put his hand tentatively on her arm. She let it remain, and he augured well from that.

"First," he drawled, "I guess I need a few suits of new duds!"

She flashed a smile at him—if Sam had capitulated about that at last, then things were going to be different indeed! And she understood that it was Sam's own peculiar way of telling her—everything.

Sam looked out the window to conceal his emotion. "Those people," he said, gazing down toward the waterfront, "really weren't the nicest kind of people!"

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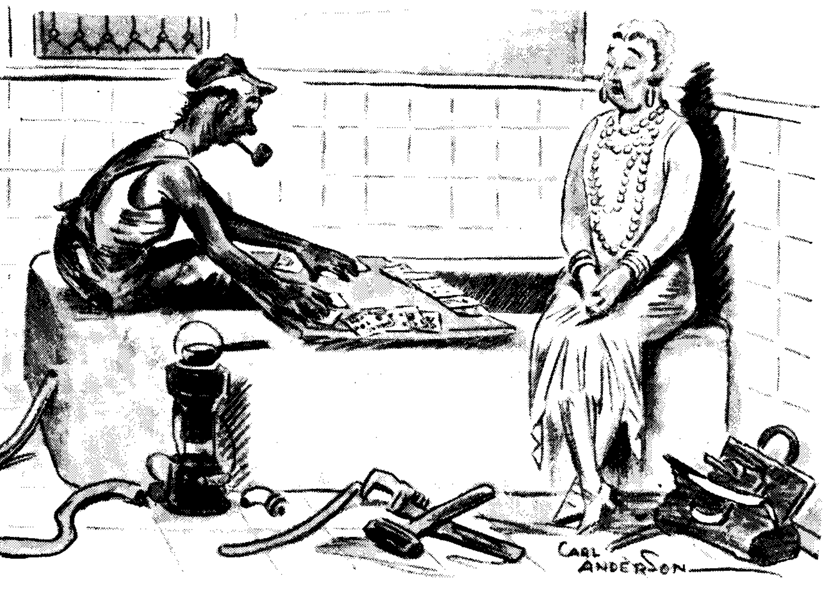


"Now here was th' way the cards lay, see? An' it's my lead!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 8-3
H. J-9-4-3
D. Q-9-6-2
C. Q-8-2

West
S. Q-J-9
H. 10-6-2
D. 10
C. A-J-10-9-7-5

East
S. A-7-6
H. A-K-7-5
D. A-K-7-5-3
C. K

South
S. K-10-5-4-2
H. Q-8
D. J-8-4
C. 6-4-3

THE above hand, given in last week's Collier's, was played at Contract Bridge. Had it been played at Auction, the bidding would have been: South pass, West pass or one Club—a close question; North would pass in either event and East would bid one No Trump if West had bid one Club; if West had passed, East might bid one No Trump, one Heart or one Diamond, depending upon the school to which he belonged—No Trump being the safest declaration. If East bid a Diamond, West would bid two Clubs and East two No Trumps; so it is only if East bid one Heart that he might possibly fail to be a No Trump Declarer as West, having normal support, might pass a fourth-hand Heart.

In the Contract game in which this hand was played, South, West and North passed. East bid two Diamonds (showing a six-trick hand), South passed, West bid three Clubs, North passed and East bid three No Trumps.

There are two features of the bidding to be considered: the first is West's choice between a pass and a one-Club bid, the other is East's first bid. West might reach either decision.

If West had bid one Club, East's proper declaration would have been three No Trumps. He might make a jump-shift, forcing bid of two Diamonds; but as West's answer would be three Clubs, East would arrive at three No Trumps just the same.

If East had to open the bidding fourth hand, he would have a choice of four bids—two Diamonds, one No Trump and one or two Hearts. Perhaps the Heart bids should be eliminated; one Heart would not portray the strength, and two Diamonds is a safer bid than two Hearts. Two No Trumps is barred by the singleton King; and partner might not be strong enough to raise a one-bid. West would be very apt to bid over a fourth-hand two Diamonds, so that bid seems to be East's best choice.

Played at three No Trumps with East the Declarer, South led his fourth best Spade (the four). Four from eleven leaves seven and, with the dummy exposed, Declarer could tell that there was only one Spade higher than the Four in the North hand, as Declarer's two hands had six of them. Ordinarily Declarer would play the Jack from dummy to hold the trick, but in this hand he saw the need of a sure dummy entry to run the Clubs, and also that East's Club King would have to be overtaken by West's Ace.

If West played the Jack of Spades and North and East played low, East's Ace and the adverse King would prevent West's Queen from becoming an entry; if West played the Jack and East the Ace (on the first trick), West's Queen would not be an entry if North held the King and had held it up on the first round; if West played the Nine and East the Ace, West's remaining Queen-Jack would furnish an entry regardless of the location of the King. With this situation apparent, Declarer played dummy's Nine of Spades, North played the Trey and East the Ace.

East then led the King of Clubs and dummy overtook with the Ace, unnecessarily making the adverse Queen an immediate winner. Dummy then proceeded to lead the Jack and Ten of Clubs, North's Queen winning the latter, East being careful not to discard a Spade. After North won trick 4 with the Queen of Clubs, it mattered not one iota what he led to trick 5. Declarer had won one Spade and two Clubs and was sure to win another Spade and three more Clubs; then his red Aces and Kings were good for four more, a total of eleven tricks—game and two extra tricks.

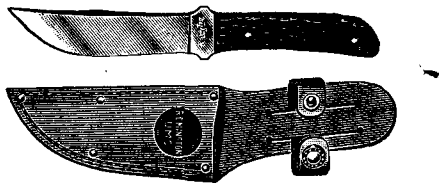
Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. J-2
H. 7-5
D. 10-9-3
C. A-6-5-4-3-2

East
S. Q-10-3
H. J-10-6-2
D. 8-6-5
C. Q-J-9

West
S. 9-7-6-4
H. Q-9-8-3
D. A-J-7-2
C. K

South
S. A-K-8-5
H. A-K-4
D. K-Q-4
C. 10-8-7



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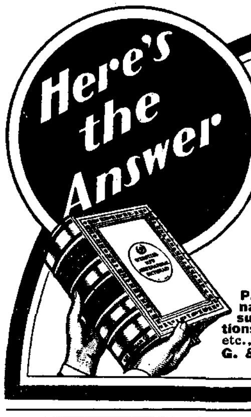

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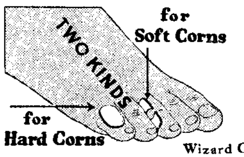

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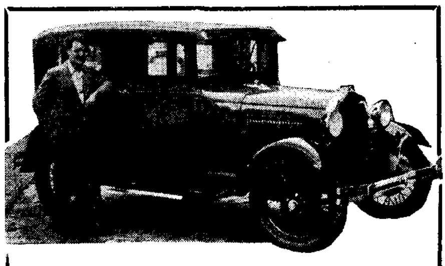

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With Morrow in Mexico

Continued from page 9

time was at Mexico's disposal. Furthermore, Mexico learned that the solutions this strange diplomatist offered were invariably simple and easy of application.

For example, the subject of interest on American bonds was broached. He didn't bring up the question; rather, it was put to him by Mexico's treasury. The interest was due and would be paid, but Mexico was rather strapped at the moment, due to the industrial depression and the retreat of foreign capital. Among the various things Morrow learned was that a large majority of Mexico's civil employees—workers in the various departments of the government—had not been paid for a month or so. Neither had the army been paid.

The advice Morrow gave Mexico was typical. Before anything else, he said, pay your own employees. Perhaps outside obligations could wait a little while, but it was imperative that your own people must get their salaries and wages. Good advice, promptly accepted. Morrow's popularity rose.

The Religious Crisis

Of course there was nothing official he could do about the religious controversy. As an ambassador he might not discuss the subject. But like the oil controversy, the war between the government and the Church was curiously simple and a peaceable settlement was prevented only because both sides were thinking with their prejudices.

The new constitution absolutely divorced the Church and State. The Church, looked upon by the radicals as representative of the old régime and as the stalking horse behind which the old aristocrats hoped to return to authority, resented its relegation to the merely incidental. The Cristeros arose and civil war was promised.

It is likely that he would have avoided any mediation in the Church crisis had it not been that thousands of Mexican women besought him to help them. To them the Church meant more than it did to the men.

Whereat Morrow called on Calles and asked him if he would discuss the matter with the Reverend John J. Burke of the Catholic Welfare Conference—discuss it with the frankness he had discussed oil. Fortunately for Mexico, Calles was always ready to listen. Father Burke came to Mexico. With Ambassador Morrow sitting between them, Father Burke and President Calles at once agreed on the terms which, in a remarkably brief time, were to remove the threat of religious war from Mexico. The Church agreed to observe the new laws and Mexico pledged herself to preserve the identity of the Church. It was just as simple as that and both sides thanked Morrow.

In those ten thousand miles he had traveled in Mexico, pursuing his policy of personal contact, he had learned a large part of the truth about Mexico. And naturally one doesn't go bowling about Mexico in times of political unrest without touching danger. Mr. Morrow has heard the whine of bullets.

It was perfectly natural that he should have encountered opposition. Now that he has left Mexico it is of no consequence. But there were always the politicians who insisted that Mexico's sovereignty was menaced when a foreigner's counsel should be so readily accepted. There were always the handbills flung from automobiles warning the people that all this professed friendship of Morrow for Mexico was but a subterfuge. Presently Mexico would awake from this trance and find that she was no longer a free and happy country but a slave of those United States.

Curiously enough these patriots never made great headway with the crowds. Everything that could contribute to personal popularity was on Morrow's side—everything from having Charles A. Lindbergh for a son-in-law to a personality that just won't be denied. For example, you could never tell Roberto Zitlalas that this Meestar Morrow isn't a great man. Roberto Zitlalas drives a taxicab. He and his taxicab combine to make one of the thrills of Mexico. A full complement of fleas is about the least one can get by riding in Señor Zitlalas' vehicle. He boasts that once, two years ago, he drove for two whole days without colliding with anything.

But one day while Señor Zitlalas was crashing through the Avenue of the Sixteenth of September he was hailed by a small Americano whose head was large and whose hair was gray. With this American señor, whom Roberto Zitlalas did not recognize, was a young man who spoke Spanish like a stranger. The young man was not eager to enter the taxicab of Roberto Zitlalas but the old one entered. At the young one's direction Roberto drove to the Embajada Americana, where the old one gave Roberto two pesos, to say nothing of thanks and congratulations, because only once in that journey did the Zitlalas taxicab come in contact with something—merely crushed a fender against a camione's crazy swinging door.

It was, of course, this Meestar Morrow who, were he a general, could count on the furious loyalty even to death of Roberto Zitlalas.

Of course Mrs. Morrow helped build his popularity among the masses. She took no active part in the work of the embassy of course, aside from her receptions. But her interest in the Mexican government's work in child welfare, her readiness to assist in any charitable work offered and her quiet democracy have made her a very great lady in Mexico.

A Mexican Legend

It will be a long while before Mexico stops talking about Dwight Morrow, whom, to a large extent, she doesn't yet wholly comprehend. Just why a very rich man, the ambassador of the great United States, a former member of the stupendous house of Morgan, should call with great respect upon a humble member of the house of deputies, or a remote undersecretary of the foreign ministry, or ride in a screaming camione (motor bus), or shoulder his way through the crowds of Avenida Isabel la Catolica—just why—who knows?

It was not that he was a politician seeking the favor of the throng. He had nothing to win from the street crowds themselves. So why? Pancho, the gardener at the Morrow home at Cuernavaca, and whose last name is unknown even to himself, insists that Señor Morrow will one day rule the world, being a most amazing man. Imagine, commands Pancho, a man so great as Señor Morrow putting on the oldest of clothes and elbow to elbow with Pancho pottering here and there amongst the roses, pruning this one and tying up that one. And not only that. Five times, no less, in one afternoon this amazing man shook hands with me, Pancho. And for what? Because the roses were good that day.

An amazing man, this Meestar Señor Morrow.

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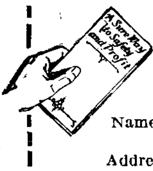

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"Quick, Henry, the Flit!" (Advertisement)

Working Girl

Continued from page 16

the goddess of plenty in a bower of fruit and flowers. Unveiling of this *tableau vivant* was designed for the climax of the annual Thanksgiving service. Everybody was expectant—for Mrs. Koerber had displayed a genius for stagecraft in other church affairs.

The vicar, in due time, imposed a blessing—and two tiny girls stepped up to tug the ribbon that would reveal the goddess of plenty in her bower of nature's goodness. A curtain dropped—and with it the spirits of those present. The goddess of plenty had taken her rôle too literally by consuming a large quantity of hothouse peaches placed in a basket for scenic effect. Her countenance was pale and sickly. To make matters worse the pinch of nervous excitement at the moment of revelation keeled her over. There was a crash: the goddess had swooned.

Art Knows no Aches

"The show must go on, stomach-ache or not," is the stern rule she later learned. "And if the audience knows that at the moment of taking a fall down stage steps or receiving a custard tart on the left eye, the clown, male or female, is worried about a bunion or a boil—any trifling flaw in technique will be overlooked."

A famous actor stressed this point to her during her first "big" engagement after she had served years of apprenticeship in the sticks as a musical comedy diva, and later as a stock actress in Cleveland. He said:

"When a baseball or football player, a pugilist or any other type of athlete is injured, the newspapers inform the public, who are thus prepared to excuse an inadequate performance. But nobody ever thinks of making such an announcement from the stage unless an actor is totally disabled for a show. Frequently the audience quite unconsciously sees him perform under personal difficulties rather than disappoint them."

The star responsible for this dictum had the habit of being somberly thoughtful whenever the house gave him a rousing send-off.

"I wonder," he often told the up-and-coming Marie Dressler, "why an actor's life has to be so wasted—here today and gone tomorrow; when teachers remain a part of the mentality of those they teach. That's the comedy or tragedy of our lot as theater people. We leave nothing more real behind us than the passing characters we create."

A curious philosophy, considering that the philosopher in this instance was Maurice Barrymore—father of the celebrated Ethel, John and Lionel.

"Mr. Barrymore," says Miss Dressler, "was an inspiring co-worker. He never strutted as a star.

"In those days it was the fashion for every play to be punctuated by spots in which some character sat down and told some other character the story of his or her life. The habit fastened on the actors and actresses, so that at every opportunity, while trouping or between acts, players told one another the stories of their lives. I know I told mine many times to Mr. Barrymore, and I never saw him yawn.

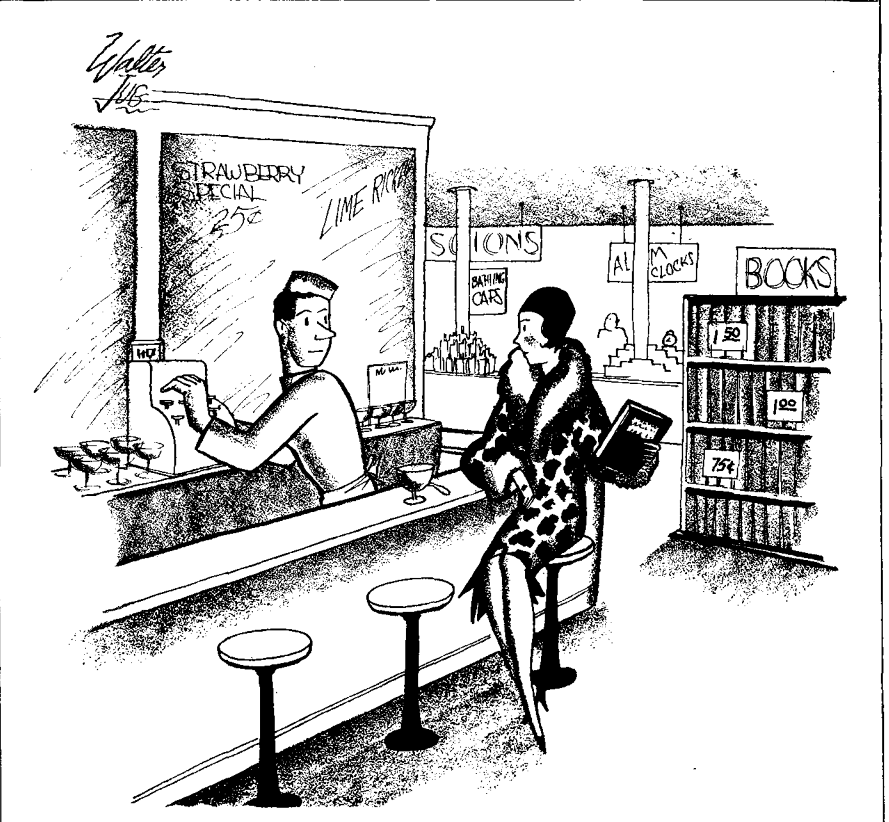
"There was a particular bit he enjoyed about my early days in musical comedy. We had a piece named The Trysting Tree. Scenery was vital to this, for the plot centered around initials of lovers carved on an old oak tree. We played a small town in Indiana where the stage was not big enough for our scenery. So we had to engage a carpenter to cut it down. When the curtain rang up that night on The Trysting Tree we found the carpenter had eliminated the tree. So we switched the play on the spur of the moment, to another in our repertoire, The Prairie Maid. Versatile scenery we carried, in those days.

Born to Clown

"After I had told this story to Maurice Barrymore so frequently that he could remind me of words I had used in previous versions to heighten the suspense, he suddenly stopped me one day.

"'My dear,' he said. 'You've picked the wrong trade. You're a born female clown.'

"He gave me space to prove his proph-



"I had a Strawberry Flip—and a Will Durant" ecy. I wasn't reëngaged for his next tour. But a manager who had seen me do a few hoydenish tricks in a vaudeville act found me work—and lots of it—in an English comedy, The Lady Slavey."

A slavey, in the English vernacular, is a general domestic servant who hires out in middle-class or upper-class households and who knows no eight-hour day. She performs every domestic rite from stoking fires to cooking and serving dinners, even functioning as family shoeshiner.

"This part of the romantic household drudge made me," says Miss Dressler. "The comedy didn't come quite as readily at first. I worried about this until after a matinée a disinterested professional called on me. It was Eddie Foy.

"'See,' he said in his roguish, good-humored way, 'you miss a chance by not missing a step.'

"He illustrated. Taking me on the set he showed that from my very first entrance I should establish the comedy motif by stumbling down the last of a short flight of stairs.

"I did—stumbling too far and twisting an ankle. But the audience laughed—and ever since then I've been bumping into scenery to amuse the customers."

Stumbling to Fortune

The movies did not call her until she had been established for many years as a legitimate star in her own right. Marriage came—and went. Her name adorned the lights of a hundred cities, and she reached the apex of her art in that raffish play called Tilly's Nightmare, in which she chanted the immemorial Heaven Will Protect the Woiking Goil.

The high spot of her stage career came when, following her triumph as Tilly, she was offered the then largest salary ever given an American woman in vaudeville—$1,000 a week. Fate, generous with one hand, found her chin with the other. She took trouble in two large doses. Typhoid laid her low and before she recovered her mother had died.

"Only those who have tasted success in strong, heady gulps know how utterly empty life can be when you lose your dearest friend and, on top of that, are incapacitated for the work you love."

Depressed and far from comfortable financially, nothing was assured. But the stars had told Miss Dressler—she's a believer in astrology—that all was not over. No matter how often the stars are wrong, in this case they were right. Great men of moviedom were looking for comics—especially they scented public demand for female comics. Marie Dressler found herself in Hollywood very soon making $1,500 a week and basking in two kinds of limelight.

Then she did Tilly's Nightmare, and that other and more significant piece, Tilly's Punctured Romance. Significant because it was in this piece that an obscure screen comedian, graduated from the knock-about clowning of the London music halls, received his first chance.

"I had my share of looks askance—as they say in the novels. One particular gagman assumed the task of putting me in my place in behalf of entire moviedom, which seemed to resent, at that time, a legitimate actress coming along and taking the top rate of pay."

"This gentleman's job was to prescribe the physical tricks of mirth—the throwings and hurlings and kickings. When I protested that all this roughhouse was unnecessary, the gagman smiled grimly and inserted more 'catching'—of kicks, thumps and bumps for me.

"Dolefully I saw ahead of me weeks of being bruised and beaten. But I forgot I had a friend. He was this boyishly handsome slip of a man who had come from the English music halls. He said nothing, having been brought into the picture as support for my low comedy antics. But I observed, when the sequences were shot, that he didn't follow script. He left out innumerable kicks and punches and comic falls.

"'We can be funny without being punished too much,' he commented.

"And he was right. The picture was a scream largely because this strangely solemn young clown, Charlie Chaplin, moved through it with sad mien and inexpressibly comic evolutions."

Within two years after she had been engaged as the shining star of Tilly and the obscure clown had been hired to support her, she found the name Chaplin magnified far beyond hers and Tilly's. Hers was the dangerous position of established talent, becoming better known as the vehicle for the introduction of new and smashing genius. Such reversals are accepted by case-hardened troupers, if not with joy, then with stoicism—the intelligent indifference prescribed by the ex-President's wife.

This implied demotion was not all that happened to Marie Dressler. Although she was as brisk and buoyant as ever, her star suddenly faded.

"You can't tell how these things happen in show business. You find yourself suddenly in great demand and almost as suddenly in great seclusion with an alarming absence of managers' letters in your mail."

Her name vanished from headlines, billboards and electric lights. She was relegated to the ranks of the ordinary Hollywood character, playing at about $150 a week when she could get work.

Then came the talkies. And from a Hollywood has-been Marie Dressler of the mobile features and athletic voice, plus the capacity to bump into scenery and catch kicks, physical and circumstantial, found herself suddenly wanted. In picture after picture she appeared—minor rôles at first—until Greta Garbo, emerging from a crammer's course in English, essayed her first talkie rôle in O'Neil's Anna Christie.

That portrait by the glamorous Garbo was a perfect study in contrasts. Her rich, furry tones blended with Miss Dressler's hard, edged utterance. Her portrayal of the somber, unmoral beauty derived sharp relief from Marie Dressler's ludicrously tragic rôle.

A New Rise to Fame

Followed on Anna Christie's heels the furious farce Caught Short, in which the Dressler of old returned with a bang to the new medium that let her cry and roar and laugh hysterically as in the stage days of Tilly.

They sent her to London for the première and show business marveled at an American female clown bowing from a hotel balcony to massed thousands in the street below.

In her second starhood Marie Dressler secretly cherishes the notion that some day in a far-away town, preferably German, the weary Yankee traveler will hear his own tongue and taste food and liquor not his own, under the auspices of a former American stage and screen celebrity. She intends to enter the hotel business, where she can be a perpetual and paid hostess, and where nobody will be wanted who isn't ready and willing to mix companionably with everybody and anybody else.

"An ideal conclusion for a female entertainer because I'll never have to diet again," she says, sipping her favorite drink—a spurious horse's neck of ginger ale and lemon rind. "And I know it's coming true, for Heaven has always protected this working girl."

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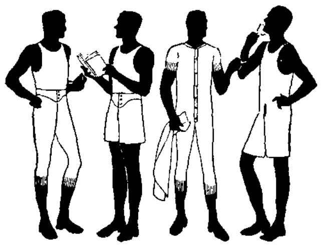

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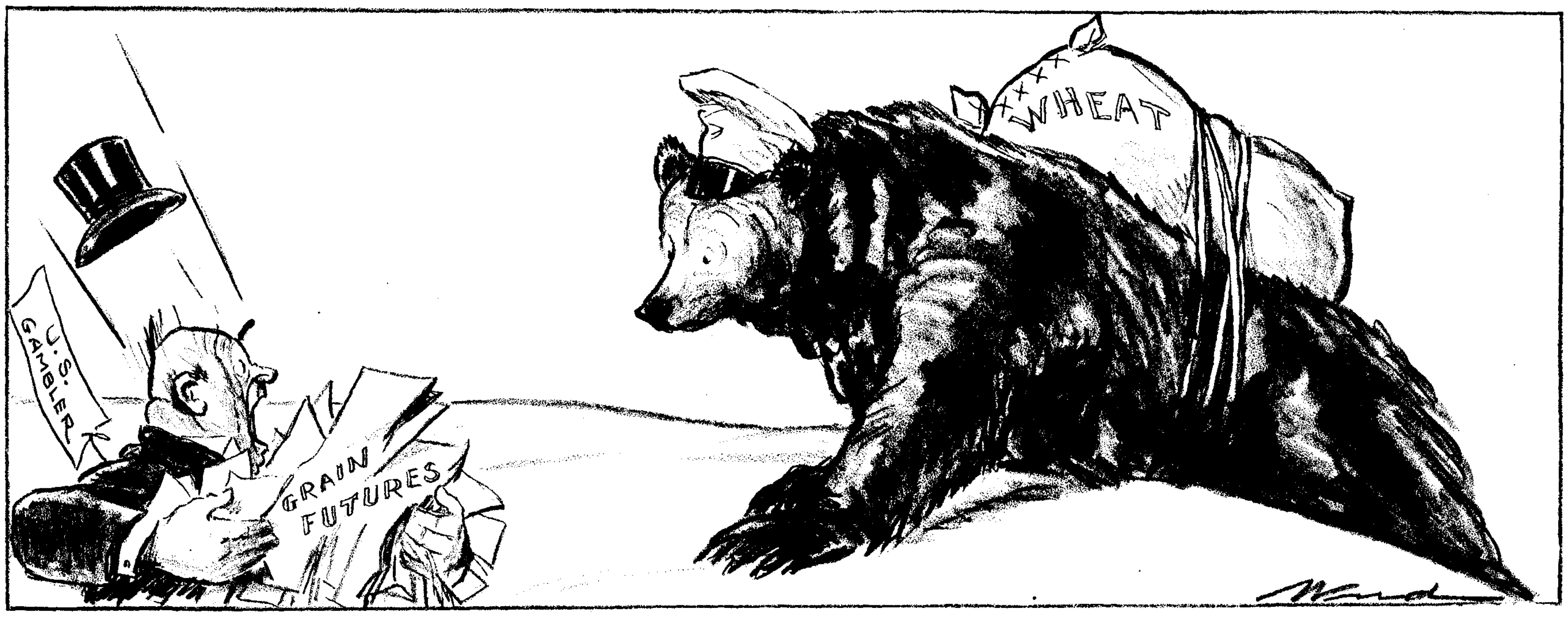

The Boy who cried "Bear!"

SLY humor lurks in Secretary Hyde's recent rumpus over Russian wheat speculations at Chicago. In its 1930 Year Book the Department of Agriculture advises American farmers just how to carry on the transactions found so reprehensible in the Russians. The Soviet gentlemen might have explained that they merely had practiced the lesson Dr. Hyde was teaching.

The mistake the Russians made was not in speculating in wheat but in being unrecognized foreigners. Canada and other foreign countries have hedged millions of bushels to the detriment of the American farmer and no protest has been made.

Trading in grain "futures" is an American and not a Russian invention. From Chicago the practice has spread to the world's principal grain markets.

Selling and buying grain for future delivery is a kind of insurance developed by flour millers to stabilize prices. Possibly other kinds of insurance might be better. Farmers in this country have long opposed the practice, believing that the speculators cheated them out of fair prices.

To pacify the farmers Congress passed a law making it possible for the Department of Agriculture, in agreement with other members of the Cabinet, to stop trading in futures. Secretary Hyde could end the business any day he pleased. The effect of such an order, however, would be to divert to foreign markets business now done here.

So instead of using his legal power to stop futures trading in this country, Secretary Hyde through his department has advised American farmers to take a hand in the game. The Year Book says:

"THE HEDGING POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURES MARKET ARE WORTHY OF SERIOUS CONSIDERATION. OCCASIONALLY THEY OFFER OPPORTUNITIES TO SECURE HIGHER PRICES THAN ARE OBTAINABLE WHEN THE ACTUAL GRAIN IS READY FOR THE MARKET."

The Federal Farm Board itself, at the demand of farm leaders, bought vast quantities of wheat a few months ago in a futile effort to increase prices. The Russians sold wheat in the apparent expectation that prices would go lower. What Mr. Legge, Secretary Hyde and their associates did was "good" according to politicians; the highly similar dealings of the Russians were "bad." Who does it, and not what is done, determines the guilt.

The low price of wheat and of many other agricultural products is, of course, bad for everybody. Farmers do not get enough for their crops. Farmers can't be good customers when prices are too low. Prices won't be raised, however, by any political effort to stir up international prejudices or to hide a domestic failure behind a foreign smoke screen.

Trading in wheat is a world business. Before the World War, the United States, Russia, Canada, the Argentine, Australia and India fed those countries which did not raise enough bread for themselves. Russia fell out during the World War. The old Russian exports were divided, the United States, Canada, Australia and the Argentine getting the business.

During the last few years Russian production has been increasing. Once more Russia has wheat to sell abroad and is our competitor. Meantime other countries have become more productive. Actually, the world raises more wheat than can be consumed. More could be eaten if the wages of European workers were increased. War debts and other factors, however, impoverished so much of Europe that in many places wheat flour cannot be bought.

The practical problem is not how to grow enough but rather how to sell what is grown at prices remunerative to farmers and within the purchasing power of consumers.

This is the challenge to statesmanship over much of the world. Wheat, cotton, sugar, coffee, rubber, silk—all the growers of these basic commodities are confronted with the identical problem. All the countries which produce these necessities are in the same boat. Governments have tried vainly to fix prices by law. Better results have come from the great coöperative marketing associations.

These coöperatives trade in grain in the effort to secure better prices for growers. If the Federal Farm Board succeeds in developing a powerful association of wheat producers, the governmentally fostered coöperatives will continue as a matter of routine to do precisely what Secretary Hyde has found so reprehensible in the Russians.

Farmers, and the country in general, are entitled to clearer thinking and less disingenuous talk from Secretary Hyde. If trading in grain for the purpose of influencing prices is wrong, the Federal Farm Board ought not to have entered the market. Certainly Secretary Hyde ought not to have advertised to farmers the advantages of futures trading.

The fact is that futures trading, although a device that gamblers find very profitable, is the best mechanism so far devised to stabilize prices.

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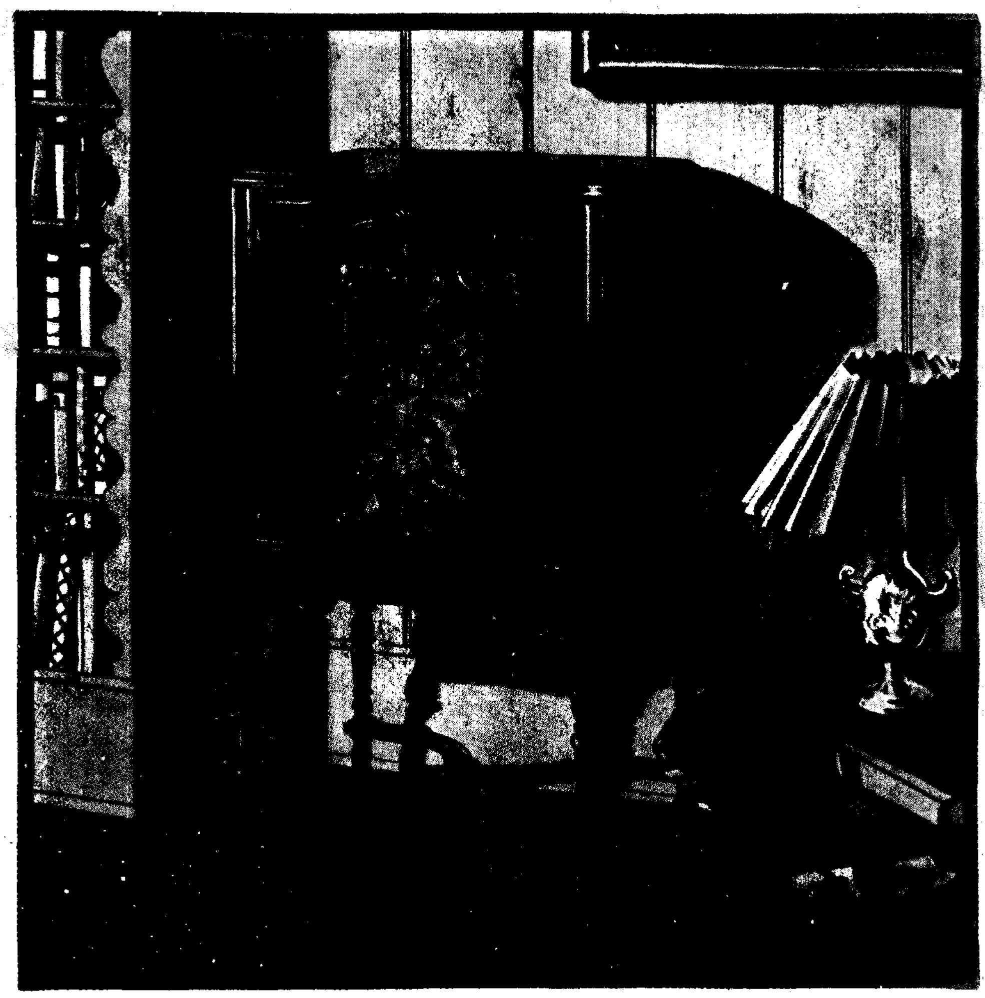

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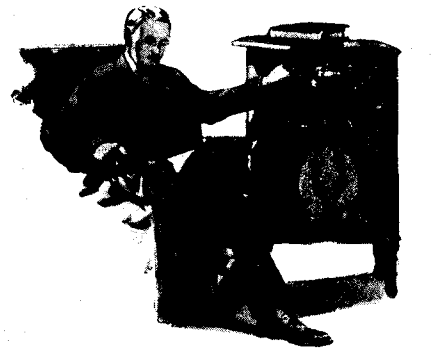

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